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MY FRIEND CHACE

BY ROBERT BARRETT

I

CHACE had no idea of going to Patagonia when he shipped before the mast in the fall of '97. He went as ship's carpenter on a little schooner that R. T. Green and Company of Boston had fitted out, to look over abandoned whaling grounds in the South Shetlands and take seal and whalebone. He had no idea of staying when the venture fizzled out and he found himself ashore in Patagonia ten months later. But it was thirty-one years before he saw his country again, coming up, as he said, because talking with us had made him homesick.

The schooner's crew was made up mostly of young men like Chace and his cousin Rounsville from Taunton and thereabouts, whose ears were full of tales of a recent venture to the South for bone and ambergris — five thousand dollars for the cabin boy's three-hundredth on the lay. But it was not the carpenter's hundredth that drew Chace. It was the promise of a wider field to go observing in than Taunton and Middleboro and New Bedford and the woods and swamps about afforded.

The skipper had been a formidable little mate in his younger days in the Arctic, and a plucky one. When he mashed his arm in the running gear up

in Hudson's Bay he let his old whaling captain saw it off with a meat saw and cauterize the end with a red-hot harpoon, and, when the new wound gangrened, let him have at it again with the saw and the harpoon. The ship carried no anæsthetics. Now, many years later, when he took command of Green and Company's seventy-four-ton schooner, drink had begun to tell on him. The mate was a big sober fellow who knew the North too, and a little of the South. The young men liked him enormously from first to last. They liked the skipper less, from the start, in spite of all they had heard about his prowess, hanging about his cigar store in Taunton. Later on, off in the Falklands, when his reputation needed bolstering, Rounsville heard him brag of the little shop as his 'big department store.'

It took an interminable time to get away from Boston after the crew signed on. They lost three men before they started. The old man wasted a month or two after that in the Cape Verdes, lying drunk ashore. Three or four of the crew got away there, and the mate had to ship a lot of green Portuguese. The mate took the schooner out eventually, but the skipper made such a nuisance of himself, when he was n't completely paralyzed, that the mate

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had to empty all the Brava demijohns overboard. That was just before they crossed the equator. All went well for a long time after that, until they found the bilge pump putting fresh water overboard. They plugged the leak in time to save a little, and stood in toward the coast of South America to replenish.

They sighted barren cliffs at last, off what Chace thinks must have been Deseado on the Patagonian coast. An old chart showed fresh water farther south, marked at the head of the estuary of the Rio Santa Cruz, alongside an abandoned convict settlement. Recent charts show a missionary settlement there. The skipper knew nothing of that coast but tales of savages he had heard. The mate knew nothing more. Chace and Rounsville knew, from a picture in their geographies, that naked Patagonians, mounted bareback, hunt ostriches, with long lazos that carry balls instead of loops.

Now, at twenty-four, it was ten years since they had made spitballs behind those geography books. Neither had had any schooling since. Rounsville's mother had raised her heavy-jowled giant as a noncombatant, and all the other boys, even the most fragile, had gone about picking on him until one day, as Rounsville told me, his little chum said, 'Stand up to 'em, Horace. If you can't lick 'em, I can.' Rounsville's much the biggest and most formidable of the mates on the Fall River Line now.

Chace is a small man, a close-knit fellow, well set up; clear sharp eyes, strong hands with fingers crooked a bit by this and that mishap; a free lance still. His hair is gray now. In those days he had red hair and a red moustache, and something of a temper to go with them. When he was about seventeen, sitting in his father's pew, reading the hymn book during a dreary ser-

mon, the parson had pointed him out and reproved him, and he got up, slammed down the hymn book, and marched out. The 'Patagonian savages,' when they got acquainted with him, used to call him 'Norte Alazan' for that coloring — the Sorrel Northerner. He thought his eyes were brown when he set sail, but when he came to go back home, after thirty years under the Patagonian sky, the consul told him they were blue. They are as sharp as ever, but they are turning brown again in the filtered sunshine of New England. His upright carriage is deliberate. When he was working in the machine shop at Taunton, pale and stooped, his grandmother told him she hoped he'd enjoy his Christmas deer hunt that year, because he'd never have another: he would go the galloping-consumption way that some of his forebears and neighbors had gone before him. Chace took the tip, quit the machine shop, and stood up.

One afternoon — Washington's birthday, to be precise, in 1898 — the little schooner came abreast a headland where a tall sea cliff from the south comes to an end. There was a low bluff opposite: the cliffs they'd watched from Deseado down had fallen off to that. Here, by the chart, was the inlet they were looking for.

At their approach, sea lions went splashing off. Years later Chace lay on his stomach on that headland, watching the entrance when there was no disturbing vessel in the offing, and saw some hundreds of the big fellows swimming, ranged in a crescent across it, like a net; and hundreds more plunging between the horns, coming up with big fish waving in their mouths; and more and more still, as far out as he could see. And all the sea was rippled with big and little fish, come swimming up on the tide. After that fishing, you'd find fish on the beach with big chunks

bitten out of them. There is a rookery of those sea lions ten leagues down the coast.

The schooner stood in on a flood tide, rippled with fish but clear of sea lions, just about sunset, in mid-channel; it got up four or five miles, and anchored off an island where the bay was rather wide. The shores could n't be seen distinctly in that light, and no one felt easy in his mind.

Daylight showed no signs of savages, or fresh water, only a wreck ashore up the bay. The mate said, 'There's some ship's crew that the Indians killed when she went ashore.' It was not a pleasant prospect, but fresh water had to be found and got aboard somehow. The skipper got together a boat's crew to go exploring before he should take the schooner any farther up.

They rowed over to the wreck, climbed up on the old hulk, and made out well up the bay, across a three or four mile stretch of dirty yellow water, low roofs. The roofs lay in the mouth of a canyon that breached a tall sea cliff on the west side. Cliff edge or brow of steep slope made the sky line all the way to the entrance. The schooner was ill-placed to judge the height of that sky line by, but when they came to climb up to it later they thought it might be four mast-lengths. The boat's crew put off again on the yellow water, heading for the roofs, and soon discovered dark figures moving about — abandoned convicts, perhaps, certainly not naked Patagonians. They turned out to be men in natty uniforms, an Argentine officer with half a dozen sailors in charge of the harbor. The skipper got what information he wanted with bad Portuguese and started back.

The men rowed along the edge of a low shelf about a mile wide and found a couple of iron shanties on the beach, —

high pebble beach, 'steep as a horse's hoof,' — which hid a whole village from the boat. They turned up a Hungarian behind the bar in one of the shanties who could talk a little broken English. The fellow said his neighbor was an Austrian, and the people in the 'dobe village they could see through his back windows were Spaniards and Argentines. There was a Falkland Islander down the bay on that side, whose native tongue was English.

It was long after dark when they got down aboard the schooner among their anxious shipmates, and heard how the mate had climbed the shrouds again and again and come down swearing that that 'damfool' captain had taken his men ashore to get them scalped.

There was no wind next day, and the crew got out the two whaleboats and towed the schooner up abreast the village. Chace and Rounsville got leave to cruise about a bit ashore, to see if there was any game in the country. The crew were pretty hungry for fresh meat.

An empty dusty way led back between two rows of little 'dobe houses and disappeared up a dusty canyon. They climbed up over the sky line to where they could look off across the Pampa Triste — that's what the Hungarian called the high country. 'It looked sad, right enough,' but there was no plummy pampa about it — not one of those tall feathery clumps, like the gilt-stemmed grasses that would reach from the floor to the ceiling in Chace's grandmother's parlor.

The dusty trail that led up from the village led on westward among sparse squat black bushes and sparse yellow bunch grass, big, but pigmy alongside Grandmother's bunch. These grew in sandy clay and pebbles, so hard-packed that the big wheels of five-ton bullock carts in later years did not sink in; Chace has worked hours with his crow-

bar at a single fence-post hole in the stuff, a little farther south. Here and there the tops of bigger bushes peeped from arroyos (in the North American sense of the word). Those dry cuts made the trail tack a bit, but it held on its course toward a high scarp along a remoter sky line than the brow behind them.

It was an empty country. There was no sign of house or tent or water anywhere. There were no Patagón tracks. Those big tracks that scared Magellan's men were made by tall Indians clumsily shod, but no Indians north of the Straits have walked since the Spanish horses drifted down their way. There were no ordinary man tracks. Chace and Rounsville found barefoot horse tracks, however, and what looked like baby camel tracks, and three-toed tracks much bigger than any bird's they were familiar with. And there was something too blunt for a deer's track that might be a wild sheep's. They got down aboard empty-handed, but with both their scalps intact.

II

The mate was beginning to feel easy. He'd have been less so had Chace and Rounsville chanced to go a little farther north on the Pampa Triste that day to where neatly cleaned skulls of murdered men stuck out of shallow graves in an arroyo. There are plenty of beaks and teeth to pick skulls in that country, but one of those still wore a blue Chilean sombrero tied behind with a leather thong, after the manner of our cowboys.

Not knowing of this very thorough scalping, the mate took off a boat next day to try the eastern side for game. He found a forty-foot bluff a little back from the beach on that side. Chace sneaked up a gully in it, came out close to a band of baby camels grazing,

and got two of them. But they were too red and white for camels. They had no humps, and their necks were much too slender and they held them too straight up. The tallest held his head higher than the mate's. They really are a primitive camel, those elegant little guanacos with waists like greyhounds.

There were no Indians in sight at that killing, but the boat's crew wasted no time taking notes on their strange game. They got the carcasses down to the beach as quickly as they could and cleared away.

The mate was bolder next day. The men had ventured back nearly a league from the edge before they found anything, and then, just before the country took a big step up, they saw wild sheep. Chace stalked them very carefully and got six, but when the mate came up and found they had earmarks and were wethers, he was for bolting while his men still had their scalps. There were no Indians in sight, however, and they wanted the meat. Chace stood guard while the gutting was going on. Then they made for the boats as fast as they could go. The mate went so fast that he 'got split off' from the others, and had the fright of his life in a gully just before he got down to the beach. He saw an Indian run out of a branch gully into his, and try to get between him and the boat. It was really an ostrich trying to get away unobserved, running with his head held low and his wings cupped, as Chace was to see him do 'often and often and often' in the years to come.

The men got the mutton aboard and cleared away, but the tide was against them, and so was a stiff wind. They failed to make the schooner, were swept down between the island and the wet shore, and beached the boat in an inlet in sight of the Falkland Islander's house. Mr. Betts was a proper British subject, or, as old Dick Ped-

raluca used to say of himself when he was drunk, 'British object.' But Betts's English was not much easier for the Yankees to understand than the Hungarian's had been. They made out that those wild sheep tracks on the Pampa Triste were made by his sheep, brought over from the Falklands in the *Rippling Wave* of Boston register, and that there were two settlers on the east side where they had got those Indian wethers. The Hungarian had made them think there were no settlers on that side. Betts gave the thirsty men all the water they could drink and filled their bucket. Chace said, 'This is too much.' Betts said, 'Throw some out, then.' Chace stared at him, and then remembered where he was.

That man Betts was one of twenty-two, all born in the Falklands, of one big powerful woman and one weazen little man. Chace had it from the seal pirate, Captain Poole, who used to poach on the Patagonian coast and carry liquor to the Falklands, that once when he had put that man ashore, after a long drinking bout on his schooner, and left him paralyzed on the beach, the woman had come down and gathered him up in her apron, only his muddy boots and shaggy head showing. Poole said, 'What have you there?' And she answered, 'A better man than what you be, Captain Poole.' Poole's own crew shot him in the water with the seal gun, when he had fallen overboard in a drunken rage. They were afraid there might be a rope trailing.

III

The schooner had been in port but a few days when a Scotch brig, the *Crossowen* of Glasgow, came in on her annual voyage and anchored alongside. Her crew were all British, but there was only one man among them whom Chace could clearly understand. The *Cross-*

owen carried general cargo, and so much liquor that Chace remembers her to this day as 'the rum ship.'

The brig's owners had built a liquor warehouse, the year before, some leagues up the river. Their captain turned his vessel over to his mate that trip, and went ashore to stock the warehouse and take charge of it, and later on got Chace to enlarge it for him. He sold wholesale and retail — good liquor to the whites cheap, bad to the Indians dear. Chace once heard someone say to him, 'The Government ought to pay you a bounty on the Indians you've killed off,' and heard him reply, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

The brig's crew lightered her cargo in her own barges and piled it on the beach above high water. Some of that cargo lay there months until the settler farmer out there came down to claim the stores he had been waiting a year for. The handful of settlers that there were in those days were all sheepmen, widely scattered along the coast, all except the *bolicheros* who sold liquor to the whites, and the traders who peddled the bad stuff upcountry to the Indians, and a man or two back from the coast who ran mares or cattle.

There were sawed Norwegian pine and corrugated iron in the *Crossowen's* cargo, and tin houses like Valentino's on the beach began going up in Santa Cruz. Hatcher of the Princeton Paleontological Expedition counted thirty when he came down that year.

A miserable little 'dobe village, that Santa Cruz, half sunk in pebbly flat between barren slope and dirty yellow bay. Only sparse bush and yellow bunch grass about it, and pebbles and blowing sand and dust; a restless saddle horse or two tied in the dusty street. There was no sign of any garden in those early days. 'One cannot sing in Santa Cruz,' a lovely Roman lady told us who was marooned there, years later,

when the town had grown from a double line of houses to a solid square of them.

The priest had his chapel in one of the dusty gray houses, where Chace saw swarthy men kneeling at Mass, with long knives at their backs. The fine old justice, Don Juan Williams, held his court and lived with his family in another. Don Juan's wife, people thought, was a colonel's sister from Buenos Aires, and they had a family of little girls to bring up there in that rude and dreary place. The judge wore a long white beard and looked exactly like an Englishman, but did n't know a word of English. He probably pronounced his surname 'Oo-izhams.' Killing was out of order during Don Juan's tenure. He kept the peace single-handed. The blood of a line of English J.P.'s must have run in Don Juan's veins. Immediately after he left, killings began in Santa Cruz in earnest.

There were a number of women in the village. One of the townsmen kept three of them at a time as wives, and had a swarm of children, all probably duly acknowledged before Don Juan and thus simply made legitimate. There was a man up in the Rio Negro country who was reputed to have seventy-five legitimate children. In looking back over his first few years in the country, Chace remembers the Spanish and Argentine women as delicate, inclined to sit indoors and make lace. He heard of many deaths in childbirth. It might take three such women to raise even a moderate family. They used to say of the Chilean women that one of them could bear a child in the morning and go to work in the afternoon just like a Tehuelche squaw.

As to the landmen who came and went about Santa Cruz, the Gauchos who looked after the mares and the bullocks and did the taming, the peons who did the odd jobs, the shepherds — everybody more or less, of whatever

race or calling, who rode down into the village, seemed to come there to drink or gamble or carry off some other fellow's wife, but presumably some of them had other business.

IV

The *aguardiente* of the Cape Verdes had only held the Yankee skipper a month in St. Vincent and Brava, after he had got his torn sails mended and a new topmast, but here, with a British rum ship anchored alongside and a good bar in every house, there was no budging him for four months. His Portuguese were indifferent, but the English-speaking members of the crew growled more and more, and one day struck work. The captain got word to the harbor master, and he and his force of sailors and the brig's captain came aboard and called it mutiny. There was talk of irons, but nothing more than talk. And things went on as before, except that the mate demanded his discharge and passage money, and got them.

The skipper seems to have drawn on the slop chest to moderate his liquor drafts on the company's letter of credit, and to have got credit and some cash here and there by lending his men. Chace had got almost desperate idling on the schooner, but his turn came at last. The skipper lent his ship's carpenter to Valentino, the Hungarian bolichero on the beach. Valentino wanted a new mast for his cutter. And when Chace had a tall one from the wrecked bark trimmed down for her, the skipper lent Rounsville and a man or two to run her, fetching wool from the Paso Ibañez, where the ferry was, eight leagues up the Santa Cruz, and cases of liquor from Piscatores, and firewood from the mouth of the Chico. The Chico is another big river that empties into the head of the estuary,

but does not bring down half the water the Santa Cruz does, in spite of its imposing appearance on the map.

Chace was no sooner through with Valentino's mast than he was off to liquor headquarters on another job. The Santa Cruz flows clear there at Piscatores between wide clay and gravel terraces, like those along the sides of the estuary. If you rode your *pingo* (saddle horse) back far enough, you came up on to that pebbly bushy Pampa Triste. But Chace hardly knew what a pingo was in those days. He got about on his own legs and in the Captain's boat.

The liquor warehouse stood on the lowest terrace, and the captain's dwelling right beside it. The captain wanted Chace to build a lean-to kitchen on that. He had brought his wife, an ex-barmaid, out with him this trip, and they were keeping Jock, their little cabin boy, for scullery lad. That lad grew up to do a rather unpleasant killing. A young gentleman friend of the barmaid's, returning to Glasgow from Patagonia, had given her a league of land along the river and she had come out with her captain to till it. There was a garden the next year, with posies in it, such as used to grow outside the country 'pubs' at home, and carrots and a first sowing of alfalfa.

Again Chace got no money for his work, but he had the use of the boss's Winchester. When the Yankee skipper got ready to sail and summoned Chace, he got word back that he would have to send more men than there were cartridges in that gun. The British captain used to say that the crew of that Yankee schooner was the most subordinate he had ever seen.

The skipper actually sailed at last, still not for the Shetlands, but for the Falklands, with a makeshift mate from the *Crossowen's* crew — a decent enough fellow while the schooner was

under way, but drunken as his chief while she lay at anchor. The skipper had gone up himself to Piscatores after Chace, a day or two before, and had come back without him, very angry, saying Chace was a bad fellow and he'd never have him on a ship of his. 'And I knew they'd locked horns,' says Rounsville, 'and Ned had come out on top.' Rounsville himself got away in the Falklands, and shortly after that the skipper was put on the beach by the authorities at Punta Arenas. He had such a way with him ashore that he was trusted by everyone almost to the last. The guileless Iowa consul in the Falklands even reinstated him when he had been temporarily removed from command.

He had had to take his schooner out from Santa Cruz without her carpenter, and Chace and Rounsville were parted for thirty years. They had seen very little of each other after Chace went ashore to work. The old man had kept Rounsville busy on board, or running Valentino's cutter, and went about wearing Rounsville's gold watch and chain as surety for him, perhaps, though better surety was Rounsville's vast size and the impossibility of getting big enough pants at Braun and Blanchard's. He was reluctant to run away and leave his sailor's bag behind. Chace himself, in the years to come, often had to make his own pants, or set great pieces into ready-made ones. There was always the *chiripa*, that blanket diaper the Gauchos use to keep their legs warm in cold weather. You take a blanket by one end and wrap that round your waist. You straddle what's left lying on the ground, pick up the other end, wrap that round your waist, and strap on the two ends so that the middle just clears the ground between your feet. If the blanket is wide enough it will keep the wind off your legs and feet while you are in the

saddle. Very effective, but not attractive to Rounsville — so he stuck by the ship.

V

Chace had n't a centavo to his name when the schooner sailed. He knocked about for a while, helping his old mate, Johnson, run Valentino's cutter for his keep. Then he got a job with the British captain, enlarging the liquor warehouse and running his whaleboat. The canny old Scot paid him a hundred and twenty pesos Chilean when he left — called them 'dollars,' as they do down there. It would take about four of them to make an Argentine dollar and eight of them to make a Massachusetts dollar.

There was plenty of carpentry work to be done in Santa Cruz, but Chace hated that place. He was n't at all sure that the old man would n't come back, as he had threatened to, and seize him. He was suspicious of the sub-prefect, and of the Spaniards in the village, most of whom were Catalans, unfriendly just then.

News of the war between Spain and the United States had reached Punta Arenas, by vessels passing through the Straits of Magellan, and come up overland by mounted carrier. There was no Panama Canal then, of course, and all that traffic came through the Straits. The story grew as it traveled north. When Hatcher got it between Santa Cruz and San Julian, Spain and Germany and Russia had joined forces against England and the United States. The Catalans always had threatening looks and gestures for Chace after that news came up — would point him out and say, 'Americanos malos.'

Of course Chace wore his own gun faithfully. He did a little practice in public once to awe the Catalans — set up a half-dozen bottles and broke their necks and then their middles and

then knocked off their bottoms. One might judge his awe of them by this emptying of so many of his handful of cartridges. The *Crossowen's*, though they were the right calibre, were poor stuff and there were no others. He carried a .44 Colt, using rifle cartridges, which often could be had when no others could, and practised up to the limit of his resources. Later on he got Remington cartridges up from Punta Arenas by the thousand, and practised every day. He used to shoot quickly without catching the sights, laying his index finger along the barrel — or rather the two remaining joints of it, which were all he had brought down with him. He says you don't need to squint your eye and look along your arm to point your finger at an object, and he never could see the difference. We heard praise of his skill wherever we went.

Only the Catalans were hostile. The Argentines were as friendly as the Britons or any of the other neutrals. But Chace was itching to get started north into country where there were no Spaniards and no police.

When he got up north, Chace found himself among friendly Scotchmen, no one of whom had any murders to his credit. Nearly every *padrón* was Scotch, but his shepherds were Indians and Chileans and his Gauchos were Argentines, and most of the Chileans and Argentines were there because they had done murder somewhere else.

Chace had had nothing to do with Argentine horses up to the time he started for San Julian. He had got about in a boat or on his feet, thinking nothing of twenty or thirty miles — or eight or ten leagues, rather, as they reckon in Patagonia. He had been used to tramping as far as that and back to see a Negro camp meeting on Cape Cod. But the day came at last when he needed a horse. He had agreed to go to work for a Dane, Hansen, who had

taken out virgin sheep camp west of San Julian, and it was time to start. He had to be economical, for he had only that hundred and twenty pesos Chilean. The Paso Ibañez was just a league or two upstream from Piscatores; he would wait until he got across the river before he bought.

So he set out on foot with a heavy overcoat and a blanket and the ship's tools which he had appropriated as his share of the lay. It was hard work tramping up steep clay slopes out of the dry gullies the track crossed, and when he got to the Paso his load was lighter by all but one of the heavy tools and most of the light ones. He had only a square, a saw, a small chisel, a small plane, and a chopper — 'enough to build anything there might be to build in that country.'

He got to the Paso at last, and lit one of those black bushes to make a smoke, and yelled until they came across with the boat from the old 'dobe *boliche* of the widow Doña Gregoria, La Salina. Gauchos and Chilenos used to come down there for big drunks, and the widow's men would get drunk with them. There would be no getting the little boat at such times until someone sobered down.

Once across, he made for the new *boliche*, La Gaviota, the Sea Gull, shining with new iron from the *Cross-owen's* cargo — sides and roof all iron. He had n't seen the building of it, but had helped Johnson stock it from Valentino's cutter.

'I can see that crowd in La Gaviota,' says Chace, 'as plain as can be — first really tough-lookin' gang I ever see; just the way they come in from ridin', not fixed up the way they would be to go down to the village. There was a big Scotchman, six foot tall, great big Hielan' fellow; coat sleeves comin' just a little below his elbows, great big hams of hands stickin' out; breeches

like a boy that's outgrown his about two years, probably the biggest he could get down there. I did n't talk to him. He'd been drinkin' and he was blusterin' and I left him alone. There was two or three Indians with their *capas* on layin' round — they'd come tradin' ostrich feathers; and there was a big tall Spaniard, thin as a rake — Flamingo, they had him nicknamed; and one or two Argentines with long black beards and those big wide belts on outside, — *tiradors*, they call 'em, — big silver-handled knives stuck in 'em behind, and revolvers, too. I looked the crowd over and I thought I was n't afraid of 'em exactly. You don't mind bein' shot or anythin' like that, but I always did have a kind of a shudder against a knife. I always watched them fellows awful sharp, and I made up my mind if ever I see a man's hand goin' to his back, I'd do somethin' before he got that knife out.'

A stone's throw back from the water's edge, low 'dobe walls, wind-fretted, held up an old iron roof. The incessant wind swept over everything, slammed a heavy wooden shutter, eddied in at the open doorway on the lee side. There was no door. Just a little way off were some of those fourteen fresh-looking skulls Chace had been hearing about.

He entered a big bare firelit room. There were a lot of rough-looking fellows squatting on the dirt floor about the fireplace at cards, greasy cards. Doña Gregoria stood in the midst of them, lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of her last one. She was a thickset little woman with a wrinkled bony face, very dark and dirty, coal-black hair, big gold rings in her ears, long black calico dress. She came over to greet Chace, slapping along in *alpargatas* — rope-soled canvas slippers. 'She had the history of every person that ever come to South America. She

got it all from men. She would n't see a woman from year's end to year's end. She'd go down to the village once in a while and go into a house where some woman lived, but never speak to her — sit rollin' her own and smokin' with the husband all day long.'

There was not a bench or a table to be seen. Chace must have been loth to lay his only blanket on that much-spat-upon floor to sit on. Everybody else was sitting on *carpinchos* or sheepskins, pleated to make them take up less room and at the same time keep the upper sides clear of that dirt. There was a big iron pot on the fire, and macaroni and pound chunks of mutton stewing in it — *puchero*, they called it, for sale to them that wanted it; and there were *galletas* — big fat biscuit of white flour, hard as a stone, but softenable by heat.

In a little barroom that opened off one end of the big room, men threw dice for wine and hard liquor, and talked gossip and politics with Doña Gregoria. A Spaniard and an Argentine among them avoided hard liquor. They got heated with the red wine, though, and rather touchy. Some of the Chileans got drunk enough to be looking for trouble. An Irishman went crawling about on all fours, and another Briton lay paralyzed under the men's feet.

The Britons don't always get so apathetically drunk as that, though. Chace has seen a Scotchman walk out erect and steady alongside a German after fourteen whiskeys apiece. He developed something of a stomach himself in the course of time. He has drunk one crowd under the table, tot for tot, and started in with a fresh crowd and got far enough along with them to see his first companions beginning to revive. He became a connoisseur in the taste of everything down to 'Squirrel Brand,' but never

got enough of anything to blur his observation of what was going on about him. He can still see Fatty Wallace, out at Lago Tar, trip between the doorway and a stream, lie rocking on his belly in a shallow puddle, swimming, spouting, shouting 'Help!' And a former haberdasher come to the doorway, settling his neck in an imaginary high collar, and, holding on by the jambs, say, 'I am extremely sorry, Fatty. I am unable to render you assistance. I am intoxicated myself.' The life down there reeked of drink. The consequences were often funny, but as often tragic. The surprising thing was how little it used to take to upset a man.

When a fellow collapsed at La Salina someone dragged him out and laid him on his sheepskins, but it was no easy matter for Doña Gregoria and her consumptive old henchman Felipe to get the last of the seasoned old drinkers out of the bar in the small hours and lock it up, so that she could go to her own quarters.

VI

Chace could n't afford to buy a horse at the ridiculous prices they asked him at the Paso. They wanted a hundred pesos Argentine, even for a mare, and no mare that is n't *amadrina* (bellmare), or would n't make a *madrina*, is worth more than ten. A man's testimony has been refused in court because he rode a mare: he was no man. A *madrina* is worth more than a horse, but a man who might succeed in mounting her would have a wild few minutes of it. A horse turned up next day for hire, at a price exorbitant enough but within Chace's means — forty of his Chilean pesos. It was one of the mail carrier's, Ribera's, come up from the south on his monthly trip.

Chace made a bit and bridle of rope

for his horse, tied on a sheepskin, and made a stirrup to mount by — another piece of rope. He wore his heavy overcoat and lashed his tools to his back. It was sore for a week or more after that journey, though Ribera almost never went out of a trot. This was by no means Chace's first ride. He had had some practice at home with what they called bronco mustangs, shipped in from the West, reputed to be stolen from the Indians.

The two men had to wait at a native sheep farm on the right bank of the Chico until the ebbing tide had bared the wide quicksands. Ribera picked a safe way over, late in the afternoon, and they stopped for the night at Gondille's sheep farm.

They found that the track climbed gradually up, first over a wide step, where the boat's crew had taken the wild sheep, then on up, over step after step, miles wide, some of them. The edge of each step ahead Chace took to be the top of the country, till they had mounted the rise, and he saw another. The twisty trail they followed lay on pebbly, hard-packed surface, like that first Pampa Triste. Chace was to find, in later years, that all that long gradual slope, down from the western mountains to the coast, wore the same pebbly cloak, interrupted here and there by a patch of fine clay or a sandy patch or a salty hollow, shining like snow.

Riding along the surface of one step some leagues back from the sea, and hundreds of feet above it, the two men found their trail entering a breach in a cape that reached a long way out on their step from the edge of a higher one. They rode a level half league in the defile and came out into a wide bay, all green round the edges from springs that oozed out part way up the rise of that higher step. A Falkland Islander, Wallace, ran three or four thousand sheep in there, on camp that people

called the Gap Station from that breach. There were two other Falkland Islanders, Kyle and Frazier, each with as many sheep as Wallace, directly ahead on that higher step. Their camp was embayed in a still higher step, and, like his, watered by springs about the edges.

Ribera stopped at all the shanties, and then the two climbed steeply up a final rise, and in a short flat mile or two dropped steeply down into a canyon five or six miles wide, sunk very deep, almost to sea level. Innumerable springs broke out on the canyon sides, but there seemed to be no water running except on very short stretches. There was a small lagoon or two, up valley, and there were larger ones out toward the sea. The bay of San Julian backs in through low country to the bottle neck of this big canyon, which they call the Gran Bajo de San Julian, wasting a good word which might be confined to the undrained basins in the country. There was a network of dry channels that ran between the bay's head and the nearest of the lagoons. Chace nearly lost his life once swimming his horse in one of these, running full in the spring tide when he was trying to rescue a too venturesome flock (or 'point,' as the English translate the South American *punta*) of sheep out there. He has known three thousand to be overwhelmed by the sea on those low flats.

It was getting dark when Ribera pushed through that breach in the wall on the far side of the Bajo and rode into the little Cañadon Paraguay, and stopped at the shepherd's shanty. The old Indian was n't there, but he came riding up very soon with his dogs, took one look at the hungry men, said, '*Caramba!* I must get meat,' and rode off with one dog toward a point of about twenty sheep that were feeding high above them. Chace thought, 'The

dog will help him run down a sheep and catch it.' But to his amazement the dog went off all by himself, worked around behind the sheep, drove them all down to the shanty, and held them there, without the Indian's apparently doing anything about it.

The Indian drove into the point, dragged out a fat wether, slit his throat, snatched him half out of his skin, disarticulated all the ribs on one side from the backbone, along with the fore shoulder, skewered the meat, still warm and quivering, on a flat rod, and stuck the iron into the ground at a surprising distance from a little fire he had built outside. 'It looked pretty savage,' Chace said, 'to eat meat cooked alive like that, all quiverin' and jerkin'.'

They all took maté, of course, while the meat was roasting. The old Paraguayan was more particular in making his than the men at the Paso had been. He partly filled his silver-mounted gourd with *yerba* out of a skin of an unborn foal, yerba that had come down from his own country in bull hides, poured in cold water to soak up the crisp crushed leaves, thrust in a silver and gold *bombilla* tube which he drew from his boot, sucked out and spit out that first filling, then poured in hot water, not quite boiling, took a pull at the bitter stuff himself, and passed it round. Chace tried it, but he was not yet ripe for it.

After a very long time, the Indian said, '*Bueno* — it's ready,' pulled out his long knife, and cut off a chunk from the shoulder. Ribera pulled out his, and cut off a chop. They found a knife for Chace, and he cut into the shoulder. He found the meat as juicy and sweet-flavored as an orange, and very tender.

Ribera and Paraguay had twenty or thirty silent maté around the morning fire after that first night of Chace's 'in camp.' Then Ribera and Chace made the steep climb over the top of the high spur ahead of them, and in a league or two came down into the canyon, wide and green, where Monroe's farm buildings and paddocks were.

Chace stopped at Monroe's to wait for Charlie Hansen to pick him up. He spent the time making gates and doing odd carpentry jobs. Monroe needed the ship's carpenter and his tools badly and tried hard to get them away from Hansen. He pictured Hansen as half mad, and the camp he had taken up as so remote and rough and wild that no man who was n't half mad would think of running sheep there. Chace had snapped up that first chance to get away from Santa Cruz, knowing nothing of the man or the job or other possibilities. He did n't particularly like Hansen and he did like Monroe, but he had given his word and he was in for it.

Monroe had come out from Scotland, as a shepherd, to the Falklands, and worked up into partnership there — a little fellow with a big red beard and a stammer. He knew more about sheep, Chace thinks, than any man he met in all the time he was in Patagonia. He had come over in the *Rippling Wave*, with some of the firm's sheep, and when Chace first met him had more than twenty thousand in unfenced camp, coarse-haired Falkland Island sheep crossed with merinos from the north.

Chace was quite unaware that this meeting with Monroe would foredoom him to thirty years in Patagonia.

(To be continued)

SO YOU'RE GLAD TO BE HOME?

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

I

As the little boat, which for some strange reason not quite clear to anyone on board had gone halfway round the world on its way to New York, at last approached Halifax, the returning Americans made a disconcerting discovery.

They were not a homogeneous lot. Among them were a Southern boy who had spent a year studying at Poitiers and a retired New York physician and his wife who had wintered in Egypt. There were a theatrical producer and a professor of psychology, a bride and groom just out of the cradle, and several traveling salesmen. There was a lady whose town house was on Spruce Street, whose country house was on the Main Line, and who was a member of the Colonial Dames. There was a lady clerk from a government bureau and a gentle if impecunious family. There was a former editor of a garden magazine who had been spending the winter in the Basque country. Among them all there was no one who could claim more than a bowing acquaintance with the Latin Quarter or the Dome, or who had read Proust all through, or the later work of Joyce. And yet, as the boat passed the oil tanks and the factories that line the banks of Halifax harbor and make that far Canadian port look so like its southern sisters, these non-homogeneous but quite distinctive Americans, most of whom had all but come over in the *Mayflower*, made the disconcerting discovery that

not one of them was glad to be coming home.

The old doctor made it first, and as the breezes from the Arctic Circle swept the cowering deck he stopped in his endless walking to ask now one person, now another, 'So you're glad to be getting home?' 'Glad!' the answer would come to him in amused, or weary, or scornful tones, as the person interrogated cast a saddened glance at the shambling buildings of the harbor. To be sure, Halifax is n't our country, but it looks enough like it to belong to that smaller part of the continent for which we complacently preëempt the name American.

The old doctor was disturbed. The editor from the Basque country was disturbed. They themselves were unregenerate. They were sorry that in two days more they would be groping up the fog in the North River, and they admitted blatantly that they would leave the land of the free again as soon as they could. But someone ought to be glad to be home, and nobody was. Not the most colorless, not the most spineless. Not the most wedded to bathtubs and Heywood Broun. Clearly, something was wrong. What was it, we asked ourselves as we left the breakfast table to look without animation at Nantucket lightship awash in the trough of the waves.

There were those, of course, who suggested the Prohibition Amendment, but they did it half-heartedly or desperately, like a man catching at a last straw, or like a cancer patient who

hopefully suggests to his doctor that perhaps he's a little bilious. For biliousness can be cured and Prohibition can be voted out or eluded, but what could be done with those factories defiling the harbor side, or with a town that has cut down forests to build rows of houses not one of which is endurable to look at?

'The house in which I was born,' the former editor said, 'has been torn down to make room for a garage. The front lawn is the salesroom, the tennis court is the repair shop. The woods road I used to walk along to school is lined with hot-dog stands and gasoline tanks and the rusty skeletons of abandoned cars. If my old home had been in France it would be standing yet, and the trees my great-grandfather planted would be nodding sedately at the trees my grandfather planted. And there would be vines on the walls and flowers in the beds that had been laid out in the eighteenth century, and pleasant neighbors near by. All our pleasant neighbors have fled before the hot-dog stands.'

'Where have they gone?' the old doctor asked. And then a queer look came over his face. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'I'm one of them. Not one of your old neighbors, but somebody's old neighbor who for the last dozen years has been nobody's old neighbor at all. This winter I lived in hotels in Egypt, and last winter I lived in hotels on the Riviera, and next winter I shall live in hotels in Algiers. And when we land to-morrow I'll go to a hotel in New York.'

'The Seine is a little creek compared with the Hudson,' the boy from Poitiers said, 'but look what they have made of it!'

It was n't necessary to put into words what 'they' have made of it. All the returning Americans could see in their minds' eyes the rows of chest-

nut trees on either side that gracious river. They could see the stone embankment on which men fished and sketched and loafed and read in the very heart of the city, the little *bateaux mouches* with their loads of unhurried passengers, scurrying over the surface of the river like water beetles, the long narrow barges with a man in the stern holding the big rudder, and tousled heads of children looking out of windows, and a bobbed-haired, big-hipped wife hanging out the washing. They could see people loitering in front of the bookstalls, whose colored prints and colored bindings looked so gay against the greenish-amber water. On one side was the long pleasant façade of the Louvre, whose gardens stretched to the gardens of the Tuileries, whose gardens looked across at the gardens of the Invalides. In the distance, towers and domes rose here and there against the soft spring sky with its haze of new spring leaves.

'And look what we've done to the Hudson!' the young man from Poitiers continued bitterly. Again no words were needed, for we could all see as if a movie film were unrolled before our eyes the blackened warehouses, the smoky factories, the shunting trains that desolate both banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. We knew that from the moth-eaten little park at the Battery to the beginning of Riverside there is no spot from which the citizen of New York can stroll along his river — although, like the Seine, it flows through the heart of his town — unless he should venture hardily on to some produce wharf in competition with the trucks.

'New York has fantastic beauties such as Paris never dreamed,' I said, struggling to throw off the oppression of this appalling contrast, for I was born in the Middle West, and nearly everyone born in the Middle West at

least starts life with the conviction that to like another country better than one's own is a trifle light and giddy, if not positively wanton. Conscientiously I set about trying to remember the sun pouring itself unexpectedly into the crevasses of skyscrapers as it pours itself into the ravines of a mountain-side, and the white towers of Fifth Avenue seen across Central Park. Though of course I don't live in Central Park, nor could I ever afford to live in one of the buildings that front it, while almost anyone in Paris can afford a room looking out on the gracious vistas of the river, or on some park. Tolerably pleasant surroundings in New York are restricted to such an extremely small area that they can only be purchased by the millionaire, while in Paris, Rome, or Florence it is difficult to find an unattractive spot.

'Of course everybody has a chance in America,' the groom just out of the cradle said hopefully to help me. 'And to get that I suppose we ought to be willing to put up with smoke and grime and litter and all.'

'A chance for what?' the former editor asked, and nobody answered her. We were talking to keep up our courage and knew it, and the others knew it. We were n't glad to be coming home. Though I had expected to be, and had n't been far from sharing the attitude of those of our native land who look on expatriated Americans with not a little amusement and superiority. The place for Americans, so this homespun theory goes, is in America, except when they're traveling, of course. But it's one thing to travel and another to hate to come home.

II

How grievously we erred in this respect we learned as soon as we left the protecting cosmopolitanism of the boat.

'I bet you're glad to get back,' my Danish window washer said to me two days later in my New York apartment. 'No? But you came back. Everybody comes back. I always come back myself, though I've traveled all over the world.'

'Why do you do it?' I asked.

'Yes, that's just what my mother says to me,' he said. 'Why do you do it?'

'Is it the job?' I asked, knowing in advance that it was n't the job, for he has a supreme indifference to the job, and in this he's more American than his accent.

'Well, it's easier to change from one thing to another,' he said, scratching his head thoughtfully. 'In the old country, when you leave one job it's sometimes very hard to get another. There's something in that.' But the idea was evidently so new to him that it was n't particularly convincing as an explanation.

'Well, it's this sort of thing,' he said. 'You and me talking together. If I was to go into a lady's house in the old country to wash her windows and start talking to her, she might n't like it at all.'

'Nor in many places here,' I added mentally, remembering the pleasant waitress in the little restaurant of Lafon son Caneton on the Quai Voltaire, who welcomed us every evening to our corner table with a hospitality as gracious and convincing as that of a friend entertaining us in her own home. Remembering a Tory English lady who, when we stopped to inquire our way in an Italian mountain village, and discovered that English words in an unmistakable English accent were coming out of the shawled and toothless head of our informant, seized the hands grasping the shawl in both her own and patted them. 'Well, my dear, so you are living here?' she said, and the two

launched into Sussex reminiscences as if they were long-lost friends.

'Perhaps, perhaps,' I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the window washer, and looking past him to the narrow, littered, ugly street that seemed so strange to me.

Strange to me, the street on which my own house stands! Literally strange, because during my absence it had been torn up in order to widen it a few inches, and all the façades of the houses opposite had been changed. It would indeed have been matter for astonished comment if, after an absence of four months, I had found my neighborhood looking recognizably as I left it, since New York is continually destroying itself to build itself higher and bigger. But strange, too, in a deeper, more significant sense, and perhaps here was the explanation of the nostalgia, the overpowering homesickness for Europe that had oppressed us as we neared home. For we had left a world in which man is still the central figure, and had returned to one in which he has become definitely subordinate to the machine and that devouring growth we call the Industrial System. We had left the sort of world we knew as children and which formed the background for the imaginative atmosphere man begins to breathe from the first birth of his consciousness, and had come to something new and strange.

That world of our youth, still to be seen in Europe, was one in which man could have all the satisfactions and stimulations of living in a city near congenial friends, without exiling himself from natural things. The sky was not shut away from him by towering buildings. He was not ignorant of the change of the seasons, from lack of trees on which to watch them come and go. He was not ignorant of the sound of the wind, because there were no leaves to bend under it. Birds sang in

his city garden and sunshine streamed in his windows.

How radically all this has changed one can perhaps realize most quickly by comparing New York and Paris. Suppose a strip of parkway extended along the Hudson from the Battery to Dyckman Street. Suppose broad, tree-shaded boulevards joined this strip with Fifth Avenue. Suppose, beginning at some point around 34th Street, Fifth Avenue itself were lined on either side with double rows of trees, with chairs and tables under them and a wide space to stroll, as is the Champs Élysées. And suppose that, almost at the point where it enters our charming but narrow and toylike Central Park, it swept into a real forest like the Bois de Boulogne. Suppose in addition that smaller parks and charming gardens greeted your eye all over the city, and you have some faint notion of the difference between a new and an old world city.

Of course I had been conscious of the change before. I had seen our few widely scattered public gardens wither from poison and neglect, or had actually seen them scrapped to make way for new subway terminals. I had even read books and articles that measured and forecast the change. But its approach, though rapid enough, had been filtered into my consciousness day by day and week by week. I had grown accustomed to being without sunlight in the city, without solitude in the country, without a room of my own or a garden to stroll in, to breathing air so poisonous with gasoline fumes and the dust that hangs in a cloud over New York that I waked every morning with a headache and an overwhelming sense of oppression. All this I had accepted as part of the rather onerous conditions of living. And then by the mere crossing of the Atlantic I had left it all behind. For,

although Europe is as up-to-date as we are in scientific discoveries, in medical care and all the things that go to make life comfortable and safe, it is as yet only very slightly industrialized. Even its greatest cities have trees and grass and flowers and sunshine and leisure and pleasantness. And, returning to New York, I saw in one revealing flash how hideous is the world we have been so eagerly building. The long trek in prairie schooners, the daily fortitudes and renunciations and endurances of pioneer life, the high hopes and ideals, had brought us to this mechanistic desert.

III

'But it's the world of the future,' my friends tell me impatiently, disgusted to find in me this naïve atavistic tendency.

And of course they are justified in their impatience if I fail to see 'the world of the future' just because it is new, the ability to appreciate beauty in new forms being one of the surest evidences of one's own refusal to capitulate to death. But it is fatuous to think a thing is beautiful just because it is new. And it is degenerate to accept complacently a future world worse than the one we've known.

'The style is always beautiful,' a friend said to me pontifically this winter when I inveighed against the not wholly disinterested desire of Paris designers to turn women into crossing sweepers again. If she were right, the barbarian nose ring must be beautiful, and those scores of stiff upstanding braids into which fuzzy hair was clamped not so long ago. But of course she did n't mean what she said, though what she said has influenced her conduct because she thinks it is what she means. She meant to say that style is always beautiful, and that is a very different thing.

Style is at any rate always interesting, though we all have our preferences among styles. And considered abstractly, as a stylistic performance, New York is one of the wonders of the world. I am, by the way, considering New York in particular simply because it is the first of our great cities to eliminate almost all traces of a pre-industrial age, and because the others are imitating it as rapidly as they can.

'The mere mass of it excites me,' a painter said to me. 'Just driving through its streets thrills me. To see it and try to compass it emotionally is a great experience. To see it for the first time is like being born again.'

'But as a place to live in?' I asked.

'Oh no! It's impossible to live in,' she agreed, and I remembered that she lives in a houseboat on Staten Island.

How impossible it is as a place to live in is partially expressed by the fact that Manhattan loses population every year. People are running away from its abstract beauties as fast as they can, and this in spite of the fact that in leaving it they must give up most of those very pleasures and stimulations of city life that are among the chief satisfactions of civilized people. They are running away so wildly that they almost forget to ask where they are going.

For choice they have the suburbs and the country. If they select well-established or fashionable suburbs, they will be lucky if their neighbors speak to them after a residence of ten years; and if they pick out easy-going and helter-skelter suburbs, they'll be lucky if they find any neighbors they want to speak to. For the most part they camp out in shockingly flimsy, inadequate houses, since a man must have \$50,000 nowadays to copy an old New England farmhouse decently, and even in rich America most men can't do that. And in any case there's not much point in building a house well if

at any moment it must be torn down to make room for a new road, or if some chance turn in development ruins its neighborhood before the new trees and shrubs have really started to grow.

If they pick out the country, they must be able to retire from business, or they must be willing to be very poor, since men can't make a comfortable living in the country any more. And although it is one thing to live without much money in a country like France, where most of the 'durable satisfactions of life' can be obtained without it, it is another thing to be without money in America, where everything has its cash price. Money is relative. You can live comfortably on a thousand a year if your friends and neighbors have no more. You will be wretched on it if the inadequacies of this sum cut you off from the life about you.

There is the further alternative of the small town, but in the last twenty years so great a chasm has opened between the sort of people who live in small towns and those who live in cities that the city man in search of the pleasant living conditions of his youth will do well to think long and seriously before he commits himself to the bogs and quicksands of small-town life. Let him be himself just once in some local crisis of local gods, and he will find life very uncomfortable for him. No, few of us will find the pleasant world of our youth in those charming country towns and villages we motor through in summer. They are deep, still ponds of difference in which, more likely than not, we shall drown if we trust ourselves to them. The greater part of us are committed for better or worse to the venture the country made after the Civil War, when it left the towns and built the cities.

There is much to be said for this venture. It has altered the surface of the world more radically than any

other recorded change, political or economic, and although much of this alteration has been for the worse, never did any God make such lavish promises to man as this same system.

One of the first books I picked up on my return was the symposium edited by Mr. Beard in which various eminent engineers and technologists predict these possibilities, and then, foreseeing perhaps some antagonism in the creatures to be benefited, assure us that there is nothing in the nature of the machine to cause its present ugly manifestations, that man's abuse of it is responsible. This is certainly true, and like them I desire intensely to believe that man will eventually wish to reassert his superiority over his mechanical creatures. The picture of Gandhi weaving his hour's stint each day as he discourses to his followers always makes me think of King Canute commanding the tide to turn back. And yet, as I have gone about naïvely interrogating the people I meet regarding the unanimous 'homesickness' of those returning Americans, all the responses I get fall into four not particularly helpful categories.

IV

The first, which I suspect represents much the largest class, expresses what seems to me a bewilderingly complacent acceptance of man's subordination to the machine. Does Industry want the banks of the great river that flows past our city and could be a joy to all who see it? Then Industry must have it and man can do without, for the city exists by and through and for Industry, not by and through and for man. There seems to me something almost masochistic in the admiration with which men of this class look at the great piles of masonry that shut off their sunlight, at the smoke belching into the air.

'Yeah, this is a vulgar, democratic country,' one of them grunted at me. It was the same taunt, the same accusation of snobbishness, that has been hurled for years at whoever compares America unfavorably with Europe in any respect. The New Babylon is touchily proud of its height, its size, its noise, its gunmen, its prostitutes, its gamblers, its dirt, its turmoil, its humor.

The second class, also numerically large, is made up of those who fondly believe that New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh are not America. Perhaps they are n't, in the matter of Prohibition and obscenity and art and rapid transit, but when it comes to the things the Industrial System has done to them, I suspect they're just the bell-wethers of the flock.

Tucked away in a valley in the Vermont hills is a prosperous industrial town to which my mind has turned with pleasure for years because it has always quite consciously given man a position at least of equality with the machine. Its houses rise so precipitously from either side a narrow river bed that the introduction of a steam railroad would completely spoil it as a place to live in. It therefore resolutely refused some thirty years or more ago to permit a railroad to enter, and still ships its products by an electric side line to the nearest station, some six miles away. But in recent years a change has come over its way of thinking. The chief beauty of its village Square, next to the hills that surround it, is furnished by two large elms in its centre. They cast a shade over a large part of the Square, and give it a charming quality that is nowadays chiefly associated in our minds with towns living on their past and guiltless of the prosperity this one boasts. This year, at the annual town meeting, a motion was passed to cut down the two elm trees on the score that they interfere

with traffic. In the manner of trees, they take up considerably more room in the air than on the ground. The space saved for traffic will be small indeed, and the Square is in any case a spacious one.

'Why did you let them do it?' I asked a friend who lives in the town. 'Why did n't you go and fight against it?'

'Because there's no use fighting any more,' he said. 'They must do what they will do. I've fought too long and too unaided.'

And there you have the difference between the two worlds beautifully epitomized. A town of five thousand in industrialized America can't spare a space about twenty feet in circumference in its Square to two beautiful trees. Paris, with its several million population in only very partially industrialized France, has trees scattered delightfully all through its busiest sections, and many of its boulevards are lined with trees.

The third class to which I put my question is fatalistic. Not so large numerically, it is extremely articulate, because it includes to-day most of the intellectuals and artists. Man is a fool and always has been, it says. Give him as dangerous a weapon to play with as the machine and mass production, and you can expect him to make just such a mess of it as he has. You can expect him to forget that the machine exists to save labor, not to increase it, to make life pleasanter, easier, more beautiful, more satisfying. Ralph Flanders observes in the Beard symposium that for the first time in the history of the world man has the opportunity to be civilized without being an exploiter, since our luxuries, our colleges, our leisure, are founded on the machine instead of on helots and serfs. Man has the opportunity! But what a chasm between that pleasant

possibility and the facts, even on the material side! Only a rich man in America to-day can afford to live in a well-built house. Every peasant in Italy has a tile roof to his house and plaster-covered stone walls, while even well-to-do Americans must put up with paper or shingle roofs, and few think they can afford stone walls. Only a rich American can afford enough land around his house to protect his sunlight and his privacy. In spite of the savings the machine undoubtedly makes, the poor and middle class of to-day are less able than their grandfathers to purchase civilized living conditions. Let whoever doubts me reconsider for a moment the slums and poorer suburbs of any American city.

The fourth class is numerically small, but there is a horrid ring of conviction about its answer. Yes, it says, we are building inhuman cities and an inhuman world; but they won't last long. When they get bad enough, man will rise up and overthrow the whole horrible system. He will sweep clean and begin over again. These enthusiasts, being as a rule young and without much historical perspective, forget that after such a sweeping clean there has always ensued a long period, sometimes centuries long, of desolation. Not having the hearty temperament that likes to burn the barn down in order to get the horses out, I can't welcome their optimistic forecast with much pleasure, especially when I remember that Europe too is about to industrialize itself.

V

The most interesting thing to Europe to-day is America. Europeans are even forgetting to hate us because of the war debts, or to envy us because of the money we throw around, so absorbed have they become in ourselves as a

phenomenon. Perhaps for the first time since Lowell noticed it, that certain condescension in foreigners is giving way to a respect that seems to me even more disturbing. They drink our cocktails, they talk our slang, they read our books. They manfully swallow past prejudices and present doubts and admit us to a degree of intimacy that earlier generations of Americans could have crawled on their knees in vain to get.

Paul Morand, who shares the interest, observes that both the respect and the subterranean horror that accompanies it are misdirected. It is not the unique character of the Americans that has made them and their cities what they are, he explains to his European readers in *New York*, a book whose tremendous vogue gives some faint notion of this intense interest Europe is taking in us to-day. It is the Industrial System. The same system introduced into Europe to-day would produce the same results. He goes on to warn them that, marvelous as many of those results are, the system would ruin Europe. M. Morand is too gallant an admirer of America to explain too closely just what he means by this. Mass production has brought wealth. It has built fabulous cities. New York is its capital, and in New York Morand finds the greatest intellectual activity anywhere in the world. But it will ruin Europe, he says, and I can't but agree with him. It will wipe out the old Europe as completely as it has wiped out the old America, and, if the analogy holds good, it will substitute for that gracious world something strange and inhuman.

'Yeah,' I can imagine the sarcastic patriot who accused me of snobbishness observing at this point. 'They want to introduce our system because its results are so horrible, don't they?'

Of course they, like our optimistic

engineers, believe its results need n't be horrible, and of course, like us, they are allured by its prospects of 'easy money,' its illusory promise of conquering the drudgery of life at last. But there is a far more important and urgent factor than this. No intelligent observer of the last war could fail to see that military supremacy in the future would be dependent on industrial supremacy, that, no matter how valiant its men or competent its leaders, an agricultural country would not in future be able to hold its own in war against an industrialized one. To survive in an industrialized world, Europe *must* industrialize.

Already Soviet Russia has gone in for industrialization on a grand scale. The possibility that for the first time in the history of the world man can be civilized without being an exploiter, while couched in very different phraseology from hers, still falls in beautifully with her millennial programme; and the advantages of industrialization on the

economic and military side are all too obvious to her. Yet, as I have looked at the various industrial films the Soviets have sent over here, I have been wholly unable to share their exultation in their own accomplishment. It seems sadly ironical that so much idealism and sacrifice should be devoted to attaining the dubious goal we have already reached. They believe that they will handle their new wealth more wisely, of course, and so did we.

As yet Russia is the only country to imitate us on a grand scale, but all Europe is already toying with our fire. And if Europe industrializes, the days when we can step from our mechanistic nightmare into the pleasant world of our youth are strictly limited.

America has been the first to permit herself to be devastated by the machine age. The most absorbing question of our generation is this: Can she also, before her devastation spreads too widely, bridle that wild beast and keep it from running amuck over the world?

A FLYER IN PEARLS

BY ANICE TERHUNE

I

THE dinner bugle blared through the corridors of B Deck in a pompous crescendo. As it reached Eve Wareham's stateroom door, it achieved a triumphant, sputtering climax; then passed on astern, leaving in its wake a gradual diminuendo of sound.

Eve hurried into her dinner frock. She was late, and she hurried a little

too much. A bit of the delicate beige lace caught on a hairpin somewhere at the back of her head. Try as she would, she could not dislodge it without tearing the lovely frock, or else pulling down her hair.

She was letting her bob grow out; and just now it was no easy matter to do it up securely and at the same time becomingly. It was so late, she simply could n't pull those hairpins out and

begin all over again. Instead, she rang for the stewardess and stood staggeringly before her swaying mirror until the woman appeared.

'Please untangle me, stewardess,' she said. 'I'm so afraid I'll tear my frock. I got it in Paris, just before I left, and I don't want to ruin it the very first thing!'

'Now don't you worry, dearie!' answered the stewardess, soothingly. 'I'll have it all right in a jiffy. There you are! And not a thread broken! However did you manage to get it wound around that hairpin like that, miss?'

'I don't know. I suppose I was hurrying. Thanks, ever so much. What should I do without you? We're only two days out, and yet you've been simply wonderful, already! A real friend in need! I never had such a nice stewardess!'

'I'm sure I thank you, miss!' beamed the stewardess, smugly. 'Anything I can do for a sweet young lady like yourself on the voyage—of course. —Are n't you a-forgetting the pearls, miss?'

'Why, I *had*! Just think of my going out and leaving them in my stateroom for anyone to make off with!' And Eve snatched up a choker of exquisite small pearls and fastened them around her neck. 'Thanks for reminding me.'

'You need n't of worried, though, miss. I'd always lock your door for you if you ever went out and left it unfastened,' cooed the stewardess, smoothing her apron. 'Anything more I can do for you now, dearie?'

'I wish she would n't call me "dearie,"' thought Eve, as she staggered lurchingly down the swaying corridor toward the lift. 'But she's so kind and helpful. She has certainly been wonderfully good to me. I must give her a very big tip before we land.'

II

Eve's place in the dining saloon was at a table that seated eight. Five of the eight were 'cruise people' — that is, they were a section of a Raymond and Whitcomb Mediterranean cruise party.

A large cruise is like a human kaleidoscope. It is made up of ever-changing groups. When the cruise starts, certain people are drawn together more or less by accident. As the cruise drifts on, these groups drift apart, only to form other groups. These, too, are ever-changing. Misunderstandings, getting to know one another too well or too ill, boredoms, envies, heartaches — any one of these is enough to break up a seemingly unbreakable clique.

It is only the group which sticks together as the voyage nears the Statue of Liberty that really counts, in the long run. This group has a chance for permanent friendship. Together they have seen unforgettable things. They have climbed mountains and descended into caverns and catacombs together. They have dragged their weary limbs back to the boat and complained wholeheartedly and earnestly, to each other, about the cruise management. They have been seasick and recovered, side by side. They have played cards together, day after day, in the smoke room or lounge, and still remain friends.

Sometimes, on very stormy Sundays, they have flocked to Divine Service together, and sung familiar hymns about the Deep; seriously, and rather tremblingly. At other times, with their heads closely bunched, they have gossiped more or less harmlessly about all the other groups. What more does one need to cement a friendship?

Such a group were the ruling majority at Eve Wareham's table. The most pervasive of them were Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone, of New Haven,

Connecticut — a mother and daughter who were determined to miss nothing on the trip, whether or no they died in an attempt to see everything.

Mrs. Stone was at least seventy, her daughter over thirty. They were both kittenish, flirtatious, and given to neck chains, floating panels, and Egyptian scarves. Barring these slight failings, and a desire to thrash every subject out to a finish, they were nice people and good company.

At the head of the table sat Mr. Yandall, a Pittsburgh lawyer, with his wife on his right. They were nice, too. Mr. Yandall 'always managed to let someone else do all the tipping,' so the Stones confided to Eve the first day out; and he was 'a poor loser at cards; but he *was* clever!' Mrs. Yandall was charming in every way.

Next came the fifth member of the cruise group, Mrs. Cater of New York, a pitiful little slip of a widow, in deep mourning. Her steamer chair was next Eve's, on the promenade deck; and, she confided to the latter, she had undertaken the cruise all alone as a last resort, to cure her of insomnia. She was glad to find that Eve also was from New York.

'It gives us a sort of fellow feeling,' she had said. 'There are hardly any New York people on this boat.'

Between Mrs. Cater and Eve sat Mr. Van Benthuyzen, lately graduated from Oxford, and thus far guiltless of cruise life. On Eve's other side, completing the eight, sat a charming, white-haired old chap named Wright, from Baltimore, who loved to talk about his rose garden, and Grand Opera.

'There's quite a sea on to-night,' he said to Eve, as she dropped into her chair beside him. 'There are lots of vacancies in the dining room, I notice. Hope you're a good sailor, and feel hungry, Miss Wareham.'

'I am — and I do, thanks. I feel as

if I could eat a house to-night, and I've never been seasick in my life.'

'The Captain's not down to-night,' put in Mrs. Cater, nervously. 'Do you think it's going to be very rough?'

'It does n't make much difference, in this big floating hotel,' said Mr. Yandall pompously.

'Do you realize,' demanded Miss Stone, of the whole table, 'that this is by far the largest boat we've been in on the *whole cruise*? By far the *largest*? Is n't that interesting?' And she beamed about the table inquiringly.

'What's so interesting about it?' muttered Mr. Van Benthuyzen, *sotto voce*, to Eve. 'Does it seem particularly hair-raising news to you?'

Eve laughed. 'Perhaps it might,' she muttered in return, 'if you and I'd been on the cruise; but we have n't, though we've heard so much about it during the last two days, we might almost pass an examination in its more salient features. For instance —'

'Did you ever ride a camel, Mr. Van Benthuyzen?' broke in Miss Stone.

'Once,' said Mr. Van Benthuyzen, rather irritably. 'It had adenoids. I did n't like the way it sniffed all the time. It was a mouth-breather. We did n't get on very well.'

'Do you really mean to say the camel actually had adenoids, Mr. Van Benthuyzen?' asked Mrs. Stone. 'The kind you or I might have?'

'What an interesting phenomenon!' guffawed Mr. Yandall. 'I'll bet that camel was a rough pet, all right! By the way, have you made out your declarations? I got mine this morning; and I was so hard at work on the blamed thing just before dinner, I nearly forgot to dress!'

'Oh, heavens!' cried Miss Stone. 'When I think of all the things we've bought! Is n't it queer how we all buy and *buy* and *buy*, and —'

'I don't "buy and buy and buy,"'

put in Mrs. Cater. 'I can't afford it, in the first place; and then, I had n't the heart for it anyway, this time.' And she gave a slight sigh that was almost inaudible. 'I really have nothing to declare except a little lingerie and one or two small trinkets. I shan't have any duty to pay.'

'You're lucky,' said Mrs. Yandall. 'I had heaps of clothes made in Paris. I wanted to, as we'll probably never come over again — at least while we're able to trot about like this. We're not as young as we were!'

'Do I have to put down every paper of pins?' asked Eve. 'I've never traveled alone before, and someone has always done all those silly, unpleasant things for me.'

'You do, and you don't,' said young Van Benthuyssen.

'What do you mean, Mr. Van Benthuyssen?' asked the Stones, in chorus, all attention.

'I mean, time before last, when I crossed, I put down every solitary thing. The Customs officer complimented me on my declaration — said it was one of the clearest he had ever seen. Last time, I did the very same thing; and the Customs officer — a different one — complained rottenly about it; said, "Why don't you lump 'em? I don't want to pore over all those petty details! You ought to say 'antique weapons' *here*, 'golf suits' *there*, 'leather goods' *here*, and so on."

'Oh, dear!' cried Miss Stone. 'Have I got to undo all our parcels? We've been sending them right to the steamer as fast as we've bought things, from the very first! And they all came aboard in one huge package, when we got to Cherbourg! They're down in the hold. I *can't* go over all those things! I'll never get them done up so well again!'

'I'm afraid you'll have to, Miss Stone, or get run in for smuggling,' said Mr. Wright.

'What a hideous arrangement! I'm not going to open those things! I'll just put down a lump sum as the price of them — I know it within a dollar or so — and let it go at that.'

'Don't run any risks, daughter,' put in Mrs. Stone anxiously. 'I should n't want them to think you were trying to smuggle.'

'Nonsense, mother! They know who's smuggling, don't you worry.'

'They can't know till they look, can they?' said Eve.

'Indeed they can,' said Mrs. Yandall. 'Don't you know, you're reading of such cases all the time?'

'Yes, but how can they?' echoed Mrs. Cater.

'The long arm of the law is a powerful thing,' puffed Mr. Yandall, throwing out his chest professionally.

'They say that the sale of anything over a thousand dollars is reported to the authorities at once, and they are on the lookout for it,' said Miss Stone. 'So if you have something valuable and you don't declare it, naturally they search you.'

'Yes, but how can they always tell? Could n't a thing be so carefully hidden that it could n't be found?' Eve asked quickly.

'Not a chance. At least, of course, there *is* a chance,' said Van Benthuyssen, 'but the Government has spies everywhere.'

'I remember reading about a woman who bought something from Cartier's, and when she got on the ship to come home she took it out of its box and hid it in her handbag, and dropped the box in the wastebasket. Of course the stewardess found it, and reported it —'

'The stewardess?' breathed Eve. 'How dastardly of her!'

'Oh, lots of them do that. That's part of their business. They get paid for it by the Customs people.'

'Do you remember that actress who

did n't declare her diamond bracelets last winter?' said Mrs. Yandall.

'And the woman whose husband had to pay five thousand dollars to keep her out of jail, about the same time?' chimed in Mrs. Stone. 'I forget her name.'

'But how could a stewardess give away anyone like that?' persisted Eve, going back to the earlier story.

'Why, it's simple enough,' said Van Benthuisen. 'They're only doing their duty as they see it. Then, there's the reward. That helps. They notice something suspicious about a person. Perhaps it's a jewel — or some lace or something. Or liquor. Generally the person who is trying to smuggle is nervous; and she responds gladly to the overtures of kindness made by the steward or stewardess, as the case may be. Before she realizes it, the stewardess has her secret.'

'But how?' asked Mrs. Cater.

'Perhaps it's a ring. The stewardess remarks on the beauty of the ring and says it is a pity to pay such a large amount of duty when the ring must have cost so much — or some such thing. Then, having caught her fish, she plays it. Says she knows ways of eluding the Customs. That she can hide the ring in the lady's hair in such a way that the inspector can never find it. The upshot is she hides the ring cleverly in the woman's hair — so cleverly that the inspector himself could never have found it if the stewardess hadn't sent word just where to look! It's being done all —'

'My goodness, Miss Wareham! You're white as a sheet!' broke in Miss Stone. 'Shall I help you out of the dining room?'

Eve had risen suddenly. The room seemed to be receding and advancing by turns. Waves of nausea nearly submerged her.

'Don't bother, thank you. It's just

the motion. I think I'll go on deck. I'm all right, really.' And she was gone.

III

The seven people gazed after her retreating back, blankly.

'She said she was never seasick,' said Mr. Wright.

'She never has been, either, so far,' said Mrs. Cater. 'Her deck chair is right by mine, so I know.'

'How queer! The sea is all calming down again, too!' said Mrs. Stone. 'Now I wonder whether, perhaps, seasickness could n't be retroactive — like the wash after a boat goes by! Do you suppose it could, perhaps?'

Mr. Van Benthuisen snorted, or came as near it as can one just out of Oxford. His thoughts were following Eve's white face. He left the table soon and went up on deck to find her. But she was not there.

As a matter of fact, Eve was lying face down on her bed, her hands clenched. Before her tightly shut eyes danced all the careless words about smuggling that had been tossed back and forth across the dinner table. She clasped one hand about her pearl necklace. There it was, still — the awful thing! What on earth should she do with it? How could she have been such a fool as to tell that hideous stewardess it was new! And — just exactly as John Van Benthuisen said — just exactly — the stewardess had promised her she would hide it in the little wad of hair at the nape of her neck where her bob was just long enough to do up! Oh! It was all too fearful!

There was a tap at the door.

'Who is it?' the girl asked wearily.

'Only me, miss,' answered the sleek voice of the stewardess. 'I thought you was still at dinner and I came to fix your room for the night. Can I do anything for you?'

Eve opened the door.

'I don't feel well,' she said. 'I think I'll go to bed. Just fix things up for me in a hurry, will you? I want to get my clothes off.'

The stewardess seemed more than usually loquacious, and she drove Eve nearly frantic. At last she was gone, and the girl could lie prone and try to plan.

But no plan would come. Already she saw only Customs officers — disgrace — perhaps jail, she did n't know. It was her first attempt at smuggling and she was ignorant of just how far the law could go with her.

The pearls had seemed so heavenly when the Paris jeweler had showed them to her! She had always wanted pearls, and these were n't so frightfully expensive; for, though they were exquisite, they were secondhand. And she had just enough money left, allowing for everything but the duty, to pay for them! It all had seemed so very simple, in the store.

The clerk had said, 'You'll *wear them in*, won't you?' and when she had hesitated, 'You'd be surprised to know how many people *do* wear them in!'

She had n't thought about the duty, until he said that; and though, just for a moment, she had been frightened, she felt that he must know all about such things. He told her not to be nervous, but just to go right ahead and wear them, and no one would be the wiser. So she had bought them. And she had worn them boldly ever since.

Probably, by this time, the jeweler had notified the Customs officer. Whether he had or not, she, like a little fool, had blabbed to the stewardess! Oh, if only — if only she had n't been so imbecile! What on earth could she do? Let herself be arrested on the pier before all her welcoming family and friends? Should she throw the old pearls into the ocean *now* — right

through the porthole there — and be done with it?

She was strongly tempted to do this. In her excitement she stood up on her bed and pushed the curtain aside, only to be reminded that the window opened on to a deck, not on the ocean.

Should she dress and go aloft and drop the pearls overboard into the black, foamy water?

No! She would n't! She had bought them! They were hers! She had paid what to her was a small fortune for the pearls. She would n't give them up until she had to. She set her teeth hard, and vowed to herself that she would find a way to get them in, somehow.

IV

For three days Eve kept her bed; pretending to be seasick — in reality sick with worry. She could hardly bear to have the stewardess bring her her sketchy meals; for now she hated the sight of the woman and she felt that behind the smug face was a triumphant knowledge of the whole situation. Eve always pretended to be asleep when the woman came into the room.

Toward the end of the fifth day out, she got up and dressed. She had a plan, at last. It was a risky plan. It needed careful, quick work. But at least it was better than no plan at all; and it *might* succeed.

As she made her way to her chair, she found the deck deserted, as she expected, except for one or two somnolent forms. The tea hour was over. Life aboard ship was at a temporary lull. It was not yet time to dress for dinner, or to invite one's chosen cronies for pre-prandial cocktails in the smoke room.

Mrs. Cater's chair, like most of the others, was empty, though her coat and a book gave mute evidence that she was coming back. Eve knew that the black-clad little woman played a sol-

even game of auction every afternoon at this hour with Mrs. and Miss Stone and Mr. Yandall. Eve had counted on that; and on the fact that Mrs. Cater, with childlike faith, seemed always leaving her coat lying about.

Throwing herself down in her own chair, Eve quickly drew Mrs. Cater's coat into her lap and snuggled down under it as if she were chilly.

'Cover you up, miss?' said the friendly deck steward, appearing from nowhere, as if someone had touched a button. 'Hope you're feeling better, miss —'

'Oh yes, thank you,' said Eve. What possessed the man to bob up just then, when every moment counted? When, of all times, she wished most to be alone?

'I'm all right, now. Just tuck my feet in a bit. That's all right. I did n't bring my ulster up on deck, so I'm using Mrs. Cater's.'

'C'n I bring you an extra rug, miss?'

'Oh no, thank you. I'm perfectly all right now.'

After a few remarks on the wonderful calm of the water, and the fineness of the weather, the steward made off, to Eve's great relief.

With nervous fingers she opened her little vanity bag and took out a tiny blue enamel sewing case, not three inches long. It had been one of her *bon voyage* presents. In it were tiny scissors, a thimble, and a needle threaded with black thread.

With quick little snips, she ripped the inside of Mrs. Cater's fur collar just far enough to admit a flat little chamois envelope. Quilted into the envelope, by coarse stitches, lay the pearl necklace. Fastened securely in this way, it could not roll about; nor could it very well be detected through the chamois and the thick fur.

Eve's fingers trembled as she pulled smooth the buckram stiffening at the

back of the collar, sewed the chamois envelope securely to it, and then healed the little gash the scissors had made.

Just as she took the last stitch, Mrs. Cater appeared.

Frantically, Eve bunched the coat up about her mouth, bit off the thread and, her hands hidden under the coat, replaced the little sewing kit in her vanity bag.

She did not attempt to put the coat back.

'Hello!' she cried as Mrs. Cater stopped in front of her. 'I hope you don't mind my using your coat? I was sleepy and cold, and too lazy to go below for my own coat —' She stopped, breathless at her narrow escape.

'Of course not! Keep it!' answered Mrs. Cater. 'I'm so glad to see you up and around again. Are you all right now? Why — you're shaking! I'm afraid you're having a chill! Shall I get you something? You look very ill!'

'Oh no, thank you! I'm perfectly well,' Eve answered, through chattering teeth. 'I'm perfectly well, thank you. I was just utterly tired out, I think. I was on the go so steadily before we sailed. I don't think I'd have been sick but for that. Here's your coat. Really I don't need it any more. Please take it,' and she laughed with hysterical relief.

'You must have been pretty sick,' said Mrs. Cater. 'We've all missed you a lot,' she added, simply. 'All of us. It'll be good to see you at the table again. Mr. Van Benthuyzen has been quite forlorn.'

From then until the end of the voyage, Eve made it her business carefully to cultivate the precious friendship of Mrs. Cater.

V

That evening when Eve went down to dress for dinner, she hunted in her trunk for a string of imitation pearls

that she had worn in traveling, and until she bought her real ones. Since then they had lain forgotten. The string was a choker, as was the real necklace; and though the imitation pearls were somewhat larger than the real, they were not noticeably different to the untrained observer. From that moment, until she landed, Eve wore them constantly.

The night before the ship was to dock, Eve was locking her trunk preparatory to having it taken out to be piled up with the other luggage. She could hear trunk after trunk bump by on its journey through the corridor and white-sheeted gangway, to the deck.

She was trying not to feel frightened about to-morrow. No one in the world but herself knew where her pearls were. Mrs. Cater had been wearing them about, most innocently, in the back of her fur collar, for two days. Unless Eve herself should go insane and blab, there was no way anyone could find out! Still, when there came a knock at her door, she jumped in spite of herself, though she knew it must be the steward for the trunk — which it was.

In his wake came the stewardess; and as soon as the trunk was out of the way the stewardess shut the door.

'You're not forgetting I promised to hide your pearls for you?' she said, expectantly.

'No, thank you,' Eve forced herself to say calmly, 'but I decided to declare them after all. So it won't be necessary.'

'Oh,' said the stewardess blankly. 'Well, perhaps you're right; but it seems a pity.' She waited a moment, still expectantly; but Eve merely gave her an extra-large tip and let it go at that.

'She does n't believe me,' Eve said to herself, 'but, at any rate, she can't find the pearls. Nobody can!'

The next day, Eve donned her imitation pearls and walked off the steamer

gayly and boldly, though she was sickeningly excited. She quaked.

On the pier people automatically were lining themselves up under their own particular letters, for Customs inspection.

Mrs. Cater, she was relieved to note, would be nearly at the other end of the alphabet from herself, among the C's. She was thankful she knew no one on the boat whose name began with W, except Mr. Wright. The Yandalls, Mr. Van Benthuyssen, and even the Stones were not very far off; but at least they were out of earshot.

How odd it was that no matter how intimate people got, on the voyage, at the end all the little cliques had to disintegrate; all persons had to declare themselves alone — to stand naked, so to speak, in their own corners, awaiting their turns at the judgment seat, to find out what they had to pay.

Was n't it just a little bit like that, perhaps, when one died, she thought. Just a little? The Voyage; then the waiting, alone, at the end, not knowing quite what one had to pay? How big a sin would smuggling be rated There, she wondered.

For some reason the boat had docked nearly an hour before the advertised time. So no one was waiting for her on the pier. She was profoundly glad of that.

Presently Mrs. Cater went sailing happily by, following her luggage toward the street, the collar of her coat held innocently high. She had the now-defunct Courtesy of the Port, so her inspection had taken very little time.

She rushed up to Eve and hurriedly kissed her good-bye.

'Don't forget you promised to come and see me right away — 969 Park Avenue — it's on my card! Good-bye again!' Then she was gone, and Eve's pearls with her.

In her relief, Eve waved not only one

hand, but both, to Mrs. Cater, as the little black figure disappeared in the crowd.

Eve turned back, to face an inspector.

'Now let's see what we've got here,' he said, glancing up and down her declaration.

Then, in an odd voice, he added, 'We were informed you are carrying some pearls. You have n't declared any pearls!' His tone was crisp and accusing.

'These imitation pearls are the only ones I have about me,' faltered Eve, 'and I bought those in New York before I went over.'

'Sorry, miss. 'Fraid we'll have to go into this a little further. *Somebody* seems to think you've got some other pearls!'

And in spite of Eve's protestations and those of kindly and distressed Mr. Wright and Mr. Van Benthuyzen, who hovered near, the girl was taken into an inner room, and examined from top to toe by a matron. First of all, she was asked to undo the little wad of hair at the back of her neck.

Disheveled, mortified, tearful with nervousness, Eve was allowed finally to go home. She was a wreck — but, she thought to herself, by a miracle she still had her pearls! At least, Mrs. Cater had them, instead of the Government.

VI

At her very first opportunity, Eve called on Mrs. Cater, who was effusively glad to see her.

'I came so soon, especially, because you have something of mine,' Eve said, her voice trembling slightly.

'Something of yours? What do you mean?' queried Mrs. Cater, looking surprised.

'Why — I bought some pearls in

Paris — and I did n't know how to — I just smuggled them in, in your — I just sewed them into the lining of your big coat — at the back!'

'Why — why, Eve! Miss Wareham! Why, how — how *amazing!* Did it occur to you,' — Mrs. Cater grew very formal, — 'that they might have been found upon me? I was wearing the coat all the time.'

'Yes — but they were n't! You see, you're not the sort of person one would search. I —'

'Well,' snapped Mrs. Cater, 'you certainly took a great deal on yourself. I must say I'm awfully surprised.'

'Oh, do forgive me, please! I would n't have harmed you for worlds! You know that! It was just that I'd spent all my money for the pearls and I did n't want to pay the silly old duty! If you take it like that, I'm fearfully sorry. You — you won't *tell*, will you?'

'Of course I won't tell. I'm not a sneak. But I did n't dream you were that sort.'

'Oh — I'm not! I never did it before! But if you're going to take it like that, please get the coat and let me rip the pearls out, and then I'll go. You —'

'It is exceedingly unfortunate, but you will realize the risk you took. I gave the coat to the Salvation Army, with a lot of other things, only yesterday. I send them a bundle every so often. It was an old hack-about coat, and I was just giving it a last wear during —'

'The coat's gone?' gasped Eve.

'Yes, quite gone, as far as you and I are concerned.' Mrs. Cater's voice was firm. There was a ring of finality about it.

And somehow Eve knew, past all doubt, that the slender, gentle, grief-stricken little Mrs. Cater was lying.

MADE IN JAPAN

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

TRAVELERS voyaging west to reach the East find, when they attain the 180th meridian, that going to sleep of a Sunday night they wake up on Sunday morning. This repetition of a day, whose complicated explanation is familiar to the Third Class in arithmetic as it is to sailors, serves for the ordinary passenger as an intellectual stimulus — a kind of *pons asinorum*. If he crosses the bridge which asses balk at, then he is qualified to travel and grow in wisdom. Some tourists pass the test.

Whether this assertion is libelous or not, the problem usually serves to close the conversational gap which divides you from Yokohama. The first week has disposed of the President, the flaccid stock market, and other staples of small talk. Mathematics is for once a blessing. Besides, as a social asset the Japanese ship you are traveling on is not to be despised. It is a sort of selective exhibit of things Japanese. You are bidden to a garden party where the port deck is hung with lanterns and festooned with wisteria, and booths along the cabin wall are piled high with every confection that bean and fish are susceptible of. Here you are served by cabin boys so kimono'd and powdered that they seem the identical ladies who beautified the fans of your youth. Here too you are given your first lesson in manners. Young lady, if you can curtsy as prettily as the stewardess when she looks in with her morning smile, — 'Madam, it would be charm-

ing to me if you are comfortable,' — the success of your début is assured.

Yokohama is big, modern, efficient, and bustling, but its real interest lies in the fact — true, though you can't believe it — that seven years ago there was n't any Yokohama. After the earthquake, in the Prophet's awful words, came the fire, and the city ceased to exist. Yokohama is the port of Tokyo, half an hour distant. Even now we can hardly realize that within the two cities nearly a quarter of a million people were done to death. Sixty thousand corpses incinerated in a huge hecatomb are interred in a single shrine built in Tokyo of solid cement as if in defiance of what Fate may have in store. Such a catastrophe outreaches the imagination. The tragedies of Galveston, of San Francisco even, are incidents beside this holocaust. Think of that scene! Yokohama was a memory, Tokyo an ash heap, and homeless multitudes, gathered in rude cantonments, clung in their agony to the single hope of reaching some city like Kyoto, out of the earthquake belt. But on the sixth day the Emperor spoke. Tokyo, the Imperial Rescript ran, was forever ordained the capital of the Empire. Then people knew that Will had conquered Fate.

One of the prize puzzles in Tokyo is to find an address when you want it. Of course, it would be simpler if the streets had names, but that would spoil the puzzle. Names there are for districts or for wards, but these are utterly irregular and known to instinct alone.

Once in the ward, the taxi driver knows that the trail is growing hot. What he next seeks is the *cho*. Now in the country the *cho*, properly a lineal measure running sixteen to the mile, — to be computed by the rod, perch, or pole, as the arithmetic book hath it, — also designates an area, but in towns the *cho* is simply what it is. So, once within its limits, down clammers your driver, while the taxi next in line honks its protest in the narrow street behind. First he inquires of the grocery man. They bow twice in harmonious accord and then get down to business. But the grocer has only lived there for a year or two and is imperfectly informed. The stonecutter, who in Tokyo invariably lives hard by, is called into consultation, and when the party is completed by the policeman the outline of the *cho* is theoretically determined. Up springs the driver and into the *cho* you go, grazing (I speak from experience) two bicycles and a pushcart.

Then the driver looks round, talking with desperate rapidity. He must mean: 'What is your number?' You have it on the slip of paper with which the hotel clerk has providentially supplied you. 'Number 18.' Here it is. Well, you might suppose that would be the end of it. But there are two 18's. No, four! No, six! Upon my soul, in one instance I can testify that one *cho* has eighteen 18's. In such an emergency you can, of course, ring the eighteen doorbells and come infallibly to your destination, or you can wait for the postman. We usually waited — to the taxi tune of six yen an hour!

If there is a more extensive city than Tokyo in the world, I do not know it. London may be large. If you take the bus from Clapham Rise to Wormwood Scrubbs, you will cover a substantial slice of England. But remember, this is an earthquake city, and, foreign buildings aside, every structure is one

or, at most, two stories. Spread two million people out flat, add a quantity of the great parks of the world, throw in a dozen rivers and canals and central arteries of immense width, and you cover a considerable amount of the earth's surface. Of which the moral is, Start early when you go out to dine.

II

At Tokyo you will have your first *sukiyaki* — a repast suggesting friendship and even intimacy. Now, squatting on your heels with quiet dignity for two hours and a half sounds easy, but the habits of a lifetime creakily protest against it, and something of Eastern dignity can still be retained by sitting cross-legged on a cushion. The guests, usually in groups of five, squat about a central pot, always boiling and perpetually replenished with slices of beef, onions, greens, and something that looks like vermicelli but is n't. Into the hotchpotch the vigilant waitress pours ever and anon a thin sauce made from the omnipresent soy. As the steam rises, juicy and fragrant, each guest plunges his chopsticks into the dish, searching for a tidbit cooked precisely *so*, and transfers to his personal bowl all he is immediately good for. On and on the process goes. Bowls are refilled before they are emptied. One never knows how much or, for that matter, what he has eaten, till at the close of the feast comes the bowl of steaming rice — universal substitute for bread — to fill the last interior cavity.

As with food, so with *sake*, which washes it down. Served warm in tiniest bowls refilled as they are emptied, the mild liquor provides the gentle exhilaration which Japanese sociability requires. *Sake* to an American seems little more potent than spring water, but the Japanese, whose wits are more delicately poised than our own, lose

their equilibrium more easily, and *sake* drunk in cumulative sips represents to them infinitesimal gradations between sober-sidedness and that spontaneous exhilaration which for one hour at least makes a man a hero to himself, transforms a chance gathering into a brotherhood, and metamorphoses this stable world into the unsubstantial fairy place of the poet's dream.

From these lyrical remarks the reader must not think the Japanese an intemperate people. They are the reverse. *Sake* is merely their gentle protest against the dull placidity of life.

Little does he appreciate a *sukiyaki* who rates it in terms of food and drink. Like all Japanese festivals, it is the very efflorescence of leisure. For aught I know, a Japanese alone may dine with businesslike dispatch, but in company the host pauses after every mouthful, and unembarrassed silence follows talk. It is the end of the day. No business presses but the business of fellowship. Hour after quiet hour you sit and chat and eat.

The door of a Japanese house swings open less readily than ours. Their little rooms, lovely and bare, are dedicated to family, not to social, life. But if you are so fortunate as to be asked within, the host's wife and daughters will take the place of maidservants, and you dine as dined Odysseus when King Alcinous's wife brought him meat and his cup was replenished by Nausicaa. The American who has been waited on, but not by servants, appreciates the honor which has been done him. If the guest be English, let him note the attitude of the wife as she walks abroad just three steps behind her husband. That gap may strike him as the perfect distance!

The visitor who studies his map will notice that there are two main centres of interest in Japan. One clusters about Tokyo, one about Kyoto. Tokyo is but

two hours from Miyanoshta, and three or four from Nikko. After the city, the country is doubly delicious, and neither of these lovely patterns of the Japanese countryside can be neglected. In both the second day is more delightful than the first and the third exceeds the second. I have not the honor of knowing the governors of their prefectures, but the social rulers of these two delightful places are brothers, veritable Dioscuri from their trim figures and hazel eyes to the last sinuous twist of their confident gray mustachios. Both are masters of the honorable profession of innkeeping. Either will give you as comfortable a bed, as hot a dinner, and as lovely an outlook as this old world affords. Both were educated in London, and both illustrate the ancient adage, often so difficult of credence, that life for the wayfarer can be made not only bearable but enchanting.

At Miyanoshta, while the water cascades out of a green forest into a sunny pool right at your feet, you can smoke a confidential cigar with Mr. Yamaguchi, and he will tell you the ways of the world. When quite young he elected to be the Bad Boy of his family, but on his rare visits home made himself so agreeable to his parent, and showed so pronounced a preference for the fatted calf above the husks, that all the rewards of the Prodigal were his. His advice to young men is to do likewise, but, as the golden time is gone for me, I could only lament the discretion of my youth and its lack of early counsel. At Nikko, Mr. Fusiwara (Japanese brothers frequently migrate into different families and change their names) will have a glass with you, looking out over the azalea-tinted hills. The famous lacquer bridge spans the stream sheer below, the temple bells are calling across the valley, and Mr. Fusiwara gives you wise if more conventional advice.

After all, a man's nature has much to do with his journey's end and his happiness on the road. A wayward path sometimes leads home, and the gate of virtue is often more strait than comfortable. But these are reflections written in an unchristian land.

III

All women and some men have an ulterior motive in going abroad. Deep in the female heart, below cathedrals, pictures, statues, is — the shop. And talk as she will in admiration of fixed prices and the matter-of-fact buying in our stores, it is the romance of the bargain, the battle of wits, the desperate lure of something for nothing, that lights a woman's eye and lifts her heart. There *may* be a diamond in the glass necklace, the picture *may* have been painted over a masterpiece. The chill realism of 'one price only' has crept into Japan. The department stores are rigid as our own, and the larger shops. But curios, as befits them, still linger in the age of romance. In the august galleries of Mr. Yamanaka at Kyoto (I wonder if there is a handsomer shop than his in the round world), perish the thought of bargaining. The golden screens will be a joy forever, and the four thousand yen you paid for them well lost — but lost they will be. Yet drama, the fine essence of shopping, is not gone from Japan. Mr. Yamanaka is the Daimyo of his profession. Among the samurai beneath him, and below them, there is scope and verge enough for shopping in its theatric glory.

At Nikko when you have done your temples, among the most magnificent memorials in the world, when you have spiraled the hairpin turns taking you to a lake outvying Lucerne, and had your laugh over the guide's perennial joke anent the 'American' waterfall

which 'some of the time' is quite dry, the day's work will bring you home at four o'clock. Three hours to dinner — just time in ceremonious leisure to visit Mr. Kobayashi's. It stands unpretentiously at a corner of the single street. A few modern Buddhas, brass jugs, and garish brocades clutter up the floor. You show your disappointment. 'Ah, if the gentleman [I quote my own experience] desires something a little better, we will cross the garden.' Cross the garden we did, passing a fronded brooklet by a pretty arch of stone, and entered an inner shop. 'Better, but hardly interesting.' You shrug your shoulders and the clerk remarks, 'Perhaps the third shop will have more of the gentleman's desires.' Another garden, past azalea borders along the lipping trickle of a brook, leads us to the third shop. A third disappointment. There are good things here, to be sure, but one has come eight thousand miles! 'Ah,' says the understanding clerk, 'Mr. Kobayashi would wish you to see the fourth shop.'

There are the arcana, and there is Mr. Kobayashi. He has the look of intelligence transmitted through the generations. 'It is a pleasure to welcome so fastidious a gentleman. Come in.' Two little bowing maids bring you Japanese tea — no milk, no lemon, no sugar, but a thin sweetened cake that will not spoil the flavor. If the tea itself is not to your liking, you will come to appreciate it, for the cup is eggshell china and the aroma quite perfect.

'What would you see? Jewels, porcelain, cloisonné, jade?'

'Jade — white or green, as you please, but unquestioned.'

Two maids and a clerk unpile the teakwood boxes in the corner. 'Not that, not that. There — that.' The conversation, for your benefit, has little jets of English in the steady spurt of Japanese.

The box is now in Mr. Kobayashi's hands. 'Is the light good?' His thin brown fingers slide the cover back and draw out something in delicious butter-nut-colored cloth. Within is a box fashioned of ravishing brocade. 'Ah-h!' The syllable is deliciously prolonged. Then, very slowly, the box is raised in the left hand; with the right the magician draws from it a vase. Foam of the sea over verdurous moss. Six inches of perfection, stately, absolute. The translucent jade is fretted with a noble design. Among the amphoræ on Aspasia's dressing table it would have reflected glory.

The drama pauses. The vase seems to overflow from the sunlight pent within. The American gentleman catches his breath. 'I suppose,' he says slowly, 'it has a certain value.'

'I might afford,' philosophizes Mr. Kobayashi, 'to let it go for 30,000 yen.'

'May I have more tea? Thank you. I like it strong.'

Outside, through the open *shoji* at the rear, you hear the torrent that waters the templed groves above tumbling in thunder. The tracery of the vase prints on your heart of hearts its delicate design. The unebriate cup in your hand has lost its little potency.

'Twenty-five thousand yen,' murmurs Mr. Kobayashi, 'is the lowest possible price.'

You sink into contemplation of the values of life.

IV

Tokyo and Osaka are the muscles and sinews of the Empire. Kyoto is its heart. There the traveler may spend days, months, years, and not know the half of its glory. Nara is near, and what can man desire that is not at Nara, with its temples and its shrines, its forests of cryptomeria, camphor, and redolent fir, its museum of masterpieces, and its fallow deer which come cantering

through the glades to meet the passing rickshaw? Nara offers you all that is past. But Kyoto gives to the contemplative more of the sense of eternity — the everlasting Now. I will not describe it, — I could not if I would, — but be grateful to me for giving this advice. Each morning start from the excellent Miyako Hotel betimes, leave word that you will meet your party within half an hour, and walk alone to the little Buddhist garden of Nan-Jengi. It is not in the guidebook, and for that (and that almost alone) the guidebook be blessed, for the omission keeps it lonely.

From the hotel, below azalea'd banks and beneath pines which have sheltered the road these three hundred years, ten minutes will take you there. Pass under the gateway and find Peace. The outer court before the hoary Tokugawa shrine is carpeted with gray sand, swept each morning and raked with a deep-pronged rake in delicious patterns, curving like running water. The azaleas, pink, white, carmine, are in full bloom, and behind them the ancient graveyard. Each monument is of five stones; for, as the pilgrim knows, there are five elements, — Earth, Air, Water, Fire, Ether, — all praising to eternity the way of the Lord Buddha.

Behind the little graveyard rises the majestic mountain, still clothed in primeval forest. You pass on slowly to a little bamboo gate, taking care lest your footprints mar the gardener's design. Pause then for an instant before a small pine tree cunningly twisted and gnarled by an art unknown outside Japan. It shades a rustic monument of stone and moss, and as the old gardener will tell you (if you find an interpreter), the stones are raised to the spirit of the pine which for three hundred years sheltered the garden gate. The mighty ancestor is gone, leaving its puny descendant to grow great in its place, but

its spirit still haunts the spot, and, not unaware of its presence, you pass into the inner garden.

Here is quiet beyond the silence of the study and the cloister. The forest-bordered pools are of two levels. From one to the other the water drips, soundless as a memory of rain. Bordering the shores are the ruddy reflections of massed flowers, and beyond, deep in the twin mirrors, the reflection of infinite forest greens. Sit there pensively on the open porch of the monks' lodging, and learn a little what contemplation means. It is not thinking, for where will thinking lead you? To try not to think, as the monk within would say, is to think. But try not even to think not to think. Thoughts forge a chain leading you in familiar circles. Let your mind be as a shaken cup, which ceases from its vibration. Ideas that were thoughts precipitate themselves in solution. Gradually, very gradually, through the years, perhaps, effort ceases, the balance grows perfect. Then from without the light strikes in. Dis-membered fragments of ideas reshape themselves into new meaning. An atom of the Truth is born.

Another sight there is in Kyoto which, if you would understand Japan, you must not miss. Momo Yama, Hill of Peaches, has for one thousand years been the burial place of emperors, and here lie the ashes of the greatest of them. The Japan we know is herself the monument of Mutsuhito, posthumously revered as Meiji Tenno — Emperor of Enlightened Rule. But what genius among architects devised this memorial? Napoleon's tomb is less dramatic, and the marble mountain of Victor Emmanuel less tremendous.

You face a steep hill covered with dense forest. Straight up it runs a flight of granite steps, broad and high, two hundred of them. No architectural balustrade, no landscaped border —

nothing on either side but the forest pressing in to its ordered limit, and at the top, facing the glorious view, a plateau, wide and level, strewn with gray pebbles. This you cross to the barrier beyond and pause beneath the *torii*. Right in front, the mountain rises again in a perfect cone, thick-covered with great trees, and in the centre of them, with nothing to part it from the encompassing forest, a vast tumulus of round and polished stones. No inscription, no ornament, nothing superfluous. The dark and gloomy background of the forest, the naked stones, unmortared, uncut, recall the twilight of the Druids, priest and sacrifice among the awful shadows of lonely clearings. All the primitive strength and simplicity of the race are there, its pride, its endurance, yet nothing conceals the modernity of that undeviating flight of granite steps. Again the Imperial anthem, monotonous and haunting as a cicada's song, goes throbbing through your brain:—

'Ten thousand years roll on.'

Old travelers tell you that when the Emperor was buried, on that memorable night of September 14, 1912, ceremonial more impressive than anything Japan has known marked his translation. Some day in a remote quarter of the Seven Seas the tremendous event will in strange fashion be recalled, for amongst the rites of that day Shinto priests inscribed the story on the backs of three enormous tortoises, painting the record in black lacquer and liberating the ageless creatures to bear their message to generations yet unborn.

V

Kobe, Gateway of the Inland Sea, is but forty minutes from Kyoto. From there the wise traveler sets out on a voyage through seas safe and lovely as

Como, though the water is salt and there is more tang in the breeze. To chronicle its beauty would be to write a new guidebook to Japan, and the genius of the present writer lies in other spheres. But wherever you land, neglect not Miyajima. The island rises blue as the ocean which gave it birth. As the boat points in, you face quite out at sea the giant *torii*, ancient and magnificent, the only water gate in all Japan. It is the gateway to a great shrine built upon piles and extending so far over the shelving beach that at high tide the water sluices and swishes beneath its endless corridors.

The first night, after your comfortable dinner at the hotel, you will walk to the shrine past the files of stone lanterns, dark but for one jubilant night in May, under the heavy shadows of the pines.

Who is the god of shoes? You pray very earnestly that he may respect yours when you take them off in the blackness, letting them nest close to the entrance and slipping along the windy corridors in your stocking feet. There is no light other than an occasional star, nor sound except the sand sucking in the ripples below you — nothing but the breeze against your cheek and the delicious texture of the waxen floor beneath the soles of your feet. One corridor leads to another. You seem to walk for miles, alone, with the sense of a presence almost visible, when suddenly in the blackness you hear the clapping of human hands. You are passing an altar, and before it, though you see him not, stands a lonely petitioner calling on his gods.

Great men have lived there and loved the island. Great spirits still brood over it. The breeze through the open galleries seems to blow from every point of the compass like the whirring of unseen wings. On the headland overlooking the vast shrine, you see for an instant,

as clouds unveil the moon, a pent-house roof supported by huge rows of columns, unwallled and open to the weather. Here the great Captain, Hideyoshi, was once accustomed to summon his chieftains for counsel. By daylight you may see his altar, and hanging from the rafters about it *gakus* of famous warriors, each with its ideograph paying homage to this warrior's greatness. Among these tributes hangs one which by its brilliance catches the visitor's instant attention. It is from Togo to Hideyoshi — from the Nelson of our day to the Lion Heart of the days of chivalry.

What greeting this to that restless ghost! 'Heaven and earth,' wrote Togo in letters of resplendent gold, 'remain beyond conflict forevermore.'

Something of that spirit there is in the silent corridors of the starlit shrine below. Peace, safeguarded by the generations which have died that their children's children shall live beyond conflict forever.

Birth, says the Buddha, is born of desire, and death is linked to rebirth. The wheel of life is sealed by Karma. An instinct has led the Japanese to free this enchanted island from the coil of mortality. None are born there and none are buried, though a whole community lives there the life between. The famous Ito loved the island well, and proved his affection by building flights of granite steps which lead from beach to mountain crest. You wander slowly upwards along swept and sanded walks beneath cryptomeria and pine. One flight of stairs leads to the next natural level. Then another flight to another level, up and up, three thousand feet to one of the glorious views of the Eastern world. Almost at the summit a spring gushes out beneath a mossy rock. Beside it, on his pensive lotus, sits a figure of the Buddha. He it is who draws the water through the

mountain to its very top, and in gratitude the pilgrim pauses and thrice empties the long-handled dipper over the god's thirsty head.

At the summit the splendor of Japan lies below you, the silver waters of the narrow sea, and the blue mountains beyond. There, too, are shrines and temples. One I noted where the priest tends an eternal fire, smouldering, when I saw it, as if after six hundred years it might go suddenly out. The flame, it seems, is sacred to the God of Fire, who, if the flame no longer warms him, has sworn to leave the place incontinently and seek his rest beside a hearth at Koya. I had a friendly inclination to chuck a few logs on the fire, but, doubtful about the delicate line which divides courtesy from officiousness, contented myself with studying the *gaku* which overhangs the door. It was, my guide told me, written by Prince Ito himself. When he translated the golden letters I thought, in my parochial way, that President Eliot might have written the inscription, so instinct it was with his New England philosophy; for the legend proclaims, as the summation of human desire, three things alone:—

KNOWLEDGE, HAPPINESS, HEALTH

VI

It is a traveler's pleasure to contemplate other travelers. In Paris they are half the show, as you see them, Baedeker in hand, checking off the sights they have 'done' with a 'Thank God for that' and a determination never, never to do it again. In Japan they are so few in numbers that one can study them in detail. You recognize the French professor (he must be lecturing at a university), obviously troubled that the Japanese give preference to the barbarities of English over the civilities of his own tongue. There is

the German, an octave quieter since 1918, and the Britisher whose manner proclaims him in direct descent from the Conqueror. Especially I like to remember the gentle English lady who disapproved of the Japanese relationship to dogs. Straw mattings are not for dogs, and by that fact canine habits are much altered. At Atami the dogs habitually howled, and in particular one moonlight night a hound bayed the moon at precisely one-minute intervals, hours on end. It was more than the little lady could stand. I heard her window in the room next to mine go up with a certain emphasis, and she spoke her mind quite plainly:—

'Hush, will you hush, you outrageous beast!'

'Oh, Mumsie,' called her daughter from a bed within, 'he can't understand a word you say! He's Japanese!'

It is not aliens you have come to study, but the native. Wherever you are, do not, in rapture at the loveliness of the place, forget the people. They are worth your preoccupation. If you are lucky enough to find one who has thought seriously and can express himself in English, ask questions and listen. The Japanese is given too much to self-study. His school and his religion teach him to examine well his mind and character. By text and formula he learns a definite rule of life. A pantheist both Buddhism and Shinto teach him to be, and he is at once more prone to generalization and more abstract than the Christian. But in his counsel of Perfection is an ethic as exalted as our own. Place his ideal virtues beside ours and who shall say which are higher and which are lower?

First in his creed comes the necessity of Duty. Kant's Categorical Imperative is not a clearer trumpet call than *Gin*—the sense of Ought. The conflict between duty and natural affection is as favorite a theme for classi-

cal drama as it was in Paris in the days of Racine. No one who in a classical play has seen the sublime Masaoka fling away her own child that heart and mind might be devoted to her lord's bantling, who has listened to the sobbing of women in the audience and watched men narrow their eyelids lest they too show emotion, can doubt the reality of this precept in the minds of the Japanese. And second, as Professor Harada tells us, is *Ho-on*, the Sense of Gratitude. Third, *Remketsu*, the Spirit of Disinterestedness, and fourth, — chiefest of all, if I mistake not the instinct that underlies Japanese character, — *Chako*, the virtue of Loyalty and Filial Piety.

And if you turn to the teachings of Shinto you will find there four injunctions laid heavy upon you. First, you shall live peaceably and usefully day by day, thinking of the immediate task you have to do. Second, you shall keep clean both heart and body. Third, you shall ever hold in honor and affection those who have gone before and shown you the way. Fourth, you shall make your Emperor's will your own.

There is nothing here of ambition and less of truculence. When you understand Japan, 'Heathendom' will never have quite the old significance again. The future of Christianity there lies not above other faiths, but beside them, intricately entwined. When Japan takes on the new, she never utterly neglects the old; and just as Christianity made her own the ineradicable superstitions of ancient countries, so Buddhism and Christianity alike incorporate customs and beliefs held too tenaciously to be rooted out.

A friend has told me, out of long and intimate experience with the Japanese, the story of a young man of noble blood who very early became a Christian. He married the daughter of a samurai and she embraced her hus-

band's faith. Years followed of happiness, then of deep anxiety and death. Their eldest child, a beautiful girl not seven years old, died after a devastating illness. My friend, bound to the young people by bonds of old and close affection, went to the house of death. The stricken father met him at the door, the smile of welcome as ever on his lips, while in silence he drew back the *shoji* of the inner room. There was the mother, kneeling, and beside her the dead child, white as the pear blossoms without. In her right hand the mother had placed her Bible, and across her breast lay her father's sword, naked and shining. The Word of God was there to guide her to a better world. But while her spirit groped through mortal confines, the rustless blade of the samurai made every thing of evil keep its terrified distance.

VII

Buddhism is, I am told, not a religion but a philosophy, — a way out of the jungle of life, — and the Emperor has declared that Shinto is not a religion but a culture. However all this may be, the Japanese are a reverential people, and few of them even in this rationalistic age are devoid of the religious sense. I asked a businesslike companion, as we visited the temples of a remote mountain top, whether any of his schoolfellows had become priests, Shinto or Buddhist. He laughed boisterously at the idea, but a moment later, as we paused before a shrine, he clapped his hands after his father's custom, and dropped his head in instinctive communion with his father's gods.

Holiest amongst the holy places of Japan is Ise. Go from tip to tip of the Empire, from the Kuriles to Formosa. Study the people, their habits, character, history, and life. You will learn innumerable facts, solve some puzzles, and raise others, but Japan her-

self you cannot know unless you go to Ise. For there is the first of Shinto shrines, the fountainhead of the ancestor worship of the only people whose rulers go back in unbroken line to the earliest history that is recorded. It is the shrine of the Sun Goddess Amaterasu Omikami, link between the God of Heaven and Jimmu, first of the Imperial line. Here is kept shrouded as in the Ark of the Covenant her mirror, which with the sword of righteousness and the jewel of beauty has been transmitted through a hundred and twenty-five generations of the race of Emperors. From this mirror comes the universal symbol which is the centre of veneration in every shrine.

No inheritance like the Emperors' has existed upon earth. The Romanoffs were upstarts beside them, the Hohenzollerns parvenus. The family has not even a name. They are simply Emperors, source of all law, and, in the sonorous phrase to which our ears are accustomed, of might, majesty, dominion, and power. The Emperors are the fathers, the elder brothers of the people. By race and blood the coolie is bound to them and they to him. The Mikado is the Head of the House. All the loyalties of race and nation, of fief and clan, family and household, are blended in one supreme, universal loyalty to him. To live for him is the commonplace of existence; to die for him a privilege coveted and too often denied.

At this shrine he worships. No event of importance to the Imperial House passes which the Emperor does not make known to his ancestors at Ise. Birth, death, war, famine, pestilence, all in Roman fashion are brought in symbol before the altar of the ancestral gods.

The shrine is worthy of its heritage. It stands in a grove of cryptomerias so enormous and so ancient that they seem permanent as the rocks beside them. The buildings, of beautifully

grained and polished *hinoki* (which I take, from its light and delicate color, to be a variety of cypress), are in the usual triple form, but every twenty-one years for over sixteen centuries past they have been absolutely rebuilt. No joist, no beam, no plank is left. All is cut into tiny fragments and distributed to pilgrims, lest profanation come by commercial use. From fresh trees cut in the Imperial preserves on Kiso Mountain the new timber is hewn, and for years, during the entire period of construction, architects and workmen alike are clad in ceremonial robes of white. The doors have panels measuring five feet by ten, without seam or knot, giving the wondering onlooker some idea of the perfection of the huge boles from which they are fashioned. There is no paint, no ornament.

The present buildings, immaculate and perfect, are hardly more than a year old, but the shrine itself is old as the nation. As you stand at the barrier, flanked by mighty trunks, deep in the forest, and gaze through the open doorway toward the mystery beyond, you feel the presence of a Living Faith, ancient as Japan, new as the fern uncurling beneath the shadows. No sound breaks the stillness except the scratching of majestic white cocks sacred to the Goddess, and the clap-clap of the worshipers' hands before the shrine. Nothing else is like it. To one pilgrim, at least, it seems that while Ise lives, Japan is eternal.

What union of opposites makes Japan! Cherry and battleship, screen and railroad, kakemono and modern newspaper. Nippon, land of the fan and factory, feminine in manners and customs, masculine in courage and power; proud as Lucifer, but full of distressful doubts. Before her the road runs East and West. She ponders, and slowly turns her face to the setting sun.

WAYS OF INDIA

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

A FOREST is like a town in one respect: without streets, one can get nowhere; without forest lines, a forest is unmanageable. They are required, not only as a means of communication, but also as an essential part of the fire-fighting equipment. In this part of the world, experience has led to the adoption of two main types of line — the *saufoti*, or hundred-foot line, and the *pundrahfoti*, or fifteen-foot line. Urdu, that conglomerate of languages, receives accretions daily; and it is interesting to find that even the most primitive of the inhabitants have adopted quite a number of technical English words as part of their very limited vocabulary. The train for them is 'late,' or 'time par'; it leaves when 'line clear' has been given; it arrives when it has been 'signaled'; and so on. Similarly, in their work in the forest, they have incorporated into their current speech a considerable number of technical English terms.

It is very pleasant riding through the forest along the fifteen-foot lines. Except for a brief period each day, they always afford grateful shade; on each side the sal trees tower up, to a height of fifty or sixty feet. Underfoot is turf — not very green perhaps, but green enough to be restful to the eye; all around lies the forest, pathless, impenetrable, choked with fallen trees, heavy undergrowth, and creeping lianes. The sal trees have shed their foliage now, and the ground is heaped

with the broad, dark brown leaves, dry as tinder, crackling at a touch. Feet deep they lie, parched, brittle, hard. The grass areas were burned long ago, when the forest was still green enough from the rains to render that possible without undue danger; but there is no solution of the problem of the fallen leaves, which lie in hundreds of thousands of tons, clustering thick in the tangled undergrowth and ripe as tinder to the flame.

Every year, when the violent heat storms of May and June sweep across the forest, and the lightning darts and flickers in the heart of the orange-purple hurricane mass that rends and tears at the great trees, fires are started. Perched on high watchtowers scattered at strategic points throughout the area, the keen-sighted guardians of the forest are quick to notice the appearance of smoke at any point where their local knowledge tells them it is explicable only on the assumption that the forest has caught fire. Then an elaborate organization, carefully worked out beforehand, and perfected from year to year in the light of successes and failures, springs into being to fight the flames. The Tharus — wisest of all the inhabitants of the forest — cunningly counterfire; regiments of men, gathered from here and from there at breakneck speed, beat back the flames along the isolating lines; it is one long orgy of delirious activity, blazing heat, singed clothing, parched throats, and furious endeavor. The lust of combat grips the fighters, and they experience

that wholly satisfying joy which comes from pushing the physical forces to their utmost limit.

It is April as I write, and the fire danger is still somewhat remote. One rides along slowly, care-free, breathing in the sweet heavy smell of the sal flowers — which resembles so much the troubling scent of tuberose — and looking at the flowering tops high overhead which stand out, a mist of silver-gray and delicate green, against the pale blue sky. As far as one can see, the line stretches on inexorably, straight as a Roman road, scrupulously clear of all encroachments or obstructions. Not a branch is allowed to push its wayward way across that sacred space; not an ant hill is permitted to desecrate its smooth splendor. Usually, no living thing is to be seen; but one's attention is claimed from time to time by the path itself, where sand or dust patches conserve their ephemeral record of the life of the forest. A bear, leaving its unmistakable and semi-human track, passed there, traversing the line diagonally; he must have been going to the heavy grass bordering on the side of the lake three miles off, where wild figs abound. Here and there, leaving the line and returning to it, one sees the tracks of leopards — a male and female, doubtless hunting together. They are journeying, probably, and are making for the open country on the fringe of the forest. In the heart of it, no real hunting is in general possible: the game is too scattered; the fallen leaves make stalking (even for a leopard) almost impossible; there is usually neither food, nor water, nor thick shade.

Far away, I pick up a low mass, right in the centre of the line, that can just barely be seen to change outline from time to time. It is neither leopard, pig, bear, wild dog, nor deer of any kind; dismounted, a long steady look

leaves me no wiser. We have sauntered long enough, so I get hold of Spartan and send him — he needs no urging — thundering along the turf, smooth as a billiard table, that stretches away till the two lines of trees meet in the far distance. I try to keep my eye on the suspicious mass, but it is very difficult; all I can see is that, while I am still a long way off, it dissolves into three forms that slip into the forest. Pulling up after a bit so as not to overshoot the mark, I jog along slowly, eyes on the line. Soon I come to the body of a Russell's viper, — rather a rare snake in these parts, — half-eaten. All round in the dust are the trident-like marks of peacocks' feet.

The whole history is written plainly there. The snake — perhaps five to six feet long, and thick as two thumbs, rusty brown in color, with darker markings that are almost black — had been struck by the peacocks as it wriggled from the thick undergrowth on to the line; they had eaten it, then and there, beginning with the head. The fore end, down to roughly the middle of the body, had been devoured. The poison bags had apparently been eaten with the rest of it; anyhow, I could find no trace of them. Russell's viper is one of the most deadly of snakes, but that had not discouraged the peacocks. They are fond of snake flesh, and adept at killing snakes.

At the little village which is our headquarters we protect the peacocks — an easy task, as the Hindus venerate them and the Muhammadans generally are averse from their destruction. We protect them mainly in order that they may keep down the snakes, which infest the dust-gray aloe hedges that form our only boundaries. On several occasions I have seen a peacock picking gluttonously at the body of a dead cobra, and I think one may fairly conclude that these birds merit one

of their many Eastern names — ‘eater of snakes.’ A snake is, indeed, a defenseless animal. I had a three-quarter-grown kitten which specialized in the killing of cobras; and I have several times seen her trotting across the drawing-room carpet, while I was at tea, trailing over her shoulder four feet or so of very dead cobra. She always gripped them at the back of the neck, just behind the head. As the bungalow had no plinth, and the compound was full of snakes, she got plenty of practice.

II

On arrival at the forest bungalow where I intended to halt for some days, I found an agitated policeman and a much more agitated railway clerk, who could not be restrained from dashing off, simultaneously, into a highly sensational account of how the pleasant-looking young Tharu they had brought along with them had attempted to derail the morning train shortly before it arrived at the little forest station some miles away. They were so fresh from the incident, and so completely full of it, that it was impossible to prevent them from talking about it, hard, and together. The Tharu stood dignified and silent. I sent the policeman to a tree about a hundred yards off, and told him to stay there till I signaled to him to advance; the railway clerk was then permitted to open the floodgates of his eloquence.

His story came to this: the accused, with several others who had been seen, but who had escaped, had placed a large tree across the railway track. The Tharu and his companions had then hidden in the jungle, close alongside, intending to rob the passengers when the train had been derailed by crashing into the obstacle. His companions had firearms; the accused had none when he was captured. His cap-

ture had been a task of the very greatest difficulty, and had demanded exceptional efforts on the part of the clerk and the policeman. Both had happened to be traveling, by chance, in the train the accused had attempted to derail. When the policeman’s turn came, his story was much the same.

I turned to the Tharu, a youth of about eighteen or so, and asked for his version of the affair. Here it is, practically verbatim.

‘I come from Trimala, in Nepal. It is fifty miles or so from here. It is just under the hills, where they spring up from the swamps to the high mountains where I have never been. I tend cattle; I have ten of my own, and I graze cattle for other people also. Never have I left Trimala till now. I used to sit at the great peepul tree in the evening, after the day’s work was done, and listen to the talk. We were all Tharus, and it was good talk. Lately, they spoke a lot about the “terain” of the English; some of our people had seen it. They said it was black — black as a water buffalo; it stood a little lower than an elephant, was long-bodied like a crocodile, and was fed on wood, or on black stuff that looked like shiny charcoal. The terain was stronger than the wild elephant, and more clever than a fighting elephant of the keddah. It ran fast, but could run only on shining bands of iron that the English laid down for it; smoke came out from a hole in the top of its head; and at night its great eyes glared like a forest fire seen from afar off. It rumbled, at times, like an elephant; and it drank water every time it stopped.

‘They — those who had seen the terain — said that there was no danger; but, though they were good men, I felt some doubt as to that. One of them told me that, when the terain came to anything that lay across the

shining bands, it nosed it away with a thing in front that looked like a short trunk. It did this itself. There were always men with the terain; these were not Englishmen, but Indians. The Englishmen lived far off; the Indians went with the terain, fed it, and attended to it when it drank.

'I felt I must see these things for myself, and find out what the truth was about this matter. So I left Trimala yesterday, at dawn, and came here. I came alone. I was told how to come. I had only to go south through the forest for twelve hours, cross a big river, and keep south and east till I came to the shining bands. I brought my axe with me, of course. I have no other weapon. I came to the shining bands last evening, while it was yet light — the west was red when I arrived. I ate the unleavened cakes I brought with me, and decided to sleep in a tree for the night; I did not like sleeping on the ground near where the terain might pass. This morning, when the clouds were beginning to turn yellow, I got down from my tree, and cut a strong sapling — as heavy as I could deal with. This I freed from branches, and then levered it slowly along till I got it right across the shining bands. They were in the middle of a great road in the forest, which ran straight as an arrow northeast and southwest. In all that great road no living thing was to be seen.

'I was frightened of what the terain might do, so I climbed one of the tallest trees that stood on the edge of the great road, and hid myself in the branches. No one could see me — that I am quite sure of. I watched for the coming of the terain. When the sun had risen about five hours, it came. I heard it panting and snorting far off; it came quickly along the shining bands; but no smoke went out from its head. When it came near my sapling

lying across the iron bands, it saw it, and stopped; then it crept slowly forward, and stood with its front feet touching the tree. Men got down from the terain and began to pull the tree away. I was annoyed. I had walked fifty miles, had slept in a tree all night, and had cut down a heavy sapling, in order that I might see the terain nose it away with its trunk. It was nothing to me to see men do that. So, being annoyed, I came down from my tree and walked across the great road to the group of men who were hauling at the sapling.

'I said, "Why do you do that? I want to see the terain move that tree away." They looked unkindly at me, and asked me who I was. I told them. They asked me if I had put the sapling there. I said I had. Then these two men, encouraged by the others, laid hold of me, and said I must come and see the sahib about it all. So I came, and am here. What have I to do now?'

'Who is the headman at Trimala?' I asked.

'Masani.'

'Who was the headman before Masani?'

'Kasumbi.'

I had shot my first tiger at Trimala, three years before; and I remembered Kasumbi the headman.

'These men say — you heard them — that they found you hiding in the jungle; you had armed companions with you; they chased you, and finally caught you, after very great difficulty. Is that true?'

'There is the jungle, fifty paces off; let us see if it is true! The jungle is my home; it is not their home. If I hide in the jungle, I am not discovered by people such as these. If I flee in the jungle, people such as these cannot catch me. Besides,' — and his eyes twinkled, — 'these men have stomachs in front which do not help them to run

fast.' It was true; and the railway clerk and the policeman looked uncomfortable.

I turned to them. 'You heard. If I turn the Tharu loose now, will you engage to catch him in the jungle?' There was no reply.

'Will you run against him to that ant hill over there, a hundred yards down the forest line, and back — level going?' Again there was no reply.

'Is his story true?' Again there was no answer.

I sent them off to the camp bunnia to get some food; and told the Tharu that he must not leave the place till I had seen him again. They went off quite amicably, all three of them. In the evening I took the Tharu out on an elephant with me, and wandered round the fringes of the forest, looking for leopards on the prowl. He talked freely, about all sorts of things; and I was soon convinced that his story as to the alleged train wrecking was true. I made him take me to the scene of the occurrence, show me the tree he had slept in, the sapling he had cut down, and the tree from which he had watched the morning train arrive. Indubitably, if he had wanted to escape, no one there could have caught him; if he had wanted to remain hidden, no one there would have discovered him. He was merely a jolly, happy, ignorant, curious child; he had no idea that his action might cause damage or suffering, and was aghast when I told him what the consequences might have been.

I, of course, sent him back to his village, with a warning to others; and I was entirely confident that that warning would be heeded. It was. During the five years I remained in the district, no similar case occurred. But the railway administration — which took its little tin-pot line very seriously indeed — was inexpressibly

scandalized. Grave protests, couched in ponderous language, rained upon me from various exalted and perturbed personages; the heinousness of the 'offense' was insisted on in a crashing crescendo of official letters; and there were dark hints that it would be necessary to have 'recourse to higher authority' if I persisted in my wholly untenable views. Happily, my position was more than strong — it was impregnable. I had recorded a formal decision, as magistrate; the thing had been done according to the rules; 'bell, book, and candle' had been duly employed. The decision could be upset only in accordance with these same rules. The omniscient Macaulay had of course foreseen cases of the kind, — the only thing he forgot to provide against in the Indian Penal Code was cannibalism, so far as I remember, — and it was clear that the High Court, the only authority which could intervene, would certainly refuse to do so. So the storm died away in distant grumblings and mutterings; the long-distance bombardment by letter ceased; and my jungly Tharu, safe anyhow in Nepal, remained unmolested.

III

The Tharus are an engaging people, of Mongolian origin. In several important respects they are unique. Fever — even black-water fever of the most deadly type — seems to pass them by. They do not know how to steal or lie. They live far from the world, by the world unknown; their home is the jungle. They brew a potent spirit with which to rejoice their hearts; they cover the forest with their delicately built contrivances for the capture of fish; they know the jungles like the back of their hand. I have seen them dig nonchalantly in the dry mud, and extract large, living

fishes. Once I complained, banteringly, to a couple of wizened old men, the two seniors of the village, that I had been working in the vicinity for four days without seeing any sign of a tiger; the elder, puckering up his kindly, wrinkled old face and regarding me steadily with almond eyes that peered out of a mass of humorous crinkles, explained:—

‘That is bad. I forgot all about it. That tiger had been worrying my cattle, and I thoughtlessly imposed “a prohibition.” I laid a spell on him, preventing him from coming here. Of course you did not find any signs of tiger!’

‘Well,’ I suggested, ‘a dead tiger is better than a spellbound one, is n’t it? Suppose you lift the spell?’

‘Certainly,’ he said. ‘I’ll see to that at once, on my return home. It was stupid of me not to remember.’

‘And what can I count on when the spell is removed? Two? Four?’ He grinned amiably, and shook his head. ‘A tiger is a tiger. God knows. He is an animal often without shame. But I think—I think—that you might get one, or even one and a half, if you beat the *narkul* jungle by the Mahadeo pool to-morrow.’

Next day I did beat the jungle where the tall *narkul* grass waved its brown feathery tops over a sea of dark green; and we put up four tigers—a male, a female, and two full-grown cubs. If we only got two of them, that was not the fault of anyone but ourselves. The *tona* had worked.

Once, when shooting in Nepal, I camped not far—perhaps a mile or two—from a Tharu village. It was appallingly hot weather; the shade temperature ran about 115 degrees, and sometimes went considerably higher; and in the sun it was impossible to handle a rifle without a heavy leather guard. Our camp was pitched on the

banks of a dried-up river bed; huge mango and lime trees marked, unmistakably, a village site long abandoned. Returning late one evening, after ten hours in the burning sun, I had taken my bath inside the *kanats*—the side-pieces of a tent, the whole of the top being open to the sky—and, clad simply but chastely in a bath towel, I was busy shaving at a small table right out in the open when I heard women’s voices just behind me. A bevy of Tharu women had descended on our camp. They came up to me, entirely unembarrassed, and were as frankly friendly, and as perseveringly curious, as a tame mongoose. One of them rubbed the back of an appreciative forefinger against the bare skin of my arm. ‘How white! How soft! Here, Mithi, feel his skin.’ Mithi—who had a jolly little Japanese-looking baby sitting astride her left hip—did feel my skin all right, and found it ‘very good.’

‘Why is your skin like that—all red in the face, and all white elsewhere? And how do you keep it so soft and cool?’

It did n’t feel particularly soft to me, and it most indubitably had not felt cool for some months.

‘What are you doing—rubbing your face with that thing?’

‘Shaving.’

‘How can you shave without a knife?’

‘There *is* a knife—tucked away inside there.’ I was using the ‘known the world over’ instrument.

‘I can’t see any knife. Is the razor made of silver?’

‘I am a poor man, and far from home. How could it be made of silver?’

They giggled appreciatively, for the ‘poor man, and far from home’ phrase is a kind of standard formula used by Indians whenever half a chance offers.

'But it looks like silver,' I was informed, doubtingly.

'Lots of things look like what they are not. A crocodile looks like a log, a python like a hanging branch. Why should this not look like silver?'

That went home. 'True,' they chimed in chorus; and the affair of the silver razor was docketed, and classified, and done with forevermore.

Then my magnifying mirror was discovered, as they bent closer in their talk. They squealed with delight. They had all to look, in turn; then their babies had to be made to look into the magic glass; they chattered like excited magpies. Every article on my camp table was picked up, and its use demanded. One does not go tiger shooting in Nepal with much in the way of a *batterie de toilette*, but they found everything new and vastly exciting — my curved nail scissors, the little machine for sharpening razor blades, a pair of hairbrushes in a leather case, the shaving soap in its nickel cover, — that was 'not silver' either, — and a tube of tooth paste. And all the time there was someone behind me who pensively rubbed a grubby paw against my skin, and murmured that it was white and soft — and 'so cool.'

It was all rather delightful; they had the vivid curiosity of a child, and they had the child's endless capacity for asking difficult questions. They felt their presence was not unwelcome, and they made themselves thoroughly at home. When I had had enough of them, I told them so. I arose in my semi-naked majesty; and, remembering the 'puggy paws,' I decreed: 'I go again to bathe before I eat. Run away, all you women people and you baby people.'

Off they went, without a word, chattering and laughing, swinging easily through the open forest, each

woman leaning over to the right to balance the weight of the baby on her left hip.

IV

This bungalow stands on the edge of a great clearing in the forest. In front, for three miles or so, there is a huge plain, covered with coarse grass, and treeless. Here and there, where the level sinks, large pools of water lie open to the sun; you can see the lotus lilies resting on the surface, framed by the dark, green-veined, upturned leaves that look so cool in the scorching heat; and the air is heavy with the scent that the 'yellow jewel' distills. All round, ringing the view in every direction, are the sal trees now in full flower, their tops misty with a profusion of green and silver-gray blossom; behind these, the pioneers, the forest stands, rank on endless rank, for hundreds of square miles. It is all very beautiful, peaceful, and attractive; yet I dislike this bungalow, and this portion of the forest. Nothing has ever gone quite right with me here; in work, as in play, in official matters as in private affairs, it has been associated with misfortune, thwarted hopes, and unexplained disaster.

One experience — the most gruesome of all — is burned into my memory. Early in June, after a forced march of fifty miles on an elephant, a military friend of mine and I arrived at this bungalow about three in the afternoon of a blazing day. Our servants were many miles behind; we had nothing with us but small suitcases; we were leaving that evening by train for headquarters, where some urgent work required my immediate presence. The bungalow was opened for us by the resident caretaker. We had been up long before dawn; had been joggled across country on the back of a particularly tiring elephant for something

over eleven hours, exposed all that time to the fierce heat of a June sun; had had practically no food and very little drink; and had certainly a sleepless night before us. We had but one thought — sleep. The verandah was impossible — the sun flamed full into it. I tried to move my bed, single-handed, from the rather small and stuffy bedroom to the larger dining room adjoining, but found that impossible. The door was too narrow.

So, giving up all thought of improving matters, I threw my suitcase under the bed, and lay down, dressed as I was, in the stifling room, to snatch a few hours' sleep before we had to set off again to catch the evening train. The door into the dining room I left open; the window — a very exiguous affair of perhaps four square feet — I fastened back so that no stray gust of wind could shut it. I remember lying on the wide string bed, looking drowsily at the squared roof beams above, and wondering what fool had painted them that distressingly red-hot color. The room was about eight feet by twelve, and the ceiling was perhaps ten feet high. Apart from the string bed, a rough toilet table with a looking-glass, and two heavy teakwood folding chairs, there was no furniture. The floor was of cement, with one tattered durrie, or thin cotton rug. The second door in the room — shut when I entered it, and unopened by me — led directly into the adjoining bathroom. I dropped asleep, still rather querulous about the purple-brown color of the roof beams and the infernal stuffiness of the room, the long outside wall of which caught the full force of the western sun.

It was a very troubled sleep. I was forever striving against an ever-menacing destiny; fate, in indescribably horrible but wholly vague forms, edged closer and closer to me; 'crocodiles

covered me with their cancerous kisses'; I was fast bound, while nameless tortures prepared themselves against me. I could remember little afterward but a deep impression of formless horror; it was not least in the mental agony of that uneasy sleep that everything was vague, nebulous, hidden, full of uncertain terrors and undefined but ever-nearing dangers. Eventually I struggled through the welter of fear and horror back again to semi-consciousness, to find that but a continuation of the dreadful dream.

The light from the window on my right — the strong golden light of the setting sun — struck on a palpitating mass of formless gray, and lost all its strength in so striking. Little motes vibrated uncertainly in an all-enveloping cloud of dull smoke color; there was no air with which to fill my lungs; my face, my eyes, my hands, prickled all over with the sense that millions of tiny hands were laid upon them. When I moved, there came a far-off, minute, but clear sound, like the rending of thin silk; and I felt the tiny hands strain and grasp and tear loose from their hold. Depression and despair weighed on me like a physical load; the tainted air smelt of decay and death. I was awake — partially awake at least — and almost sick with anger and dread. I could not understand it all; the solid basis of my world had changed; I remember the passion of resentment I felt at my inability to understand what it all meant. I wanted to do something — what had I to do? I did not know what had happened — what had happened? I must do something, at once. What was it I must do?

Probably that period of half-waking did not last long. Almost as soon as my eyes really opened, I grasped the incredible, the horrible, fact that the room in which I had been sleeping was tight packed, from floor to ceiling,

from wall to wall, with spiders. I leaped from the bed, and tore my way out — the mass giving way before me with that thin, faint, rending sound like fine silk tearing. When I reached the dining room I hastily undressed; apart from a few spiders caught in the folds of my clothes, and dead or dying, all had disappeared. I turned back to the bedroom I had quitted. The frame of the doorway was filled, from side to side, from top to bottom, with spiders — the kind of spider with six or eight long hairlike legs, supporting a tiny brown-black body of the size and general shape of a grape pip. This wall of spiders filled the door frame, and pulsated slowly, in even regular beats, like some great beast breathing tranquilly. Long, rhythmic, even waves descended slowly, regularly, from the top of the wall to the bottom. There seemed no tendency for the mass to fall toward the floor; there was certainly no tendency for it to spill into the dining room. It remained there like a curtain, moving in slow waves, barring the entrance to the bedroom, smoke-gray, menacing, and horrible.

I recollected my friend, who was sleeping in the room corresponding to mine, but on the east side of the bungalow. I went in. His room was sweet and clean; he was lying on his back, with his fists tight shut, sleeping like a tired child. Not a spider was to be seen in the dining room, or in his room, or on the verandah. But I could

leave no one sleeping in that house while the sinister thing across the room continued to beat slowly. We stood together for some minutes watching it, he with more of scientific detachment in his attitude than I could attain to. In the bedroom I had left, spiders filled every chink, every nook and cranny, that we could see. They seemed to be, relatively, motionless; there were no signs of movement inside the mass, though each spider at times quivered or vibrated rapidly; at times that motion ceased. But the steady pulsating movement continued all the time; the front remained like a wall, neither crumbling nor sagging; and from its mass there emanated a hateful odor of corruption.

When our servants came, perhaps two hours later, they soaked rags in kerosene oil, and with these fastened to sticks, and with red-hot brands from the camp fire, they burned their way into the room. That was perhaps as horrible as anything — the writhing mass, the nauseating smell, the quivering heaps of scorched and dying creatures that cumbered the floor. In a very short time the room was clear, but I could not bring myself to enter it again. I took a chair, and sat under the deep velvet-black skies, with the clean night air on my face, the stars glowing softly above, the forest looming dark all round, and the fires gleaming fitfully far away, on the high slopes of the Nepal hills.

BIRD MIND

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

I HAD been fond of birds since a child, but it was when I was about fourteen that I became a real bird watcher. The incident which precipitated the change was this. One morning of late winter, crossing the laundry yard of my aunt's country house, I saw a green woodpecker on the grass only a few yards from me; I had just time to take in the sight of it before the bird was off to the wood beyond the hedge. The green woodpecker is a common bird enough, but I had never seen one close. Here I saw every striking detail — the rich green of the wings, the flash of bright yellow on the back when he flew, the pale glittering eye, the scarlet nape, the strange moustache of black and red; and the effect was as if I had seen a bird of paradise, even a phoenix. I was thrilled with the sudden realization that here, under my nose, in the familiar woods and fields, lived strange and beautiful creatures of whose strangeness and beauty I had been lamentably unaware.

Most bird watchers, I should imagine, get started off on their hobby by some such sudden glory. The next step in their career is generally the same new realization of beauty and strangeness in other common birds; and only then, as familiarity dulls the edge of novelty, do they turn to look for rarities to give them new excitement.

That certainly was the course of events with me. I can recall to-day with extreme vividness the pleasure of

discovering the detailed loveliness of a cock bullfinch busy on a fruit tree, — glossy black of head, soft but vivid brick-red of breast, delicate white of rump, exquisite bluish gray of back, — or watching for the first time the mottled brown creeper mously climbing a tree and prying into the crevices with its long curved beak, and realizing that here was a new kind of existence which I had not previously suspected.

In the same way I remember feasting my eyes on the astounding beauty of the plumage of teal on seeing a flock of these on a pond in Surrey; and being spellbound by the fantastic ventriloquial note of the grasshopper warbler the first spring I heard it.

A year later I can recall with equal vividness the excitement of coming over the crest of a heathery common (not forty miles from London) and seeing an enormous bird of prey get up fifteen or twenty yards away, leaving half a pheasant carcass on the ground; and of discovering that this was no less a personage among birds than a young white-tailed eagle. That was my first experience of the thrill of rarity; and it set me off deliberately trying to collect glimpses of rare birds as the philatelist collects rare postage stamps. I could take a map and mark down just where I saw my first Dartford warbler, my first smew, Montagu's harrier, and so on.

For revelation of the beauty of flight, I commend a scene once witnessed in North Wales. I was high up on the mountains above Ogwen. A buzzard

was mewing overhead. I looked up, and saw it circling upward, very high, a mere speck over the crags of the Glydyrs. Suddenly it set its wings at an angle and started to glide steeply down. Without once changing direction or speed, it kept its invisible track until it disappeared far to westward behind a distant ridge against the late afternoon sky. In one act of flight it had traversed half Snowdonia. No other creature in the world but a large bird could achieve anything like this speed or singleness of sweeping motion.

Many of the bird watcher's rewards come like this one, unexpectedly. About five months ago I was standing by the side of a road in the Belgian Congo in the quick-falling equatorial twilight, the lorry on which we were supposed to be traveling having stuck in the mud for the fourth or fifth time. Just ahead I saw shapes fluttering against the sky: they turned out to be nightjars, thirty or forty of them, sweeping round and back over one spot with quick, swift-turning flight, ghostly because so absolutely noiseless, but beautiful in their grace and controlled motion. I slipped down over the bank to be nearer, and then suddenly realized why they were there. A big white ants' nest stood on the slope and from it were issuing hundreds upon hundreds of the winged king and queen termites for the one sortie of their lives, the nuptial flight.

The nightjars had discovered this, and as the termites fluttered up looking rather like caddis flies (I could just see their long winged shapes against the twilight sky), the birds swooped at them, with their huge mouths opened wide. This social but silent meal, taken on the wing, with twistings and turnings and every subtlety of flight, this banquet for the birds which for the white ants was a massacre of all their emigrants and potential found-

ers of new colonies—the whole scene, though I watched for only five minutes, gave a sudden insight into the strange details of the birds' life, a sense of unexpected intimacy, such as comes in some foreign country through a glimpse of a family seen at their lamp-lit evening meal through a window left uncurtained.

II

But it is not only the unexpected that is memorable. One may be rewarded for deliberate search or patient watching. On the Oxford University Expedition to Spitsbergen, three of us set out one day to visit one of the celebrated bird cliffs of the arctic. The vast numbers of sea birds which come north to the arctic to breed must find security for their nests from marauding foxes, and most species take advantage of ledges on precipitous cliffs. As such cliffs are few and far between, they are crowded in an astounding way.

It was a long way from camp to the birds—five hours across snowy tundra to where a heavy ship's boat had been left a day or so before, and then four hours more in the boat. Our goal was the cliff bastion at the north end of Prince Charles Foreland—a narrow prow of rock, each side of it more than a mile long, and two thousand feet high. When we were still nearly two miles away, we began to hear the birds; and by the time we were half a mile off, the noise was like the parrot house at the zoo heard from just outside. The chattering and screaming of the hundreds of thousands of birds blended into one continuous high-pitched roar. Though it was 11 P.M. when we at last reached the foot of the cliff, the midnight sun made bright daylight, and there was no abatement of the birds' activity. Innumerable kittiwakes, guillemots, and razorbills, with a sprinkling of puffins, crowded the cliff face, and,

near the top, colonies of the huge and predacious glaucous gulls, the robber barons of the arctic bird world. Against this background of deafening noise, hundreds of tiny winged specks whirled into the high ledges with food, whirled out again to fish for more. It was an amazing concentration of vital activity.

I found it an effort of imagination to recall to mind that this bird city was but a seasonal affair, and that in the winter the bird cliff was wholly untenanted, the rich supplies of food that teem in the arctic seas made unavailable by a crust of ice. But the efficiency with which the birds exploit the riches of the sea was vividly brought home by a simple concrete fact. Spitsbergen boasts no trees or even bushes; and over most of it the prevailing grass and lichens are low, the few flowering plants nestling in crevices or growing in the form of dense cushions. All round the bird cliff, however, where plants were nourished by the birds' droppings, the grass was tall, the weeds were high and rank, growing a couple of feet high instead of two or three inches, so that the whole complexion of the surroundings was changed.

We had twelve miles still to do, two of us, in the slow heavy boat, and had been out already for fifteen hours. So I lay down on the grass, and, though less than seven hundred miles from the Pole, was able to rest the better part of an hour in perfect comfort, so windless and balmy was the air, tempered by the midnight sun. The birds' clamor filled the place; their forms shot to and fro at every level, up to nearly half a mile above my head, hundreds every minute. It was a complete revelation of the abundance of Nature and her unconcern with man on this arctic uninhabited island.

I was staying for Whitsun one year at a little inn on the Upper Thames.

Under the eaves a number of house martins were building their mud nests. I was interested to find out something of their courtship, but there had been no courting in evidence during the Saturday afternoon and evening. So, knowing that such activities are often most pronounced in the early morning, I got up before dawn on the Sunday. To my surprise, there were no martins to be seen — none in or by their nests, none flying round. I walked round the place, and up and down the towpath, along which spread a faint mist from the river, and still saw nothing of my birds. Then from the barn came a single swallow, and flew steeply up into the sky. I followed its flight with my eyes, and suddenly saw why I had failed to find the martins. They were all up there in the blue, circling round in company with some barn swallows and chimney swifts, from which I could just distinguish them at the height they were flying. The sun had not yet risen where I stood on the solid earth; but he already reached the birds high above my head. And as the earth spun and the sun's rays approached its surface, the birds sank with them, twittering all the time; until finally the light struck the inn and flooded the meadows, and the birds dispersed to the duties of the day.

There can be little doubt that when I first came out, half an hour before I saw the birds, they had already flown up to greet the sun and make themselves a longer day; but how far above the earth they flew before they reached the light and began to circle in it and sink with it, I do not know. Nor do I know if martins and swallows and swifts do this regularly. I have not had the opportunity of setting myself to find out, and although I published a little account of the incident at the time, and asked for more information about such sun-greeting habits, none

was sent me. It may be that the birds only ascend thus on radiantly fine mornings; or only during a short space of the early breeding season; or that it is a local habit of Oxfordshire birds. That remains to be discovered. All that I know is that on this particular day I saw the birds anticipate the dawn; and that the sight is still something to be remembered.

III

The routine of birds' lives we are a little apt to take for granted. They feed, sleep, make love, disport themselves in song and play, rest, look after their young; they grow, age, and die; their life, in fact, more or less mirrors our own. That is what we for the most part vaguely assume, and then, without troubling our heads overmuch about the matter, proceed to enjoy the obvious sights and sounds with which bird life provides us.

But in reality there are very great differences between the life of birds and the life of men. Perhaps the biggest single difference, and yet the one we are least apt to remember, is that all birds, except a few in the tropics, are more or less unsexed, made neuter, during half the year. The finches or buntings that fought and courted and bred so vigorously all summer, keeping together so closely in pairs, each bird jealous of rivals of the same sex, the pair jealous of intruders on to their nesting area, cock and hen full of amorous devotion to each other, then of parental devotion to the young — these same birds in winter lead a wholly different life. Then they are gathered together into flocks, in which there is neither sexual jealousy nor sexual attraction, no desire to sing, no parental feeling. Sometimes, indeed, the only imprint of sex upon winter life is the existence of flocks all of males, or all of females, the

sexes shunning instead of seeking one another, as is often the case in chaffinches.

This neuter phase of behavior is caused by a physiological change within, the reproductive organs shrinking in autumn to a twentieth or even a fiftieth of their full size, to swell again during early spring.

In some species, the unsexing process does not go as far as this, and mated birds remain constant to each other throughout the year. On a mild mid-winter day one may see the separate pairs crystallize out, as it were, within a flock of jackdaws, the birds sitting about very obviously two by two. But even with these birds, the emotional state is wholly different in winter and summer, and each spring the cock bird will renew his courtship just as if it were for the first time of asking, and he had not been mated for years.

We have only to reflect how extremely different human life would be if men and women were only to attract each other in the summer, and parents ceased to care for their children with the approach of winter, to see how remote a bird's life is from our own.

With migrant birds, there is a further complication. Twice a year they are seized with an impulse to leave their haunts and fly south or north as the case may be, often thousands of miles. This impulse is not a mere desire for change, such as sends human beings to the seaside in summer, or to Switzerland or the Riviera in winter: it is the result of some deep-seated alteration in the vital chemistry, and the urge itself is as purely instinctive and automatic as the instinct of a kitten to pounce on mice or of a worker bee to build hexagonal cells of wax. Of the nature of this change in physiology, we know very little. Professor Rowan of Alberta has recently made some very interesting

experiments, showing that with some birds at least it is the changing length of night and day, and not temperature or shortage of food, which is the first link in the chain of causes that brings on the migrants' impulse to move south in autumn. Kept in an aviary until midwinter in their Northern home and then released, the birds with which he experimented simply hung about the neighborhood; if their physiology had been tampered with, and they had previously been kept under a régime of a day progressively lengthened by artificial illumination, they would when released even move northward toward the arctic and almost certain death.

How instinctive it all is comes out still more clearly when we recall that there are some kinds of birds, like our familiar English robin redbreast, which are not constructed so as to feel this impulse at the turn of the seasons, but stay all the year close to where they were hatched and bred.

Most, however, of our familiar temperate birds that we are apt to think of as resident are not really resident at all; they are migratory in an irregular way, on a small scale. The thrushes of our winter hedgerows and gardens, the peewits of our winter fields, are for the most part not the same birds which bred there in the summer. Those have moved a hundred miles or so south; these are birds from the more northerly parts of Europe. This partial and irregular migration is halfway between the stationary residence of the robin and the full migration of the cuckoo and nightingale, and shows how the latter might have evolved out of the former.

The discovery of the prevalence of partial migration was made possible through the practice of banding birds — attaching a light numbered and dated ring of metal to their legs, either when still in the nest or after being

caught in a special and harmless trap and subsequently set free again. A few of the hundreds or thousands of banded birds will be subsequently shot or trapped or otherwise recovered, and so we can keep track of their main movements.

This banding method has also been used to shed light upon other sides of bird life. For instance, a Mr. Baldwin in the United States put up in his big orchard a great many nest boxes, most of which were occupied by pairs of the American house wren. When they were snugly asleep in the boxes, he caught them and banded them. Now these birds always raise at least two broods in the season; and when the first brood was done with and the business of rearing the second brood was at its height, Mr. Baldwin caught and examined all his wrens again — to discover the surprising fact that about 80 per cent of them had changed partners between broods, as human beings do between dances! They are very constant in their monogamy for the duration of one brood; but after that they separate, and it seems to be a matter of chance how they pair up again for the next spell of married life.

Still another method, in which banding is combined with intensive watching, has been tried on robins. The birds are banded with bands whose distinctive mark can be recognized through good field glasses; and a number of birds are thus followed all through the year, with surprisingly interesting results. The possibility of recognizing individual birds gives a new concreteness of insight into their life. Similar schemes of individual marking have enabled naturalists to discover startling facts about other creatures, notably bees and ants; and there is no doubt that here there lies ready to the hand of the bird watcher a new and valuable tool which will enrich

his watching if he has but the patience to use it.

Birds when we notice them are generally well-fed or at least active. We rarely see them when they are ill or starving; we miss most of the violent deaths by hawk or owl. And so we are apt to forget the terrible mortality which all the time is thinning their ranks. But a little calculation will show how enormous this must be. A pair of blackbirds, for instance, has an expectation — barring accidents — of at least ten years of reproductive life; and each year will produce at least two clutches of about five eggs each — say a hundred eggs in all.

Accidents do of course happen, so that perhaps three seasons is more like the average number to which a blackbird, once arrived at maturity, can still look forward. This means thirty eggs; yet the race of blackbirds does not increase, which means that of those thirty, twenty-eight fail to reach the reproductive age again. Mr. Nicholson, from his observations, finds that more than half of these are eliminated even before the time comes to leave their nest. For robins, Mr. Burkitt estimates that at the beginning of autumn a pair will have only one surviving young bird left to show for all their season's labor. And all this is before the rigors of winter have set in.

For migrants, especially the smaller kinds, the worst losses seem to be during the long migratory journeys themselves. The birds may be blown out to sea and drowned in thousands, or are so exhausted after long struggle with adverse winds as to fall an easy prey to their enemies on landing.

For residents, on the other hand, occasional years of great severity cause a real massacre. After the hard winter of 1917, for instance, long-tailed tits were actually wiped out over large areas of England, and it took the over-

plus of several favorable seasons to fill the empty spaces again. Famine and flood can take heavy toll of human populations; but man is never living so near the edge of security that one severe winter will exterminate all the human beings over a considerable area.

IV

We all of us quite naturally begin with the assumption that other living things have the same sort of minds as ourselves — they happen not to be able to talk, to do mathematics, or to frame philosophies or religions, but in general, we take for granted that they feel and think, remember and plan, in the same sort of way as we do. Closer observation, however, and especially deliberate experiment, quite destroy this assumption. The lower animals do not talk and calculate and philosophize just because their minds are not like ours — they are on quite a different and lower level.

Many people are apt to resent this conclusion and to think men of science cold and soulless for pronouncing it. It always seems to me, however, one of the most exciting and encouraging of ideas to reflect that our minds have been perfected by slow steps from the most rudimentary beginnings, and that there is no reason to suppose that further evolutionary progress is not possible, toward minds which would stand in the same sort of relation to our imperfect instruments as do our minds to the still more imperfect instruments of a shrewmouse or a newt. It is from this point of view that I like to think of the minds of the birds I watch as mental instruments forged out of the metal of life on the anvil of circumstance by the impersonal but inexorable agency we call evolution. They are in all essentials more primitive mental instruments than ours, though in this or that

particular they may reveal some advantage of sense, some novelty of instinct.

Of course the actions of an animal must on the whole achieve their end, otherwise the species could not continue to exist; but it is by no means necessary that the end be perceived in the mind of the animal, much less deliberately planned and purposed by it. The usual procedure of Nature is this — that the brains of animals shall be so constructed that in a given set of circumstances impulses will be aroused which impel them to actions adapted to the circumstances, in just the same blind and automatic way in which our bodies are constructed to do the right adaptive thing quite irrespective of our minds knowing anything about it. Our stomach is constituted so as to pour out gastric juice when wanted, and to digest food — it achieves its end admirably. But nobody ever consciously planned to make his gastric juice just of this right composition, or even purposed to liberate it just when it is needed.

As a very simple example of adaptive but wholly unintelligent instinct, take the crouching of many young birds, such as those of various plovers, when danger threatens. In their natural haunts, this is an admirable method of escaping detection, for their colors blend with the surroundings. But they will crouch just as readily on a lawn or a carpet, against which they are conspicuous in the extreme. Their instinct to crouch is in fact as automatic and unpurposed as their color. Another piece of adaptive but apparently quite instinctive behavior we may take is the actions of many ground-breeding birds when an enemy threatens their eggs or young. They trail their wings on the ground and shuffle along as if badly wounded, only to spring into the air when the enemy has been lured far

enough from the nest. Here again, all the evidence is against the bird having any conscious purpose or knowledge of what it is doing; the shamming wounded is an inborn pattern of behavior, like sneezing in ourselves.

As a curious example of lack of intelligence we may take the well-authenticated fact that some birds, when they begin a nest against one rung of a ladder or on one of many similar rafters, seem wholly unable to keep the situation distinct, and proceed to build a whole series of nests against all or most of the rungs or rafters. In nature, every situation is a little different from every other; here, man's artificiality has been too much for them with its repetition of sameness. How remote from ours is the mind capable of this lack of discrimination!

Equal evidence of difference from a human type of mentality, though in a rather different way, is provided by the numerous recorded examples of comparatively clever birds like jackdaws which do not know when to stop in cases where mere bringing of more nest material is useless. Jackdaws breed in holes, and drop sticks into them to make the foundations of their nest. Sometimes it happens that a nice-looking hole communicates with some bigger space below, and the sticks simply drop through. But once the birds have chosen a hole they may continue bringing and dropping in sticks for days and days until a really enormous pile accumulates in the hollow trunk below, although after a few hours' work it should have been obvious to the meanest intelligence that they were wasting their time. The reason they never realized it was simple — that in respect of nest building, birds do not and are not required to use intelligence, being endowed by Nature with instincts which normally are quite good enough.

Mr. Kirkman has recently conducted a number of interesting experiments on black-headed gulls and finds that they, while the brooding urge is on, can be made to accept stones or even sardine tins and sit on them apparently quite happily — a complacency rivaled in nature by that of the emperor penguin, whose passion for brooding *something* will induce it to incubate lumps of ice if eggs are not available.

It is this perverse acceptance of substitutes for normal eggs and young which makes possible the parasitism of the common cuckoo. It is surely the very nadir of intelligence for a pair of wretched meadow pipits or hedge sparrows to go on caring for a young cuckoo just because he happened to be hatched in their nest, although he eventually grows four or five times as bulky as his foster parents, and to feed him at all they have to perch on his shoulder or head.

In Mr. Chance's remarkable film, 'The Cuckoo's Secret,' occurs an illuminating incident which forcibly reveals the deficiencies of bird mind. The young cuckoo is first seen, in the absence of the old birds, heaving one of the fledgling meadow pipits, his foster brothers, out of the nest. It caught its foot not a foot from the rim of the nest, and remained there squeaking. After a little, the mother bird returned with food. Her unfortunate offspring was in full view and hearing, yet she did not attempt to get it back into the nest or even to feed it, but went straight to the young cuckoo and put the food in its capacious gape.

It would thus seem (and there are many other bits of evidence in support of the idea) that birds react much more to whole situations than we do, and are much less capable of distinguishing single objects as separate. What appeals to the mother bird and touches her parental instinct is not a young bird

as such, not *her* young bird as such, but a young bird — more or less any young bird — in the proper situation, which is within the nest. It is as if a human mother were perfectly willing to adopt a young gorilla if she found it in her nursery, and to pay no attention to her own baby though it was howling in full view, but on the other side of the street.

This is not to say that birds cannot and do not learn; but they are only capable of limited learning, and do much more of the business of life untaught, instinctively, than we do. Flight, that most amazingly complex of all physical activities, comes untaught to birds; they do not have to learn how to migrate, or how to build a nest (though a certain improvement in this may come with repetition), and the great majority of them will sing the characteristic song of the species even if kept out of hearing of all others of their kind.

V

But to make up for their relative lack of intelligence, birds are extremely various and intense in their emotional natures. As cause of this, it is natural to look first to their high temperatures. The rate at which chemical processes take place, including the chemical processes of life, goes up with temperature, being roughly doubled for each rise of ten degrees centigrade, and the normal temperature of birds is keyed up to what in men or any other mammals would be dangerous fever heat. Besides this, birds are constructed to undertake that most arduous of all vital activities, flight. Thus they must have a reserve of energy and power which readily bubbles up, and can express itself in vivid and striking ways.

It is from a combination of these two causes that birds provide us with such

amazing exhibitions of combined physical and emotional energy as the skylark singing his way up to the sky, the unceasing duels and wild dervish-dancing of ruffs or blackcocks on their assembly places in the breeding season; that a pair of herons or egrets will burst out with a wild expression of mutual affection each time they see each other again after a few hours' absence, all through the long months of the nesting season.

Birds are thus, on the whole, lower than mammals in pure intelligence, higher in pitch of emotion and intensity of living. This is the background against which we must remember to interpret their actions. But what I want to discuss is the insight we get into the mind of birds by watching them in the field.

The first point which will strike even the most casual observer is that different kinds of birds are endowed by Nature with different kinds of temperament. The common whitethroat is a restless, excitable creature, always fluttering up and diving down again into the hedgerows, while the hedge sparrow is sober and retiring; the English robin, for all his charm, is exceedingly pugnacious; the house sparrow we all know as impudent and cunning, with a nature quite different from that of his close relative, the tree sparrow.

But after we have given a character to each familiar species of bird, we find that this is only a very general character, and that within the species there is great individual variation of temperament as well. There is enormous difference in the timidity or courage of birds within a single species. One hen will shoot off from her eggs as soon as a human being appears in sight; another will sit tight and let herself be watched and photographed at close range. The red-throated diver, for instance, is not

usually a very close sitter; but one bird we came across in Spitsbergen had actually to be forced off her nest by gentle pressure with my boot (her sharp beak precluded the use of hands) before we could see what she was sitting on.

Such individual variation is often very noticeable in respect of the dawning æsthetic impulse which prompts many birds to adorn their nests. This in itself is a strange phenomenon of bird mind. It is strange that one of the American flycatchers should always decorate its nest with a strip of a snake's cast skin — though it has been suggested that this may perhaps frighten egg thieves; but why should buzzards and eagles and other birds of prey bring green leafy branches to lay on their nests and renew them from time to time during incubation? Why should various plovers put shells and bright pebbles round the edge of the little depression that serves them as nest? We can only suggest that it is, as I said, an early germ of the æsthetic impulse, alien to that which prompts magpies and crows and jackdaws (including the celebrated bird of Rheims) to carry off and hoard bright, shining objects. But whatever the precise nature of the impulse, it is nearly as variable in its manifestations as the artistic impulse in human beings. Of a dozen Kentish plover nests, most will be moderately decorated, one or two will be very richly garnished, one or two will have no decoration at all.

Another very curious side of bird mind is one which was first stressed by Edmund Selous — namely, the way in which hostility between two rival males so often finds outlet in strangely formal posturings and mock combats instead of in genuine fighting. A male swan will ruffle up to an invader of his territory in fear-inspiring pose — breast puffed out, neck curved back, wings arched;

the trespasser will adopt the same pose; but instead of coming to blows the two will circle round each other grandly but harmlessly, until honor, it seems, is satisfied, and the invader swims off or the two separate as if by mutual consent. It is the rarest thing for a genuine fight to develop between two swans. The same is true for very different kinds of birds, such as stockdoves; and even the constant duellos of ruffs on their assembly grounds are much more in the nature of sparring practice than of dangerous fights. Here again possibilities of great biological and psychological interest lurk behind the facts; but for the moment what we need is more watching and more facts before we can try to generalize.

Another strange bit of bird psychology is the mobbing of hawks, owls, and cuckoos by many kinds of small birds; and still another is the extraordinary talent for mimicry of other birds' notes which is indulged by quite a number of species in a state of nature. The mocking bird of America is perhaps the supreme example, but the blue jay, the common starling, and the sedge warbler are masters of the art, and I have been deluded by a blackbird mimicking a nightingale. Here again we can see no utility attached to the practice, and it seems to

be a mere by-product of their nature. But why is it found in some species and not in others, though closely related? Why does one bird practise it by nature, and others, like ravens, only when taught?

As you see, a great deal of what I have been talking about consists of facts which pose unanswered questions. This is at least a challenge to the bird watcher to go on with his watching and produce new observations. Puzzling facts are rarely to be cleared up by speculation alone; almost always they need the illumination of new facts for their explanation. It is also a reminder that bird mind, if not especially characterized by high intelligence, is yet complicated enough, and a study full of interest. Let us remember that, in the long history of life, mind has evolved as well as body, and that in studying birds we can be studying a particular phase in the evolution of mind, that strange and mysterious property of living creatures with which — let us face the fact frankly — the present scientific scheme of things, coherent though it be, and ever more embracing, is still very incompletely linked up, and whose eventual incorporation in that scheme will cause upheavals of thought as great as those due to Copernicus or Darwin or Einstein.

SONG¹

Young, young you!

The years that pass so gayly

Have not begun to frighten you, since all the days delight in you,

And sun and moon and stars conspire

To make you lovelier daily.

Young, young you!

The years that follow after

Twenty-two, thirty-two, forty-two, fifty-two,

Will chill the song upon your lips

And your heart's laughter.

Young, young you!

The years that lie before you

May smother all that's glad in you, and try your soul and sadden you,

But will have no strength to make you old

As long as I adore you.

R. S.

¹ *Défense de déposer de la musique sur ses vers.*—VICTOR HUGO

EMERSON RE-READ

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

EXCEPT in tales of romance it is not given to us to be able to pass through postern doors or forest glades and find ourselves in lands of leisure where it is always afternoon. If one seeks the King of Elfland's Daughter it must be between the pages of a book. Nevertheless, one can change one's stage and ways of life and amplify one's days. Some months ago by a simple shift in space I so wrought a change in time that, for a while at least, I have been able without sense of haste or pressure to browse again among the books I read and marked as a boy, books which for more years than I like to count had stood untouched upon my shelves, open apparently to the reaching hand, but in reality, owing to lack of time, as remote as boyhood's days themselves.

A week ago, I picked up one of the oldest of these, oldest in possession, not in imprint — the *Essays* of Emerson. In an unformed hand there was the inscription on the flyleaf, 'James Truslow Adams, 1896.' I was then seventeen, and had evidently read him earlier, for at the beginning of a number of the essays, notably 'Self-Reliance,' are marked the dates of reading, '1895, '96, '96, '96.' The volume, one of that excellent, well-printed series which in those halcyon days the National Book Company used to sell for fifty cents, is underlined and marked with marginal notes all through. The passages are not all those I should mark to-day, but at sixteen and seventeen it is clear I was

reading Emerson with great enthusiasm, and again and again.

In the past few days I have gone through five volumes of his work and found the task no light one. What, I ask myself, is the trouble? It is obviously not that Emerson is not 'modern,' for the other evening I read aloud, to the mutual enjoyment of my wife and myself, the *Prometheus Chained* of Æschylus, which antedates Emerson by some twenty-five hundred years. I turn to Paul More's *Shelburne Essays*, Volume XI, and read the statement that 'it becomes more and more apparent that Emerson, judged by an international or even by a true national standard, is the outstanding figure of American letters.'

I pause and ponder. 'International,' even 'true national,' standards are high. Whom have we? Lowell as a critic? One thinks of, say, Sainte-Beuve, and a shoulder shrug for Lowell. Lowell as poet, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant? *Exeunt omnes*, except as second-rate by world standards. The troop of current novelists and poets are much the same here as in a half-dozen other countries. Hawthorne? A very distinctive, and yet a minor voice, in the international choir. Poe? Again a minor, and scarcely distinguishable as a 'national.' Whitman? One thinks of Whitman five hundred years hence in world terms, and shakes one's head. The choice is narrowing fast. Is Mr. More right? Yet the Emerson who evidently so stirred me at sixteen leaves me cold to-day at fifty. It is

something to be looked into. I try, at fifty, to reappraise my Emerson. I take up the volumes again to see wherein the trouble lies.

First of all it occurs to me to test him by his own appraisals of others, and I turn to his volume on *Representative Men*. The list of names is itself of considerable significance — Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Goethe. Four of these are evidently so obvious as to tell us nothing of the mind choosing them. The case is a good deal like that of the Pulitzer Jury in biography, which is forbidden to award prizes for lives of Lincoln or Washington. The essential point is, what has Emerson to say of these men?

I confess that, when after these thirty years or more I turn from reading about Emerson to reading him himself, I am rather amazed by what seems to me the shallowness of these essays. In fact, I believe that even Mr. More considers the Plato a very unsatisfactory performance. Emerson babbles of 'the Franklin-like wisdom' of Socrates, and, indeed, I think we could look for as sound an essay from an intelligent undergraduate. The Shakespeare is almost equally naïve and unsatisfying, and Emerson's final judgment is that the dramatist was merely a 'master of the revels to mankind,' the purveyor of 'very superior pyrotechny this evening,' and that the end of the record must be that with all his ability he 'led an obscure and a profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.' This essay throws much light on Emerson if little on Shakespeare. Nor does he show more real understanding of his other great men. He can say that Napoleon left no trace whatever on Europe, that 'all passed away like the smoke of his artillery.' Of Goethe's greatest poem, the *Faust*, Emerson notes mainly its 'superior

intelligence.' One suspects that he chose these four names unconsciously because they were high in the world's record of the great, not because he understood the men or their work.

When he turns from these names, almost imposed upon him, to another of his independent choosing, it is illuminating that the one he dwells on with greatest admiration is Swedenborg. This fact is significant. For him, the Swedish mystic is 'a colossal soul,' the 'last Father in the Church,' 'not likely to have a successor,' compared with whom Plato is a 'gownsmen,' whereas Lycurgus and Cæsar would have to bow before the Swede. Emerson quotes from him as 'golden sayings' such sentences as 'in heaven the angels are advancing continually to the spring-time of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest,' or 'it is never permitted to any one in heaven, to stand behind another and look at the back of his head: for then the influx which is from the Lord is disturbed.' Nor should we forget that entry in Emerson's *Journals* in which he noted that 'for pure intellect' he had never known the equal of — Bronson Alcott!

It is true that these essays are not Emerson's best, but they were written when he was over forty years old and at the height of his fame and mental maturity, and they help us to understand our problem. They are typical products of the American mind. Conventional praise is given to the great names of Europe, with comment that indicates lack of understanding of the great currents of thought and action, while Mrs. Eddy and Brigham Young peer over the writer's shoulders. We begin to see how deeply Emerson was an American.

His national limitation is noteworthy in another important source of influence in a mature culture, that of art.

Music appears to have been outside his life and consideration. Of painting he could write that, having once really seen a great picture, there was nothing for one to gain by looking at it again. In sculpture he finds a 'paltriness, as of toys and the trumpery of a theater.' It 'is the game of a rude and youthful people, and not the manly labor of a wise and spiritual nation,' and he quotes with approval Isaac Newton's remark about 'stone dolls.' Art is not mature unless it is 'practical and moral,' and addresses the uncultivated with a 'voice of lofty cheer.' All art should be extempore, and he utters a genuine American note in his belief that it will somehow come to us in a new form, the religious heart raising 'to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the joint-stock company, our law, our primary assemblies, our commerce, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the prism, and the chemist's retort.' 'America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres.' A century later, and we realize that something more is needful for the imagination than an ample geography.

His doctrine that art should be extempore stems from his general belief that knowledge comes from intuition rather than from thought, and that wisdom and goodness are implanted in us — a fatally easy philosophy which has always appealed to the democratic masses, and which is highly flattering to their self-esteem. Wordsworth had led the romantic reaction by making us see the beauty and value in the common things of everyday life, but the philosophy of Emerson has a different ancestry. The two when joined are a perfect soil for democratic belief, and democratic laxity in mind and spirit, far as that might be from Emerson's intention and occasional statements. The

more obvious inferences are dangerous, for although a cobbler's flash of insight *may* be as great as the philosopher's lifetime of thought, such is of the rarest occurrence, and preached as a universal doctrine it is a more leveling one by far than universal suffrage.

II

As the ordinary unimportant man, such as most of us are, reads Emerson, his self-esteem begins to grow and glow. 'The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant tones of tenderness, truth, or courage.' Culture, with us, he says, 'ends in headache.' 'Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business anywhere. Life is not intellectual or critical, but sturdy.' 'Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps.' 'We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom but in art.' 'Our spontaneous action is always the best. You cannot with your best deliberation and heed come so close to any question as your spontaneous glance shall bring you whilst you rise from your bed.'

There is a kernel of noble thought in all this, but it is heady doctrine that may easily make men drunk and driveling, and I think we are coming near to the heart of our problem. The preaching that we do not have to think, the doctrine of what I may term, in Emerson's phrase, 'the spontaneous glance,' is at the bottom of that appalling refusal to criticize, analyze, ponder, which is one of the chief characteristics of the American people to-day in all its social, political, and international affairs. Many influences have united to bring about the condi-

tion, and Emerson cannot escape responsibility for being one of them.

On the other hand, a new nation, a common man with a fleeting vision of the possibility of an uncommon life, above all the youth just starting out with ambition and hope but little knowledge or influence as yet, all need the stimulation of a belief that somehow they *are* important and that not only may their private acts and lives be as high and noble as any, but that the way is open for them to make them so. This is the one fundamental American doctrine. It is the one unique contribution America has made to the common fund of civilization. Our mines and wheat fields do not differ in kind from others. With Yankee ingenuity we have seized on the ideas of others and in many cases improved their practical applications. The ideas, however, have largely come from abroad. The use of coal as fuel, the harnessing of steam and electricity for man's use, — the foundations of our era, — originated in Europe. Even the invention of the electric light was only in part American. But the doctrine of the importance of the common man is uniquely an American doctrine. It is something different, on the one hand, from the mere awarding to him of legal rights and, on the other, from the mere career open to the talents.

It is a doctrine to which the heart of humanity has responded with religious enthusiasm. It, and not science, has been the real religion of our time, and, essentially, the doctrine is a religious and not a philosophical or scientific one, equally made up as it is of a colossal hope and a colossal illusion. This does not invalidate it. Like all religions it will have its course to run and its part to play in the moulding of man to something finer. It is one more step up, and we need not deny it merely because of the inherent falsity of that

gorgeous preamble which proclaims to the world, 'All men are created equal.' In spite of the self-assertion of the so-called masses, that is a statement which, deep in their hearts, it is as difficult for the inferior as the superior genuinely to believe. It is an ideal, which, like every religious ideal, will be of far-reaching influence, but which must be made believable emotionally. Emerson's greatness lies in his having been the greatest prophet of this new religion, an influence that might well continue to be felt on the two classes that need the doctrine most — the common man striving to rise above the mediocre, and the youth striving to attain a courageous and independent maturity.

Another strain in Emerson, that of the poet and mystic, has also to be reckoned with in making up the man's account. His insistence upon values in life, culminating in the spiritual, is one sorely needed in the America of our day as of his. We are, perhaps, further from the ideal he drew in his 'American Scholar' than were the men of his own time. His large hope has not been fulfilled. There is a delicate beauty in his spiritual outlook on life, a beauty akin to that of many an old fresco in Umbria or Tuscany. Unfortunately, there were fundamental flaws in the work of the Italian artists, flaws not of spiritual insight or of artistic craftsmanship, but of wet plaster or of wrong chemical combinations in materials, so that little by little their painting has crumbled and faded. If Emerson's mysticism led him too easily toward Swedenborg rather than toward Plato, and if the beauty of his spiritual interpretation of the universe does not carry that conviction or mould his readers as it should, may we not wonder whether there were not some fundamental flaws in the mind of the man that may explain his decreasing influ-

ence, just as in examining a wall where a few patches of dim color are all that remain of a Giotto we have to consider, not the artist's love of the Madonna, but his lack of knowledge of the mechanics of his art? Of this we shall speak presently.

The quintessence of Emersonianism is to be found in the first and second series of *Essays*, and it may be noted that it was these, as my pencilings show, which I myself read most as a boy, and of them, it was such essays as 'Self-Reliance,' in which the word is found in its purest form, that I read over and over. What do I find marked as I turn the old pages? 'Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.' 'Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.' 'Nothing at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind.' 'I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle.' 'What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.' 'The great man is he who in the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.' 'Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative.' 'Life only avails and not the having lived.' 'Insist on yourself; never imitate.' 'Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.'

This is high and worthy doctrine, the practice of which will tax a man's strength and courage to the utmost, and such sentences as the above have proved the strongest influences in the making of literally countless adolescent Americans, stimulating their ambition in the noblest fashion. Unfortunately this part of Emerson's teaching has had less influence than the other. The average American soon slips into preferring 'we are all wise' to 'scorn appearances.' Insisting on being one's self is strenuous and difficult

work anywhere, more so in America than any other country I know, thanks to social opinion, mass ideals, and psychologized advertising of national products. Emerson deserves full meed of praise for preaching the value of individualism, but it may be asked, granting that nearly all intelligent, high-minded American youths for nearly a century have, at their most idealistic stage, come under the influence of Emerson's doctrine, why has the effect of his teaching been so slight upon their later manhood? Does the fault lie in them or in the great teacher, for, in such sentences as we have quoted above, I gladly allow that the sage of Concord was a great teacher.

The answer, I think, is that the fault lies to a great extent in Emerson himself. His doctrine contains two great flaws, one positive, the other negative, and both as typically American as he himself was in everything. That he had no logically articulated system of thought is not his weakest point. He once said that he could not give an account of himself if challenged. Attempts have been made to prove that his thought was unified and coherent. One may accept these or not. It matters little, for it is not, and never has been, as a consistent philosopher that Emerson has influenced his readers. It has been by his trenchant aphorisms which stir the soul of the young and the not too thoughtful, and set the blood to dancing like sudden strains of martial music. It is in these, and not in any metaphysical system about which philosophers might argue, that we find the fatal flaws and influences I have mentioned.

The first, the positive one, in spite of his high doctrine of self-reliance and individualism, is that Emerson makes life too easy by his insistence on intuition and spontaneity. The style and construction of his writings deliber-

ately emphasize the import of the aphorisms. The occasionally qualifying context sinks into insignificance and out of memory as does the stick of a rocket in the darkness of night. We see and recall only the dazzling shower of stars. If this is now and then unfair to Emerson's thought, he has himself to blame. He took no pains to bind his thought together and loved the brilliancy of his rocket-stars of 'sayings.' We have already quoted some of these on the point we are now discussing. All teaching is 'Intuition.' In 'Spontaneity or Instinct' he finds 'the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life.' 'It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak.' 'All good conversation, manners, and action, come from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great.' 'No man need be perplexed by his speculations. . . . These are the soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs.' 'Our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. . . . There is no merit in the matter. Either God is there or he is not there. We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.' A page or two back we noted his theory of spontaneity in art and intellect.

III

This, as we have said, unless the occasional qualifications are as greatly emphasized as the sayings themselves, is extremely dangerous doctrine. Of all the youths who have read Emerson in their impressionable years, a certain proportion have subsequently retrograded in the spiritual and intellectual scale, and a certain proportion have advanced. Of the difficulty with the master felt by the latter we shall speak

presently, but for the first group this doctrine of spontaneity, so emphasized by Emerson, offers all too soft a cushion upon which to recline. Act and do not think. Culture is headache. Perplexities are the soul's mumps and measles. Radiant sentence after sentence, graven with clear precision on the cameo of the mind. It has been said that, of all the sages, Emerson requires the least intellectual preparation to read. He is, indeed, in some respects, and those in which he exerts most influence, fatally easy. Fatally easy and alluring to the busy hundred-per-cent American is this doctrine of intuition and spontaneity. It is a siren voice, a soft Lydian air blown across the blue water of the mind's tropical sea. For a century the American has left the plain hard work of life to his foreign serfs. The back-breaking toil of digging trenches, laying rails, puddling iron in the furnaces, has been delegated successively to the Irish, the Italians, the Slavs. But thinking is intellectually, willing is spiritually, as backbreaking as these. The ordinary American prefers also to abandon them and to take for himself the easier task of solving the economic problems and puzzles in which he delights. Intuition and spontaneity — fatal words for a civilization which is more and more coming to depend for its very existence on clear, hard, and long-sustained 'thinking-through.' It is this positive flaw in Emerson's teaching that has made the effect of his really noble doctrines of so little influence upon the boys who have worshiped him this side idolatry at sixteen and then gone into the world and found every invitation to retreat from the high ground rather than to advance.

What now of those others, those who also worshiped Emerson in youth, who have fought the world, and who find him declining in influence over their lives the more they advance? With

them we reach Emerson's negative flaw.

What a gulf between the man of fifty and the boy of sixteen! As one has in those intervening years studied the history of the past, watched the daily life of the people of a score of nations, seen wars and famines take their toll of millions, and, nearer one's own heart, watched the physical pain of those closest to one's self, stood at grave after grave, found, too, perhaps, that one has wrought evil when most striving to do good, one has come to feel the whole mystery of that problem of Evil — of sin, of suffering, of death. One may yet carry a brave heart and hold one's self erect, but one is no longer content with a philosophy of shallow optimism, a 'God's in his heaven — all's right with the world.'

I think that here is where Emerson fails us as we grow older and wiser. The trumpet blasts of self-reliance which so thrilled us at sixteen sound a little thin and far-off now. We needed them when they first smote our ear and we are deeply grateful, but we have fought the fight, we have tried to be ourselves, we have tried to live our life for itself and not for a spectacle, and now we are older. We have lived, loved, suffered, enjoyed, fought, and to some extent won. The world has been rich in interest — and in suffering. There are hopeful signs on every side. There is sunlight as well as darkness, but there *is* darkness. One has been close to failure and looked it in the eye. There have been the brows we could not soothe through years of suffering, the waxen faces we kissed for the last time before we laid them away, the mysterious darkness coming toward ourselves like the shadow of a cloud on a summer landscape, but inevitably to overtake us. When we turn again to the great teacher of our youth, what does he say to help or hearten us? Nothing.

Owing largely to material circumstance and a vast and uninhabited continent, the prevailing mood of the American people came to be one of shallow and unlimited optimism, the waves of which flowed over even the sectional Calvinism of New England. Nature ceased to be the evil enemy of man's spirit and gave him her fairest gifts, as Mephistopheles bestowed his Helen on the tortured Faust. With material abundance, spiritual evil ceased to appear important and a golden age seemed dawning, as youth came to Faust in that most un-American legend.

For its hundred and fifty years America has been scarcely touched by suffering. Pestilence? None. Think of the Black Death and other great plagues that have swept over Europe. Famine? None. Think of India and China. War? Scarcely more than one. In the Revolution only an infinitesimal part of the population was in the army for any length of time. The War of 1812 was a ripple, almost all at sea, and the deaths were negligible to the population. The Indian Wars? Skirmishes by paid troops. The Mexican War? A junket which never came home to the people. The Civil War? Yes, but even that did not come home to the whole civilian population, except in the South, as have the wars which have flowed in torrents over Europe. Compare it with the Thirty Years' War, in which, to say nothing of the rest of Europe, the population of Germany, from the ravages of the sword, famine, disease, and emigration, sank from 16,000,000 to 6,000,000, and in which of 35,000 villages in Bohemia less than 6000 were standing at the end, and in which nine tenths of the entire population of the Palatinate disappeared. The Spanish War was a holiday affair except for a few homes. In the last Great War we lost by death

a mere 126,000 as compared with 8,500,000 in the Old World. In civil life our history has been one long business boom, punctuated by an occasional panic, like a fit of indigestion for a man who continually overeats. We have never suffered like the rest of humanity, and have waxed fat without, as yet, having to consider the problems forced upon others, until we have ceased to believe in their reality. The dominant American note has thus been one of a buoyant and unthinking optimism. America is a child who has never gazed on the face of death.

Emerson somewhere speaks of 'the nonchalance of boys sure of a dinner.' Can any words better express the American attitude toward the universe, and, in spite of his spirituality and the somewhat faded fresco of his mysticism, does Emerson himself really give us anything deeper? Man, according to him, 'is born to be rich.' Economic evils trouble our sage not at all. The universe, for him, is good through and through, and 'success consists in close application to the laws of the world, and, since those laws are intellectual and moral, an intellectual and moral obedience.' One thinks of Jay Gould and the career of many a magnate of to-day! 'In a free and just commonwealth, property rushes from the idle and imbecile, to the industrious, brave, and persevering.' As I am certainly not idle (I am working on a holiday to write this), and as Americans would not admit that theirs is not a just and free commonwealth, imbecility is the only third horn of the trilemma on which to impale myself if property has not rushed toward me. 'Do not skulk,' the sage tells every man in 'a world which exists for him.' At fifty, we have found, simply, that the world does *not* exist for us. 'Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an

algebraic problem.' One rubs one's eyes. 'There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.' Man may, he says, 'easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure his welfare is dear to the heart of being.' Is he so sure? Alas, no longer.

IV

As I think over my most recent visit to Rome, where two thousand years of human history, happiness, and suffering have left their monuments, and Heaven knows how many thousand unmarked before, I contrast it with a visit to Emerson's house at Concord on an October day many years ago. It is a charming, roomy old house, and in it Emerson was able to live with a large library and three servants on two thousand a year. In the ineffable light of an American autumn, as I saw it, it was a place of infinite peace. Concord in 1840 was an idyllic moment in the history of the race. That moment came and passed, like a baby's smile. Emerson lived in it. 'In the morning,' he wrote, 'I awake, and find the old world, wife, babes, and mother, Concord and Boston, the dear old spiritual world, and even the dear old devil not far off.'

It is true that he has very occasional qualms and doubts. He even wonders in one essay whether we must presuppose some 'slight treachery and derision' in the universe. As we turn the pages, we ask ourselves with some impatience, 'Did this man never really suffer?' and read that 'the only thing grief has taught me, is to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, plays about the surface, and never introduces me into the reality, for con-

tact with which, we would even pay the costly price of sons and lovers.'

One ends. Perhaps Mr. More is right. Perhaps Emerson is the outstanding figure in American letters. Who else has expressed so magnificently the hope, and so tragically illustrated the illusion, of our unique contribution to the world? My own debt to the sage is unpayable. He was one of the great influences in my early life, as, in his highest teaching, he should be in that of every boy. It seems almost the basest of treason to write this essay, and I would still have every youth read his Emerson. But what of America? What of the hope and the illusion? A century has passed. Is no one to arise who will fuse them both in some larger synthesis, and who, inspiring youth, will not be a broken reed in maturity? Are our letters and philosophy to remain the child until the Gorgon faces of evil, disaster, and death freeze our own unlined ones into eternal stone? Is it well that the outstanding figure in American letters should be one whose influence diminishes in proportion as the minds of his readers grow in strength, breadth, and maturity? And, speaking generally, is this not true of Emerson? Does any man of steadily growing character, wealth of experience, and strength of mind find the significance and influence of Emerson for him growing as the years pass? Does he turn to him more and more for counsel, help, or solace?

There is but one answer, I think, and that is negative. Unlike the truly great, the influence of Emerson shrinks for most of us as we ourselves develop. May the cause not lie in the two flaws I have pointed out, flaws in the man as in his doctrine in spite of the serene nobility of so much of his life? If with

all his wide and infinitely varied reading, noted in his *Journals*, we find his culture a bit thin and puerile, is it not because he himself trusted too much to that theory of spontaneity, of the 'spontaneous glance,' rather than to the harder processes of scholarship and thinking-through coherently; and if we find him lacking in depth and virility, is it not because he allowed himself to become a victim to that vast American optimism with its refusal to recognize and wrestle with the problem of evil? One turns to Æschylus and reads:—

... affliction knows no rest,
But rolls from breast to breast its vagrant tide.

One does not need to be a pessimist, merely human, to find here the deeper and more authentic note.

If Emerson is still the outstanding figure in American letters, is that not the equivalent of saying that America a century after the *Essays* appeared has not yet grown to mental maturity, and that the gospel it preaches is inspiring only for unformed adolescence,—of whatever age,—without having risen to a comprehension of the problems of maturity? In Europe, the past has bequeathed not only a wealth of art, but a legacy of evil borne and sorrow felt. Perhaps American letters, like American men, will not grow beyond the simple optimism and, in one aspect, the shallow doctrine of Emerson until they too shall have suffered and sorrowed. Emerson, in his weakness as in his strength, is American through and through. He could have been the product, in his entirety, of no other land, and that land will not outgrow him until it has some day passed through the fires of a suffering unfelt by him and as yet escaped by it.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

The End of a Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

A SAILOR aboard a sailing ship is fascinated by the peril of danger and death. On the calmest day he is aware that a change may come over the sea, when only his presence of mind and exertion will save him. He is face to face with a lethal thing of enormous power; this sea, from which he is separated by thin planks, will take his life with the same dispassion that she has taken the lives of millions.

A sailor fears the sea; but love mingles with this fear, as love and fear mingle in a child's attitude toward its mother. I believe that death at sea is less terrifying to him than death ashore, because such a death has an unconscious symbolism of returning to the womb of the mother — the sea — to be reborn. This has been impressed upon me during the voyage of the schooner *Tagua*, when often death was very close. The fancy may seem far-fetched, and probably it is; I give it only as the result of idle musings during the long night watches aboard ship.

March 20. Midnight. — The sky is overcast and the wind lighter; now and then a misty rain drizzles down on us like the spent remnant of a storm, insinuating its own dejection and despair into the weary crew of this schooner. A towering cloud has just passed ahead of us. Rain fell from it, and beyond its windward edge I could see a sad sky mottled by dull gray

cloud-fragments. Across the lee of the cloud, rising from the sea in a bow a thousand feet high, was a dim moon-rainbow in which faint colors were visible. It suggested a pristine world of water and humid air, with a faint tinge of color in the deep twilight of creation.

At the beginning of my watch on deck I walked forward to stand by the windward shrouds. The wind hummed softly through the old schooner's rigging, and there was the splash of spray whiskering out from the cutwater. Out in the gloom of the Pacific the wind blew silently, save for the intermittent gasp of a toppling wave — a gasp in the solitary spaces of the sea.

From aft came the low clang of the bell; then a hollow voice droned in the darkness: 'Four bells! Four bells!' There was a patter of feet as Ropes ran aft to take the wheel, someone grunted a curse, and again all was silent.

Alone on the deck of a sailing ship in the most unfrequented stretch of sea in the world, with the wind mild and the sea calm, it would seem natural that one should turn one's thoughts to tranquil reflections. But, through some malicious quirk of the brain, mine dwelt on the meaning of death at sea, its reality, and the possibility that all of us would find a chill grave somewhere in the North Pacific. Death at sea! I recalled the passing of McLeod of Atiu, and the words of the Rarotongan, Kamu, came to me: —

'By two in the morning only three of us were alive. Two rowed while a third rested, crouching forward, up to his shoulders in the cold water. When I called him to take his turn at the oar he did not answer. I leaned back and shook him. He was dead!

'I tied the little boat's anchor to his feet and laid him across the gunwale. Then I said, "Return to God; I am too weak to pray for you!" and dropped him over the side. I saw him sink with his arms raised stiffly above his head.

'Then, for the first time, I was afraid. I thought of how my friend was sinking into the blackness, and how he would be buoyed in the bottom of the sea, standing upright in the water, his head thrown back and his hands pointing toward the surface. It terrified me; but a few moments later a raging squall swept over us and I was able to forget my friend.'

When I stared at the sea I thought of Kamu's friend sinking into the impenetrable night. A shiver ran through me as though the cold water were clutching with her clammy fingers. I turned my eyes from the sea, bundled my coat about my neck, and paced the deck rapidly until I threw off my gloomy forebodings.

March 21. — It is eighty-six days since we sailed from Rarotonga! It seems as if land were something I have heard of but never seen. There is only the sea, ever changing: to-day, vicious in her solitude, gloomy and sublime; to-morrow, a neighborly being mothering her ships. And to-night, with the barometer low and storm clouds blackening the sky, she has become a vast and implacable thing, lonely, inexorable, and detached; willing to kill or disregard. She is indifferent to the humanity that embarks on her; she rises in magnificent and terrifying undulations, regardless of the heroism, the tragedy and misery, aboard the

ships on her bosom. The sea is the mistress of millions, but she does not know them; she is like space itself in her utter disregard for animate life. Curse the sea, praise her, flatter her, pray to her, sacrifice your life in her depths — she is unmoved. The greatest navies may flounder and sink without stirring her compassion; she takes them into her womb coldly, as she has done these thousands of years, as she will do these thousands of years to come.

March 22. — Are we to have no fair weather during this voyage? Is the sea intent on destroying us? This morning at four I went into Captain Thomson's cabin to look at the barometer. It had dropped four tenths, now reading 30.01"! I woke the Captain and told him the news. His face clouded, and for a moment he spoke of the unheard-of weather we have been experiencing. Then: 'Well, Ropati, we won't let it catch us as it did last time. Turn out both watches and reef down.'

I went on deck and called Seaside's watch. The temperature had dropped to fifty-four. This would be nothing to men accustomed to cold weather; but to us, with our blood thinned by years in the tropics and with only thin cotton clothes, the cold was bitter. When we put our hands to a rope they burned as though we were touching hot irons, — a strange simile, but a true one, — and our flesh rebelled against every movement, as though willing to perish rather than live and suffer.

I sang out to the boys as cheerily as I could, but got little response. Then, jumping to the reef earing with gritted teeth, I worked with all my might. Presently one or two of the boys livened up a little, the rest joined, and in an hour we had the fore and main sails reefed and the flying jib tied up.

The work was no sooner done than

a howling wind struck us from the north, blowing with such violence that we had to go to work on second reefs in both sails. I held the wheel while the Captain drove the boys to work. I had thrown my oilskins aside while taking in the first reefs. Rain and spray drenched me; at first the cold was stinging, but later I became too numb to feel it.

All day long the wind howled, and the seas built up higher and higher until we stared at them at an angle of forty-five degrees. We are despicable things on the deck of the *Tagua* with those Titans rising above us, unconscious of our presence, rolling and tossing us skyward as though we were no more than the sea spume. But the *Tagua* is doing handsomely; in fact I never dreamed that a ship could move so tranquilly through a confused sea. Only once did she come to grief. At two this afternoon we sailed into a calm pocket. A great sea laid the schooner over; she rolled back quickly, having no wind in her sails to steady her, and laid her windward bulwarks under. At that instant a great comber rose over her, curled, and crashed down from stem to stern, burying her completely under.

When the sea crashed on the after house like cannon fire I thought the masts had gone. A column of water poured through the engine-room skylight, which had been raised by the movement of the water, and the whole cabin was flooded. Too dazed to grasp the significance of this, I thought the ship had been broken in two by the falling mast.

Presently Six-Seas laughed from his place at the wheel. I jumped out of my berth and ran into the Captain's cabin. One of his windows had been bashed in; he was sitting in his berth, which was full to the coaming with water. It splashed back and forth, and

over the coaming on to the floor when the schooner rolled.

Still uncertain as to exactly what had happened, I stared at Andy, waiting for him to speak. Presently he said, quietly: 'It was just a big sea that buried us. I was sound asleep, and the first thing I knew the water was pouring through my window on top of me. The devil! Now all my clothes are wet, and we are just getting into the cold weather!'

When we went on deck we found that Six-Seas had been submerged and only saved himself by winding his legs around the wheel shaft. Ropes had jumped into the rigging, while the men in the forecastle had escaped with a flooding.

To-night at eight I decided to give the pumps a personal trial. The result is that we have been pumping steadily up to midnight; still they do not suck!

March 23. — I am tired of writing about stormy weather, but it seems that we are to have nothing else. After each storm we cheer up, saying this is the last; but the wind seems intent on keeping us from San Francisco. Last night and all day to-day it has been blowing at from eighty to ninety miles an hour.

I worked most of the night in the waist, putting new lashings on the reef boat and gasoline drums, and keeping the boys busy at the pumps until, at about half-past one, they sucked again. Every hour or two I would go into the galley to warm myself and drink a mug of strong coffee; but, back in the waist, the first volley of rain and spray drenched and chilled me. I tried to get some help from the sailors; they did their best, but are good for nothing in this cold weather. Six of them cannot do the work of one man. They walk with their backs stooped; their cheeks are becoming hollow, their

eyes inflamed. Andy and I are afraid there will be scurvy among them before we make the coast. If so, God help us!

The forestaysail blew out to-day. We hoisted the jib to steady the ship, then worked four hours with all hands bending in a new sail — ordinarily an hour's work for two men.

This evening Andy is decidedly worried. We are burying our bows with every heave of the schooner, the waist is continually flooded, and the schooner rides the seas unsteadily, plunging and lurching with a heartless strain on her timbers.

Later. — I turned in at 8 P.M., but could not sleep. The masts hung over me, breaking, falling, breaking, falling, forever about to crash through the after house! 'To the devil with the masts!' I shouted to myself. 'If they come down I'll never know the difference. No death could be quicker and less painful; and how much better to be buried in the clean sea than in the mud ashore!' But this did not put me to sleep. I lay on the floor, thinking it should be safer; but then the thought came that if the masts fell I might be pinned down to suffer a long and painful death. I returned to my berth. Every wrench and lunge of the ship tortured me like the rack; and when a stool fell and rolled across the cabin floor I jumped out of my berth with a half-suppressed cry. I have been through many storms at sea without fear, and I should be easy enough now if it were not for these two rotten masts that stand only by the grace of God. Expecting them to fall, waiting for them to crash down, creates a maddening tension.

At seven bells I fell asleep; when Seaside woke me fifteen minutes later I smelled a strong stench of gasoline. Going into the engine room with my flash light, I found that the tap on the leaky gasoline tank had broken, and

the room was flooded. As most of the gasoline had already leaked through the floor into the bilge, and as the tank was now empty, I could do nothing but wake Andy to warn him against lighting his lamp.

March 24. — The wind blows with more violence than ever. This afternoon even Captain Thomson was terrified. 'By God, Ropati!' he cried, holding to the rail and watching the little schooner being flung madly about. 'She can't stand this much longer! If we don't do something to ease her we'll be dead men before the morning!'

A moment later he said that our only hope lay in heaving to. 'I've never had the *Tagua* hove to in stormy weather,' he muttered, as though speaking to himself, 'and I don't know how she'll act; but we can't go on as we are.'

We called all hands, put a triple reef in the foresail, and tied up the forestaysail. Then the Captain took the wheel, judged his time, and brought the schooner into the wind. She rolled much easier in the great froth-lipped seas, now that her way was stopped; but even now all that is saving her is the massive timbers fitted into these old sailing ships, which were built to weather the Horn or the fiercest Indian Ocean typhoon — and she has weathered them many a time, too; but now she is old and unfit for the strenuous work of newer ships. Planks part for the water to leap in; ribs strain to the breaking point as the seas roll under her worm-eaten sides, lifting her high in the air only to throw her aside as though she were no more than the sea foam; and the masts whip from side to side with terrific momentum! Those masts! Why don't they go, and break the tension? We are all thinking, 'Break, damn you, and be done with it!'

March 25. — Last night, during the twelve-to-four watch, the wind was

blowing as I had never before experienced it. It shrieked above us at a hundred miles an hour. It came upon us like a gigantic wildecat hurtling through the sky, tearing the sails with its claws, bent on destruction. Toward midnight it shifted to the east, and cross-seas worked up to an amazing height, blotting out a third of the sky when we lay in a trough.

At two in the morning Andy called me, saying that I should try to put a triple reef in the mainsail. I crawled out of the cabin. On deck the wind's roar was like an aeroplane engine, its force so great I did not dare rise from my hands and knees until I was at the rail, which I gripped with both hands to keep myself from being blown across the midshiphouse! I found Ropes, drenched and numb with cold, crouching in the lee of the after house; Six-Seas was at the wheel, astraddle the shaft and, though the wheel was hard over and lashed down, gripping the spokes. I sent Ropes forward for Seaside's watch, then lowered myself into the lazaret for a bundle of rope yarn to use as reef points.

We worked like slaves last night, without time to complain, or even to think of anything but the safety of the schooner. The safety of the schooner! What a blessing that sailors can transmute the fear of losing their lives into a fear of losing the schooner! Otherwise they would go mad with terror. On the after house, when we put the reefing tackle in the third reef cringle, the force of the wind would have picked us up and hurled us over the sea like strips of canvas if we had not clung to the boom; and when I was tying the reef points the wind crushed me against the boom until my limbs ached. At half-past three it was done. I crawled along the skylight and the scuttle hatch to the break of the after house, dropped on deck by the com-

panionway, and returned to my cabin.

I lay back in my berth. My brain was uncomfortably alert; I was vividly aware that there was no predestination saving me, that I was not immortal, that the elements were striving with a worm-eaten old ship, and, whichever won, I should not be considered. I had hallucinations. There appeared in the darkness above me leering hideous faces more clearly defined than real faces could be; then abruptly they vanished, to give place to visions of ravishing beauty. These dissolved, and I was in a darkness glowing with red points of light which gradually dimmed into nothingness. There followed a stupefied fatigue which knew neither hope nor fear.

Morning came, bringing the most awe-inspiring sunrise I have ever seen. We were on the north edge of the storm. From east to west, directly above us, was a ragged line of clouds dividing the black hollow of the storm to the south from a clear star-stippled northern sky. Gradually the dawn brightened. The storm clouds kindled to a fuliginous red like the reflection of lurid lights from a bank of fog; but the northern sky was tinged with silver and long strata of the tenderest fallow gold. Never have I seen such a distinct line between fair weather and foul, and never a sight which filled me with such mingled reverence and dread.

Noon. — The storm has blown itself out in a few malicious squalls and one tremendous waterspout which crossed our bows not fifty yards away. When it had passed, so close that it actually drew us toward its vortex, Andy laughed in a high-pitched hysterical way.

'Why did you laugh?' I asked him later.

'I could n't help it,' he said. 'It seemed so ironical that we should fight like grim death through a four days'

storm, believing we were getting the best of the elements, and then, when it was all over, a little waterspout should come along which might break us to pieces. There was something terrible and satirical about it, as though the elements were saying: "You think we had to blow for days to wreck such a picayune schooner as the *Tagua*? See, with one wrench, in ten seconds, we can make kindling of you!"

The barometer, which was down to 29.90'', has risen to 30.52''. The same drop in the tropics would have given us a reading of 29.50'', which would have been a sure sign of a cyclonic storm.

March 26. — At eight bells I went into my cabin to read Wilde's *Salome* for half an hour; but it did not give me the usual pleasure. It seemed sophisticated, forced, unreal, here at sea, where sky, wind, and water are pregnant with the realities of existence. I could take no interest in the easy flow of meticulously chosen words when from beyond the thin bulkhead of my cabin was audible the low and dolorous moaning of the wind; the tragedy of *Salome* was trivial in comparison with the potential tragedy in a brooding storm, and the might of King Herod was a bubble beside the might of towering seas that destroy dispassionately, blindly, and silently move on their way. As I write this it occurs to me that perhaps the truth or falsehood of a book makes itself apparent when read under such conditions as the present; when we are face to face with a stern reality, flights of imagination become unnecessary, if not superfluous, for the experiences of the moment are more impressive than imaginary experiences could be.

April 2. — What an inhospitable sea, sky, wind! There is only a dim light that casts a leaden hue on the clouds. For a few moments the wind

will blow a channel through the high canopy, and then indeed there is a promise of warmth and light, glowing coldly through the mist. But soon the clouds fill in, shadowing the little schooner with nostalgia and despair. At night threatening clouds loom above the horizon — clouds that would portend storms or squalls in the tropics; but here they pass over us with a proud deliberation — gloomy, without increase of wind.

The crew seem hushed and afraid of some impending disaster that they believe to be at hand. There are whispered rumors that we are lost, that the schooner will never make land, and that we are doomed to perish at sea. Captain Thomson and I are affected by the depressed state of the sailors. He is unusually excited; a fire burns in his eyes as he paces the deck restlessly, working himself into a frenzy over the wind, the crew, or whatever attracts his attention.

The wind is blowing with an intent determination to keep us from our destination.

The balmy air, the white coral strands of the South Seas, attract unremittingly, exasperatingly.

April 4. — We crossed the latitude of San Francisco to-day — 37° 47' 57''; but, as we are in longitude 149° 34', we still have 1284 miles of easting to make. The northwesterlies cannot come too soon for us now.

What a relief it will be to go ashore! The first night I am going to the best hotel in San Francisco, order a suite of rooms, bathe in floods of warm soapy water, and then sleep! Sleep all night long! Or perhaps do like the retired seaman — have someone call me every four hours so that I can tell him to go to the devil, and roll over to enjoy my repose doubly. When sated with sleep, I will reach from the bed for the telephone, call a waiter, and order a simple

breakfast of ham and eggs, beefsteak and potatoes, sausages and pancakes, coffee and toast, oatmeal and corn-flakes, two or three kinds of fruit, and everything else that happens to be on the menu. Potatoes will be a big item.

I have told Captain Thomson that I am going to leave the ship in San Francisco, though I have no intention of doing so. It was just a malicious attempt to annoy him, as he often does me nowadays. This is natural enough, for even the best of friends grate on one another after so many days cooped together.

April 5. — Yesterday evening I sat with my feet hanging over the midship-house, waiting for the cabin boy to bring our evening meal of boiled rice and tinned beef. Presently, from under the water tank jumped a rat — a poor sickly creature as damp and miserable as the rest of the Taguans. He flittered about for a moment or two, when suddenly he met the destiny that was written upon his forehead. 'The Destroyer came upon him, the Separator of friends, who overturns all palaces and towers, and gluts the hunger of the tomb.' The tomcat, Romeo, appeared from nowhere, and there was one less rat and a fatter cat.

After I had turned in at eight bells, Romeo jumped on to my berth, rubbed himself against my head, and, when I raised a corner of the blankets, worked himself toward my legs, curled between them, and started purring himself to sleep.

'Lucky cat!' I thought; then soliloquized at length on relative felicities, coming to the decision that cats receive more pleasure from life than men, and that intelligence and imagination are doubtful blessings.

Later. — The cat has ceased purring; he is carousing in the feline Fiddler's Green, where fat mice are forever creeping from barn doors, and little

fountains of cream gurgle past boxes bedded with flannel and straw. I felt viciously jealous of this tomat and kicked him out of the berth.

April 6. — To-day, almost for the first time, we have laid a course within one point of San Francisco, sailing east-northeast magnetic.

Last night I dreamed that Old Man Boreas came out of a cloud. There was a smile on his weather-beaten and bearded face. Glancing abstractedly at the *Tagua*, he mumbled: 'Poor little cockroach schooner! So she has weathered my gales! I had to blow great guns to sink that impudent Red Line steamer, and I did n't even notice this sea louse in the scud and foam. Well, well, I'll compensate this inoffensive little thing, lay the seas smooth about her, and let my old enemy, South Wind, blow just strong enough to keep her moving handsomely toward the coast of California. Anyway, I need a rest after sinking that vain steamer.'

April 7. — Andy called me on deck during the first dogwatch. His face was clouded as he pointed to the main-mast just above the boom collar. There was a break in it five inches wide and two feet long! Every time the schooner rolled, the break would open itself, working its lower end out a half inch or more. I have put a seizing of two-inch rope around the broken place. It will not do the least good; but it will hide the break so that we shan't go crazy staring at it, wondering when it will break the rest of the way through.

A half-dozen stormy petrels (Mother Carey's chickens) fluttered near the schooner this evening. Sailors claim that they are a warning of foul weather. They are amazing birds; no bigger than a sparrow, they flutter across the widest stretches of open sea. They cannot soar, and in their fluttering they give one the impression of fledglings learning to fly. Where do

they sleep? What do they eat? Where do they nest? At Puka-Puka one fell ashore dead from a wound in its breast. The natives told me it was a bird of the sea (*manu-moana*) that never comes to land except on rare occasions such as that one. They said that it lays its eggs on the water, that they float, and that the birds live on sea foam.

April 10. — The wind has shifted to the northwest at last. Shaking the reefs out of the sails this morning, we put the main boom in the long guy for the first time on the passage. When it came to hoisting the sails we found that there was not enough strength in the entire crew to hoist either the peak or the throat halyard. We were obliged to strop a handy-billy tackle on the throat halyard and set up on it, then take the tackle to the peak halyard to set it up, then back to the throat, and so on until we had the sail set. Even with the tackle it was all we could do to manage it. Our winch, unluckily, is out of order; we could have hoisted the sails easily with it.

April 11. — This evening I found what is weakening the crew. Scurvy! When Six-Seas came aft to take the wheel I noticed that his legs bulged his overalls. He told me that they have been swelling for some time, and added that Second-Return's mouth is in bad shape. Captain Thomson called this sailor aft, to find that his teeth are so loose he can move them back and forth with his fingers, and that the gums are starting to ulcerate! Food is also sick, but with him it shows only in inflamed eyes and slightly swollen legs.

Later in the evening Captain Thomson decided that, calm or blow, he will not shorten sail. 'If we lower sail,' he said, 'we shall not be able to hoist it again, and we'll just wallow out here until we are all dead men. And by carrying our sail we may be dismasted, which will also mean the end of us; but

if the masts hold we may make San Francisco in time to save most of the crew.'

Where are all the ships that ply the sea? Were they destroyed in the storms we went through? We have not sighted sail or smoke at sea since leaving Rarotonga, one hundred and seven days ago.

I am ill and do not doubt that it is scurvy. Andy is nervous and irritable. He calls from his cabin continually, shouting to the sailors to keep the sails full — a difficult thing when the wind is so far aft.

Only Ropes keeps in good health. This Sinful Peck cannot be killed. He remains fat and greasy, and he alone devours his daily ration of beef and rice.

April 12. — The wind freshened to-day, so we are bowling along at a better rate. At 4 p.m. we wore ship, for the wind had shifted to the southwest. Now, at last, we are laying for San Francisco with a fair wind; and it is none too soon, for we cannot hold out many more days. The Golden Gate is six hundred and fifteen miles away.

I am much weaker to-day. My head is giddy, hallucinations trouble me, and I am afraid of myself on deck.

April 13. — West-southwest wind blowing a moderate gale. With all canvas set we are making a hundred and fifty miles a day. We need two men at the wheel now; one man is too weak to hold it.

April 14. — Six-Seas is down in his bunk, unable to get up. The rest of the crew, Ropes excepted, look as though they could not last many more days; but Andy seems confident that we shall make the coast. He says that he needs only one man to help him. I am growing weaker rapidly. This evening, before turning in, I stamped my feet to warm them. The result was a half hour's dizziness.

Later. — I have just been forward to see Six-Seas. His eyes are glassy; they stare at me horribly as he talks about bananas and oranges, and fish flapping out of the lagoon to be eaten raw. I tried to divert his thoughts to other channels by talking about the fine time he would have in the street cars and automobiles of the United States; but he would only ask if I was sure that there would be plenty of potatoes in America. Leaving Six-Seas, I talked with Food, who was at the wheel. His mind was on lobsters; nor could I make him think of anything else.

April 15. — I rose this morning, walked across the midshiphouse, turned, and fell on deck. On leaving my cabin I had felt fairly strong, but it seems that the exertion of climbing the ladder and crossing the deck was enough to exhaust me. Andy helped me into my berth, where I have been ever since. I noticed that it was all he could do to support me. He must be quite ill; but he is too much of a man to mention it. When I am ill I moan and bewail my lot like an old woman.

I have been saving three bottles of lime juice for the worst. I opened one to-day, took a good dose, and gave the bottle to Andy to dose the crew.

Second-Return is still able to hold the wheel. He looks much worse than I. I feel like a malingerer, lying in my berth.

April 16. — This is my thirty-third birthday. I felt a little better this morning and went on deck to stand my watch. After a few moments I returned to my berth with difficulty. It is marvelous how Second-Return and Food still stand their watches. Andy says that Six-Seas is no worse.

We drank the second bottle of lime juice to-day.

What odd writing this is in my journal! I can barely read it. My letters slip all over the page; first they are

minute, then as big as a schoolboy's figures. Oh well, many a man has had scurvy and recovered, and in all probability we shall be in San Francisco in three or four days.

April 17. — What a day! Light winds to noon, then a dead calm. Sails booming back and forth, wrenching the masts as though intent on tearing them from the ship. Flocks of gannets paddling about us, waiting for the first scurvy victim to be thrown overboard. I wonder if they are man-eaters. Second-Return's face is blotched and starting to break out in ulcers; but still he stands his trick at the wheel. It fascinates me horribly to watch from my porthole when he is due on deck. Each time I doubt if he will appear; but as the bell sounds he emerges, a gaunt, terrifying skeleton. He staggers aft, grasps the wheel with both hands, braces himself against the wheel-box, and stands his watch without a complaint. The wheel is light now, so he can hold it alone.

When his watch is through and he passes my cabin, I call from the porthole, '*Okirua-tanel*' ('Second-Return the man!') A hollow, painful voice comes from his smiling lips: '*Ropati-tanel*' But I am no man; I am in my berth when I should be on deck.

Drank the last bottle of lime juice to-day.

April 18. — Both Six-Seas and I were able to stand our watches to-day. This proves, as has been proved many times before, the value of lime juice as a scurvy specific.

I stood with Six-Seas, helping him with the wheel. He asked if it is true that all Americans carry revolvers, to shoot from their coat pockets when they meet someone with money. (Glory to the educational movies!) He wanted to know if the *Tagua* sailors would be in danger. I told him to be at ease, for

no one would imagine that a poor Atiu sailor had money. He agreed with me, but added that he would have money, for he could draw over six pounds. I am glad that he can think of something besides food.

April 19. — At 4 A.M. I turned in for the first sleep in twenty-four hours. Captain Thomson left me alone until noon, when he turned me out to start the engine and wear ship. On looking out of my port I found the sky clear for the first time in weeks.

During the afternoon watch we sighted smoke. Shortly after, a San Francisco revenue cutter steamed up, went round our stern to make out who we were, and then hurried away as though disgusted that she should have wasted steam on such an insignificant craft, with nothing but rancid copra and scurvy sailors aboard.

April 20. — Last night, at half-past twelve, we sighted the intermittent glow of the Point Reyes light. It had an odd effect on me. I climbed to the fore hounds and sat there for more than an hour, glancing now and then at the light, but oftener at the sea below me, at the sky, and back along our wake at the great expanse of ocean we were leaving behind.

Now that we were close to land and reasonably certain of being in San Francisco to-morrow, the fear of death at sea left me; I realized that I loved the sea, and took little interest in our arrival in port. I understood that every man aboard this schooner is a man of the sea, and that only the sea can hold any permanent fascination for him. I stared over the stern at the gray moving water of the Pacific. A sense of exultation thrilled through me. Out there I had been very close to death in its ugly reality, and it had terrified me; but now I knew that I should infinitely prefer death in the cold womb of the mother sea to death ashore. The

thought of mother earth brought no response; death must be a return to the womb of the sea.

The dull gray shimmer on the water darkened when a cloud passed overhead. The sea became a brooding monster, terrifying but magnificent. Again, as earlier in the voyage, I ruminated on Kamu's story of burying his friend at sea.

For a moment I visualized myself as Kamu's dead friend: I am sinking into the deep twilight, down to the realm of the last ray of light, on until there is only the secular night of great depths, and on until, miles below the last faint glimmer, the boat's anchor sinks into the marine ooze and I am buoyed, upright, with my head thrown back and my arms raised stiffly above my head, forever! Here is a tomb inviolate, a solitude and a stillness in perpetuity!

We entered the Golden Gate at sundown; but there was little thrill in it for any of us. The sailors stared silently at the barren hills and the bleached white streets of houses set out with mathematical precision. With hardly a glance at the land, Andy talked with the pilot. This man had been a disappointment to me. I had expected a weather-beaten old salt in a pea-coat and a sou'wester; but a fashionably dressed young man had boarded us, with evident disgust, having been rowed over in a varnished dinghy.

'That is the Legion of Honor Building,' the pilot said, pointing to a white pile on top of one of San Francisco's hills. Andy and I glanced at it and then our attention returned to the ship.

'Look, Ropati, how she sails!' he cried. 'How she scuds through the water! We're making nine knots if we're making one!'

'This is the first fine wind we've had since leaving Rarotonga,' I growled.

The pilot started to make a remark about the barracks on Presidio Hill, but old Seaside's senile wail broke in: '*Tagua* aye! She sails! She sails! The wind spans her stern!'

The engine was running wide open, and, though it was blowing great guns, every stitch of canvas was set. The schooner lay steadily on her beam, with her midshiphouse deck lapping the water. She was alive! She leaped through the water, and if she had had a voice she would have shouted with exultation.

Second-Return stood at the wheel, an animated skeleton, with the grin of a dead man across his blotched and emaciated face.

'I wish you would take in sail,' the pilot said, with a glance at the cold, darkening water.

'Take in sail!' Andy cried with unfeigned derision. 'Carry on, you mean! Let the old plug have her head! We'll

tear the masts out of her and save the shipyard a job!' Then, with a wild rush of spirits: '*Tagua* aye! Now she sails! Now she sails! Oh, man! I'm dying already to get out of port and roll down the old Pacific again!'

April 22. — This morning our agent came aboard. When we were seated in the cabin he said, 'I hear you had a pretty bad time of it coming north. Just what kind of passage did you have?'

His words brought to my mind pictures of the hardships and dangers I have related in this journal. I waited for Andy to say something that would surprise the man. But he just leaned back and with entire sincerity said: —

'Oh, about the usual thing: blows and calms and plenty of hard work for all hands. Just the sort of voyage that sailormen have been making in sailing ships for hundreds of years.'

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY—AUGUST 4, 1914

BY E. BAX

I

It does not seem possible that more than fifteen years have passed since that memorable day. Each moment of it is impressed upon the photographic plate of my memory, and needs only the merest hint to snap it back out of the archives of the past into the drama of the present. That day marked the dividing line between the old care-free, happy days of peace and leisurely diplomacy at London and the raucous,

disintegrating, and brutal life of war. For when the sun shone out bright and clear that fourth of August it brought to the English people a stupefying fear that before twelve hours had passed the quiet peace and comfort of years might be shattered and their country plunged into the abyss of a European war.

I was in a curious position, an Englishwoman who had been in the London Embassy for several years doing stenography, typewriting, and all the usual

little chores that fall to the lot of a woman in an office full of men. I thoroughly enjoyed my work, and liked and admired the kind and appreciative Americans with whom I was associated. I did not think of them as foreigners, and in all the years until then I had not had occasion to realize that their political allegiance and sympathies might be different from my own. For the first time that morning I felt a little rift in the lute of perfect unity.

The train that brought me into London from my suburban home was punctual. The only sign of anything untoward was a sentry standing on guard at Clapham Junction, one of the largest railway junctions just outside London. This sentry was the object of much interest on the part of the passengers of the many trains passing by, because of the novelty of seeing a soldier in such a spot. He looked rather forlorn, and there was apparently nothing at all for him to do.

Arrived at Victoria Station, I hurried out with the rest, as it was after nine o'clock, and took my way rapidly down Victoria Street to '123,' the headquarters of so many ministers and ambassadors of the United States, beloved of them all with the exception of Mr. Page, who saw the old building with his eyes instead of with his heart as his predecessors had learned to do. A flagpole outside proclaimed the presence of a foreign embassy, and a plate beside the door confirmed the fact that this was indeed the American Embassy. The porter of the building, who was appropriately and patriotically named George England, admitted me somewhat morosely.

I saw at once the reason for George England's gloom. It was not the usual quiet, dignified scene of diplomacy *in absentia* that greeted my eyes this morning, with the individual letters for each

secretary arranged in neat piles on the table, and friendly sounds of activity off stage. Instead, the vestibule and reception rooms were filled with men and women, all with anxious faces, talking and gesticulating — and one woman in tears. The two messengers, with Mr. Edward Bell, Mr. Gerry Greene, and Mr. Harold Fowler, secretaries of the Embassy, — all early risers during the past week, — were trying to cope with the many demands upon them and stem the tide of almost panic that seemed to be imminent. Every one of the sacred Embassy rules was apparently being broken with impunity. The place was being made into a charitable institution, a telegraph office, a tourist agency, and a steamship office, to say nothing of a nursery for a few children who played on the floors while their mothers were being offered such comfort as was possible. The harassed people had learned that all steamship passages were canceled 'for the present,' and they were frightened and short of money, as the ordinary August Bank Holiday had been extended by the Bank of England for an additional two days to get its finances adjusted. Currency was therefore very scarce, and even the American banks felt the desirability of conserving it.

So here the Americans were, stranded in a foreign land with a war almost in sight and no way to get home. This was more than they had bargained for, coming as they had for relaxation and culture, and they came to the Embassy in the hope that it would be able to bring pressure to bear on the steamship companies to release the ships. The majority of them were good-tempered and patient, but the inevitable few were outspoken in their criticisms of those who permitted such barbaric things as war to happen. Most of them also wanted passports. Now under the

old regulations the Embassy issued passports only to travelers going to Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan States, — governments had n't realized then what a nice little source of revenue was being overlooked, — so as the circumstances were so unusual we had cabled for and received instructions to issue them to any American who desired that form of identification. There were many, also, who came in merely for comfort. They wanted assurances that this catastrophe which seemed to be rushing toward them so inevitably was all a nightmare. This group fussed and fumed, and their sorrows seemed so fatuous and empty in the face of the real tragedies that none of us were as sympathetic as we should have been, I fear. We knew that they were in no particular danger, that they would not suffer from lack of food or lodging, but were actually in the proud position of having front seats near the scene of hostilities without any participation in the war itself.

Pushing my way through the crowds into the room of Mr. Irwin Laughlin, Councilor of Embassy, which I shared, I found my desk covered with official documents which had just come, for it was part of my work to make a record of all these before they were scattered to the various secretaries for attention. The incoming and outgoing correspondence of the last few days had shattered any fond illusions that anyone at the Embassy might have had that, except by a miracle, war could be localized to the Powers immediately concerned, and we all realized that the end of this day would probably find England drawn into this great European conflict which had been in the making for years, but which had been definitely brought up on to the horizon by the assassination of the Austrian Archduke.

The spring of 1914 had been a particularly busy one at the Embassy.

Affairs in Mexico had been none too stable, — the situation between the British and American governments in this matter might indeed have been described as 'delicate,' — and diplomatically there seemed to be a restless feeling of uncertainty in Europe. The season drew along to its conclusion. June came and went and July dawned. The same number of people were presented at the Courts, the same numbers applied for invitations to everything, the usual hundreds wanted tickets to the sessions of Parliament, and the same grumblers came to make complaints. By the beginning of July we were all tired out, and even tempers were worn ragged. The Ambassador was ready to leave town. The secretaries had their plans made for a much-needed rest as soon as the Ascot races were over.

Instead of that, however, ominous mutterings filled the air. I began to index small items in my geographical file under 'Austria and Servia.' Servia had appealed to Russia for aid against Austria, who had sent her an ultimatum demanding certain satisfactions for the murder of the Archduke. Russia told her to accept Austria's demands with the exception of two, which she suggested be brought before the Hague Tribunal. But this did not please Austria. Her Ambassador at Belgrade declared that nothing but complete acceptance would satisfy his government, and at once left Servia for home, which, in diplomatic usage, was tantamount to a declaration of war. All this came pouring in in telegrams, notes, memoranda, of most of the countries, to my desk. All Europe was excited and afraid. Inquiries began to come as to what we should do 'if war came.' We began to hurry off communications and inquiries to the American embassies on the Continent, vaguely fearing that something might happen

to prevent their safe delivery. The Ambassador instructed the secretaries to tell all American visitors very quietly and without arousing their alarm that they had better make plans to go home at once. Everybody carried out the orders, but did it so tactfully that I doubt if one single American canceled his proposed trip to the Continent or shortened by even one day his stay in England until the newspaper accounts became so alarming that they told their own story.

In the last week of July events moved fast toward war. By July 29 Austria was bombarding Belgrade, Belgium had ordered mobilization in self-defense, Germany had recalled her High Seas Fleet, and the British Navy had canceled all leave. That same day Russia began a mobilization of her troops — purely a precautionary one on her southern border, she said. But this put Germany's back up and she sent an ultimatum to Russia to demobilize and asked for her assent by August 1. The same day Germany inquired whether England intended to remain neutral. On July 31 Sir Edward Grey asked Germany and France whether they intended to respect the neutrality of Belgium according to treaty. France agreed to do so, but Germany did not reply, and on August 1 declared war with Russia. Again on August 3 the British Government inquired if Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and gave her until midnight of August 4 to reply. If no answer was forthcoming by then, England would declare war.

II

Conscious as I was, therefore, that morning, of impending tragedy, I had the routine of the day to keep me from thinking. Opening my desk, I set to work to index the incoming corre-

spondence. A request from the Foreign Office to restrict our use of the cable to messages absolutely necessary; an inquiry about one of the ships in a German harbor; a notification that a certain consul's appointment was satisfactory; a cable from Washington asking us to secure the arrest of a certain man wanted by the State of Pennsylvania for forgery, and his return to the United States; one or two replies from the Foreign Office to questions asked on behalf of certain government departments of the United States; a reply from Washington to our inquiry as to whether anything was being done by the United States to promote peace on the Continent; and several telegrams from prominent people in America asking us to look after their various friends and relatives supposed to be in London.

By the time these were all indexed, Mr. Laughlin arrived, very worried at things in general, — as the entire responsibility for the carrying on of the executive part of the Embassy was his, — and harassed by the crowds of people through which he had to pass on his way in, many of whom recognized him and wanted to know the latest news. Almost on his heels came Ambassador Page, who also with some difficulty forced his way in and into his own room. There Mr. Laughlin joined him, with the day's correspondence in his hand, but, apparently without stopping to read it, Mr. Page came out again after a few minutes, made his way into the reception room, and began to make a speech to the assembled visitors. His cheery manner at once had a profound effect on their drooping spirits, and his common-sense attitude stabilized the atmosphere. He said that if war did come there was nothing for them to be afraid of, that their interests would be safeguarded in every way, and that he would do what-

ever he could to get them home as soon as possible. He asked those who had not come for anything special to leave, so that the work of the Embassy — which he assured them was of grave importance — could be attended to without delay. In reply to an agitated lady who said that her passage had been canceled, and several repetitions of the same story, Mr. Page said that undoubtedly the ships would sail again in a few days, but that if it looked as though there might be any lengthy delay he would ask the American Government to send transports and money to take its people home.

Later in the morning Mr. Page repeated his cheerful words to a new crowd, many of whom had had some measure of difficulty in reaching England from the Continent, but, although some of them left, there remained a stolid group who seemed to feel safe under their own flag in their own Embassy, and could not be persuaded to go. They sat in every corner, on the tables, and even on the narrow stone staircase that led to the second floor — to the great annoyance of numbers of naval and military officers who went up and down to consult the attachés upstairs. Every time a secretary went through the hall he was surrounded and questioned, and I was even called upon from time to time when one of my own sex developed hysterical tendencies.

A telephone call from the German Embassy brought Mr. Laughlin hastily back to his room out of the clutches of a despondent gentleman who said he simply *must* sail. 'Yes, this is Laughlin. Yes, we have already promised to look after things. But are you certain that you will go? The German Government has until midnight to answer the British ultimatum.' But the members of the German Embassy seemed sure that no answer would be forthcoming, and wished to assure themselves that their

people and their property would be taken care of by their American colleagues until the war was over. They informed Mr. Laughlin that Germans of military age were leaving as fast as they could, and that most of their officials and archives would go with the Ambassador as soon as war was an actual fact. The Ambassador would leave to-night, then? asked Mr. Laughlin. Oh, no. He could not cross the North Sea at night. It would be too dangerous. He must cross in the daytime, under a flag of truce; so he would not leave until to-morrow at the very earliest. They said also that there would still be many Germans left, especially women and children who might need protection, and would the Embassy take care of them? Mr. Laughlin, on behalf of Mr. Page, repeated the desired assurance, as he had also done previously when Austria asked the same assistance.

The Foreign Office had also inquired the day before if the American Embassy at Berlin would look after British people and interests in Germany, and Mr. Page consented to do so. He realized, of course, that all this would mean a great additional amount of work and responsibility, this looking after enemies in enemy countries, but he knew also, what turned out to be a fact, that the American diplomatic service would accept the situation calmly and do splendid work, helping to make this war in that particular respect more civilized than any of its predecessors. In the old days there would have been short shrift for civilian enemies caught in the meshes of war, but the twentieth century does some things more humanely.

III

Troubles with our 'adopted responsibilities' developed immediately. Dur-

ing the morning a hysterical Austrian lady appeared, sent by the Austrian Ambassador. It appeared that her husband, a German, had left his hotel, she had not seen him since, and she feared he might have been arrested to prevent his leaving England. It developed that this gentleman was an agent of the Krupp Company of Germany, and had waited just a little too long before making his get-away. The British Government had the gentleman safe and sound, and were not disposed to release him, although the lady promised in his behalf to leave his files behind. It reminded us of a visit which a group of Krupp agents had made to England only a few months before to see some of the military establishments. It seemed foolhardy, this showing off of new military inventions to a foreign competitor, but, with guile that Americans will understand, the programme was arranged with a full appreciation of certain little German weaknesses. The party always managed to arrive at their destination at mealtime, and before any tour of inspection could be made an exhaustive banquet had to be partaken of, with much wine and speech-making, after which the delegates, dazed with too much food and oratory, were permitted to make their observations, in the complete confidence that they would understand very little of the very little they were permitted to see.

The morning also brought in many prominent American business men, who, realizing that a crisis was upon them and that they could n't get home for the present, came to offer their services. They were splendid sports, and rallied round the Ambassador with touching docility and good humor. They volunteered to be dispatch bearers, clerks, to make out passports, do anything. The Ambassador accepted their services most thankfully, and at once suggested that they secure a place

where Americans could forgather away from the Embassy, so that the regular diplomatic work could be done without further interruption. This was something they could do without any diplomatic training, and do excellently, so within a few hours the American Citizens Relief Committee was established and going strong at the Hotel Savoy, where it maintained headquarters for two or three months, issued daily bulletins of interest to Americans, later took over the whole passport department with one of the Embassy secretaries in charge, and kept us from being flooded with homesick tourists.

One or two American diplomats, who had recently arrived from America en route for their posts, and who had planned a day or two's recreation in London, made hasty arrangements to continue their journey. Among these was Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Ambassador to Italy, who left hoping to get as far as Paris by train, after which he expected to have to cross the Alps to Rome by motor. We saw him go with many misgivings, not knowing how he would make out, for there was no certainty that on some lonely Alpine highway he would not be requested to get out of his car, and find himself watching the back of it fade from sight in the hands of a group of soldiers. He had only his diplomatic rank to protect him. A former Third Secretary at London, Mr. Sheldon Crosby, on his way from Washington to Madrid, was due to reach London any day, and Mr. Page had determined to commandeer his services, if possible, to help with the passport business, which grew from hour to hour.

By lunch time he had almost exhausted the blank passport forms and had sent an urgent telegram for more. Cables from the United States inquiring for absent friends began to come thick and fast, many saying that money

would be forwarded, if needed, for specific people — usually those who did not need it. These cables piled up, for there was no one to do anything with them. We had no one to send scouting over London to find these tourists, and as we knew they were safe if they had reached England we left them to take care of themselves. If they wanted anything they would undoubtedly show up, and later the Relief Committee could find them. We also did not bother about enlisting the assistance of the police in securing the arrest of the American fugitive from justice wanted by the State of Pennsylvania, for if the British police caught him they would be under the necessity of providing him with food and lodging for an indefinite time, as no one, not even a criminal, could be transported back until the steamships sailed again, and we did not want to inflict any additional troubles upon the British authorities just then.

The afternoon wore away, with Americans still flocking in. Outside, the crowds streamed by, newspaper boys calling extras pushed their way hither and thither and did a roaring trade, buses filled with anxious-eyed people lumbered by, and little groups of reservists marched along, very conscious of their uniforms and their impending glory. A sound of martial music brought us rushing to the front window for a moment's respite. Swagging along, in full marching equipment, was one of the most famous Irish regiments, with cheering crowds marching along beside the soldiers. The excitement was tremendous. We did not know where they were going, and neither, it turned out, did they. They had imagined, it appeared, that they were on their way to the war and were to be the first regiment sent across. But it turned out that they were only being transferred from one barracks to another. When they discovered the

truth their wrath boiled over with characteristic Irish thoroughness, and another regiment had to be called out to pacify these impatient would-be heroes.

The Ambassador returned, looking stern and anxious, about four o'clock, from a brief call at the Foreign Office, and shut himself into his room to write a cable dispatch to Washington. It was very quiet and peaceful in this room, with its heavy carpet and the pictures of his predecessors staring down at him from the walls. He was tired and ill at ease, and very conscious of his responsibility for these thousands of Americans cut off from home by an ocean three thousand miles wide, whom he could n't protect. He remembered with a shudder that it was the belief of the experts that Germany's first naval move against England would be to send her ships into the Atlantic Ocean, and that this attempt could be expected immediately after war was declared. In their opinion a naval battle might well be fought during the coming night which would decide the fate of the British and German navies in a few hours. Sir Edward Grey had told Mr. Page officially that war would actually be declared at midnight if no answer was forthcoming from Germany. Mr. Page must now report this and his anxieties to the Secretary of State, and ask for the assistance and money that he would need to do the stupendous task which was just beginning. He felt conscious of failure, the failure of the diplomacy he stood for, to ward off this terrible thing that was impending, and he knew that he must try to convey in his cable some indication of the disorganization, terror, and chaos that surrounded him, and his sympathy with all those who would be victims in the cruel strife.

He sat there in his chair quite still a long time, this foreigner looking on at

a tragedy that was not his, but with which he was so closely linked. He understood what unwelcome guests his fellow countrymen must be just now in a country faced with war to the death, and tried to see how he could show Washington as exactly as possible how best to get them out of the dilemma. Finally he began to write, and page after page of his beautiful, even handwriting was placed face downward in perfect order as he finished it — as orderly as the thoughts that he strove to clothe in appropriate and burning words. His rather tragic face — which always reminded me somewhat of Lincoln's — reflected his sombre thoughts, and the feeling of the reflective mood was intensified by the sacrificial spirals of smoke which rose unheeded from a cigar smouldering by his side. His secretary came and went noiselessly, glancing at him affectionately, and letting in a buzz of eager conversation every time he opened and closed the door. But Mr. Page heard nothing. He was completely absorbed, and the room itself was the only oasis of quiet in the whole turbulent Embassy.

IV

Twilight and evening came late, as they do in England in August. The staff worked on unceasingly at the official business which had been so delayed all day, callers themselves grew fewer and fewer, and the Ambassador finally left for the night after a cheerful word to his busy helpers, and a hearty 'Thank you.' By this time it was beginning to be realized by the general public that no answer was coming from Germany. The streets grew almost impassable with people all intent on being in front of the Houses of Parliament or Buckingham Palace when the great moment arrived. Poor things, how could they know, mere human

atoms in the clutches of a violent emotion, what was in store for their country and their loved ones? They were filled with a clanging, rather cheap, false gayety, whistling perhaps to keep up their courage. Girls and boys with linked arms marched merrily, the boys almost unconsciously trying to pull away as the inherited instincts aroused by the thoughts of war made them long to be gone, while the girls almost unconsciously tried to restrain them. Older men and women with anxious faces passed along, with more understanding. They were not carried away by this glamorous aspect of war. They had seen other wars. Their loved ones had come back to them before wounded and wasted. Some had never come back. But these thoughtful ones were in the minority. Every bus was loaded with sight-seers. There was some horse-play, some air of holiday because something unusual was astir, some boasting about 'poor old Fritz and what 'e 'ad comin' to 'im, pore old chap,' and a good deal of drinking. It would be a quick war, over in a very few months, and there was nothing much to worry about.

I went out for a hasty supper about ten o'clock. Every restaurant was full, bands playing bravely, to the same assortment of gay and serious people. A steady stream of others went by, flocking toward Buckingham Palace, and the light on top of Big Ben announced to the world that Parliament was still sitting, and that, probably at that very moment, while they were waiting for the final answer, a debate was going forward that might change English history forever. The scene in the streets showed that mixture of sublime and ridiculous which makes life for the interested observer so everlastingly thrilling.

The Embassy looked untidy and almost tawdry as I came in about 10.30,

with papers scattered everywhere, a feeling of dead air, and a silk hat perched rakishly on the head of the sculptured Miss Liberty, giving her a ribald and unladylike appearance. The hum of typewriters clicking upstairs in the headquarters of the naval and military attachés proclaimed them still at work, and in the messengers' office cables were being prepared in cipher for dispatch to Washington. My desk was piled with new things to be done, and Mr. Laughlin sat at his absorbed in a dispatch in which he was attempting to convey some sense of the general events to a far-off government. He did not even glance up. He had a power of concentration sometimes that I envied, for in all my work that day I had been almost carried away with the drama of my position there in the midst of history in the making, and seeing it from the point of view of another country which was not concerned in it for the time being except as a spectator. I was also apprehensive, discouraged, and swamped in a sort of sloppy sentimental patriotism which was absurd and destructive. I could not command my complete attention in the way Mr. Laughlin did, for my ears were tuned to the noises outside and my spirits were sinking as the hours drew on to midnight.

Eleven o'clock, then twelve — zero hour, with no news. The streets blazed with light, most of the population seemed to be out of doors this beautiful summer night, and an air of expectancy

pervaded everything. Our telephone rang a few times during that last hour, and I jumped nervously, but it was only newspaper men asking for news, or anxious wives inquiring for erring diplomatic husbands who had entirely overlooked their dinner. The pile of work grew less. We were all tired, and it was a final relief when the Ambassador's secretary let himself in just after midnight, although the news he brought was bad. He had just come from outside of Buckingham Palace, where he had heard the news of war. He had seen the King and Queen respond to the overwhelming demonstrations of faith and patriotism, and had joined with the crowd in singing 'God Save the King.' In the face of the inevitable, we decided that our slight efforts could now make very little difference, and that, as this was but the beginning of terrible days, we had better conserve our strength for the future.

As I opened the front door to let myself out, a Foreign Office special messenger handed me a note, marked 'Immediate,' addressed to the Ambassador. With it in my hand I walked quickly back and handed it to Mr. Laughlin, standing by while he read it. It was the official declaration: —

'The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs presents his compliments to the American Ambassador, and begs to inform His Excellency that a state of war exists between His Majesty's Government and that of Germany.'

War had begun.

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

Part Three

BY HOWELL VINES

I

A DAY or two passed, and in the morning one of the memorable things of the summer happened. Upon rising, I walked to my little porch. There I stooped. This time I stooped for a katydid wing. It was a tiny thing, I know, but it was one of the little things of the summer which meant so much. I pulled my chair to the porch, propped my feet high against a pine and the hickory, and looked at the wing. My world informed by the Warriors was partly in that wing.

I opened my small black trunk and put the wing in the book with the turtle-dove wing feathers. It would probably be given to Halma, and we would look at it together, summers to come. The passion for Halma and the creative passion profited by a thing like this.

It set me to thinking how dusk wrapped with earth all along the Warriors; and how, after this was over, the night and earth wrapped for hours at a time. And the katydid song was the best voice of all this. With this voice closing with my imagination, I often walked as one hunting a golden cow horn or a golden cow hoof. The best thing I could do in such predicaments was to walk to the river.

That afternoon I drove, with Halma, from Hueytown to the river.

After touching and gazing at the great beeches, poplars, and white oaks

I had the other day decided for her to see and touch with me, we walked the old wagon-road way to the top of the great bluff of Land's End, our future home place.

We sat on a rock under the oaks and elms.

Two redbirds flew over us and darted the Big Warrior into a wildness of willows on the other side.

Halma was wearing a beautiful dress the color of the female redbird with tinges of black and white. Her lips that day held a natural stain the color of the rooster redbird. When she pressed them with her teeth or when I pressed them, they changed to myrtle-red, then pink — and back again.

I said: 'Grandpa says he thinks of us and this place every time he sees or hears a redbird, a bluebird, a turtle-dove, and sometimes when he sees a catbird, a brown thrush, — or thrasher, as he says, — or a mocking bird. He says he thinks of us and this bluff whenever one of these birds crosses his mind. He says that I want to lead their kind of life with you and that I think this place will be the best in the world for it. He further says he hopes we'll be that happy here a long time, and that we're so much alike, according to all he's heard, that we ought to satisfy each other just like two of these birds. He knows what he's talking about.'

'And your kisses are as masterful and wonderful as the redbird and its dart.

They are in taste and feeling, as you say about mine, just like the redbird in looks and movements. Yes, that's it. When we kiss, the redbird's song is made flesh. How do you like that? Do I love you well enough? Ah, Hal, I want to live like that here with you. I would love it a thousand years, and then on and on. The rivers there never grow tired of fusing, of forking. That's the way I want my being to always join yours, though you did teach me the notion.'

The fine river boat *Demopolis* swung into the Big River, coming down the Little River from Birmingham, and headed downstream for Mobile, four hundred and eighteen miles away, and perhaps on to New Orleans, maybe to Galveston or Houston.

I said, 'Now, why do I stay alone in a cabin on the river? Of course I like it of itself. But really, why do I do it?'

She combed my hair with her right hand and fingers, held to an elm with her left hand, and smiled into my face.

'I know,' she said.

'Why, besides for your sake and my love for you, did I prefer the Warrior country to all England this summer? Why do I want to live where I can see the rivers any day?'

She pressed her lips to my forehead, and the cool of the day had come. She nursled me to her breasts.

'Do you think I don't know what you are doing?' she asked, as she shook my shoulders as one shakes a young fruit tree.

'Well, what?'

'You're writing.' She held me and shook my body as I have held and shaken slender young poplars, and she added, 'Now tell me how you're getting along.'

'Yes. But I'm only writing notes. I'm getting along well at that. . . .

'Halma!'

'Hal!'

'Some few among the many have in them a something that is an impulse, an urge, an inspiration, a passion, to go farther than the negative state of being, the impermanent state, that is the average human state in this Here and Now. This world is worth something, it's hard to say how much, or no one would want to go beyond the impermanence and the negative. And that little swallow of life Grandpa talks about, and we've talked about, is as sweet as the taste of a turtledove to Grandma, else no one would try to get to the source of the bubble that is a human being and its life. And it's those who have a superb taste for it, or at least an abnormal thirst for it, as I have a taste for figs and an abnormal thirst for spring water when I am sick, who try to get to the source and follow the course and destiny of the bubble that is their being and its life.

'I'm on fire with that passion, urge, impulse, inspiration, or whatever it is, and that fire will last my being throughout all the days of its impermanence Here and Now. It's mere fancy, I think, that talks of writing in heaven. And I have been that way all the time. I think I have the trace and the course of the bubble of my being, and of another being — I mean yours. And in searching existence and being and nature along the ranges of our beings I will naturally encounter much other human substance and all necessary stuff and substance of earth, of nature, of the general fund of life. In the permanence of the other and even less nebulous world of the two, or three, Warriors that we talked about here the other day, there will be no need or call for me to write. But here it is different. Now and Here the only way I can answer that pull in me is to write. And write I must, else I'd rather die. And, my being ordered and made up as it is, I am a lost soul if I am not a genius,

from the way it has always been with me, a major genius.

'Now you can see why I need the right one of the other sex in such a complete and permanent way. With our beings and their ranges going together, I can realize double. And I need you that much. And I'm that proud I have you. And this territory of my being — and I here count yours mine, too — comes entirely from the Warrior world, is informed by these rivers. That's why I need to be where I can look at or go to the Warriors most any time. I must create a world of my own from the place informed by the Warriors.'

'I suspected this of you the second time I ever saw you and heard you talk, and the next time I knew it on you. And you've been this way a long time, and I'm the only one who knows now.'

'Of course you did, just as I realized what I had found in you at those early encounters. You're the only one who knows, though there are a few others who may suspect in a small way. But I've never opened my mouth definitely to anybody before this. I've been wanting something, waiting for something. I've been as hopeless and forlorn without the right girl-being as one of those birds that remind Grandpa of us would be in the same fix. Of course I've needed more maturity than I've had for prose. But that something I lacked, a girl-being I could match in my human and creative way, as the turtle-doves I'm always scaring up on the roads match each other in their way. And you are the girl-being — my woman, as Grandpa calls you. Halma, you're good to me. As for teaching — well, it's not too good to talk about, as Grandpa often says about things; it is, rather, not worth talking about as long as I can keep from it. And I never studied anything in college but some literature courses that was worth a cent.'

In a low voice she talked over me and leaned toward the river. And, though her words were, to me, somewhat muffled, I heard them distinctly: 'You do love for me to nurse your head in my lap! And there's nothing else like it on earth for me. I'm sorry for any girl who does not know such a joy with the right man. I'm now searching and getting as close to the source and knowing the range of my being, the drift of things that touch me, as, I believe, anybody can.'

'I'm glad you waited no longer to tell me about this, though I did n't want to press you. It's just such an unheard-of thing in these parts, this seriousness of yours, that you're bashful. And you believe in the importance of your own genius so much that you are timid over it, being young and not having really started yet. Yet you started when your life began. Now we'll make the other start together. I want to help you more than anything else in the world. I shall give you all my strength and all that's me all the days of my life.'

'There, now. You've missed the red-birds. They're down on the side of the bluff. But you don't have to see them unless you want to. I never in the world thought that you'd refuse to look at redbirds. But that refusal tells me something of how you love me. I knew at first that it was no ordinary human being I had met. I don't want to do anything or be anything but to live with you and be that girl-being you're glad you've found. I'll be glad when you can live as you wish, when you can quit teaching, — for you don't like it, — when you can do what you want to do. Now, with one eye, you can see the river, and you can talk to me.'

'Halma, my territory, my country, was once Grandpa's domain. It is his old realm, still a large part his. He was not merely its king, but its god. He did n't send the rain and the dew, the

frost and the snow, the thunder and the lightning and the rainbow, but lots of his people thought he had something to do with it, or did n't know but what he did. He did n't run the rivers, change the seasons, bring on dusk and night, or produce the sunset and the sunrise, but some of them did n't know but what he did. Some of them did n't know but what he controlled solitary or nesting birds seen in the fields and woods. You know how it was, for I've told you lots.'

'What a background! What a setting! And we're going to live in your pick of this old realm. I understand what you mean when you say you want to give the place and its life and at the same time something more than that, something more than the place and its life and at the same time the place and its life. There's no other scene in your mind than your grandfather's old realm and its environs. And the rivers actually inform it in your mind as we see they do everywhere we go. The place is yours in your way as much as it has been your grandpa's in his way. And, from all accounts, it really has been his.

'I realize a little about what you owe to that tremendous old man. But he does n't know; and I hope — and I know you do more than I do — that he lives to realize it. I want your writing to be as wonderful and great as his talk, and I think it will; your books to be alive as he is alive, as beautiful and mysterious as his woods world, and informed by the Warriors he's loved a long time. I know you're going to master this little world in your own way as he did in his way. Hal, the sun is setting in a heavenly garden of morning-glory colors just across the river in the woods. Are you going to miss that too? I like to mean so much to you. I want always to mean as much to you as I do now.'

We walked down the old wagon-road way at the other end of the bluff, the end opposite the coniferous woods and at the spot where I was going to build a cabin to take her to. On one of the foothills of the bluff, in a small green old field part, I said, 'That chinaberry tree is the sign of an old house place. That was the site of one of Grandpa's houses and was used by his people.'

Walking up the Cook Hill, we reached the Ford, and then drove the old forsaken main road to the top of the Little River Bluff at Land's End. There was a katydid intensity about the place when we arrived. When we left, it was getting dark, and the whoo owls were hollering in near-by hollows. Before we reached the main road, we heard a scrootch owl, as my grandfather calls them, and some night bird brushed my face, only to escape instantly into the woods.

II

Afternoon, and August was ready to go, and I walked with the old man to his horse and mule lot. He wanted to shuck some corn for his brood sows. On the peach-orchard path to the lot he looked toward the Spring Branch Hollow, saw some white oaks, and observed that the acorn crop was a failure.

'But ain't there a fine prospect for corn?' he went on. 'It's the best I've seed in twenty years. That'll make up for the scarce mast crop. You don't know how proud I am to see the folks making good crops of corn. It pleases me, for corn means something to our class of people. Last year when we did n't make much corn I did n't mind it myself, for I've got enough for the children to squabble over when I die. Yes, I've got enough to live on the balance of my days, corn or no corn. But I study a lot about other people. You don't know how I study about

other people. It hurts me all over and through and through to see the other people without corn. And some of them need a milk cow lots of times to keep life going. You don't know how many poor families I've helped out that way. I like to see people well fed in the belly and in the heart. That's the way I am about it. Yes, that's what it takes to answer the jumps that go on and on in a human being.'

We entered the lot, looked around and talked before opening the crib door. It looked like rain. The old man's small graveyard was just outside the fence from the crib, situated in an old field spot. The Lot Hollow headed in two places near by; and in these prongs a man could sink his mind as he passed on my grandfather's road.

I observed that I had been to the muscadine vines at the large pines in one of these starting places for the Lot Hollow. He let his eyes follow in another direction along the horse path to a watering spring. The Apple Orchard Hollow checked his view, and he talked. 'Yes, the muscadines seem to have failed as well as the acorns. We had a late spring. And I'm sorry, because my woman loves them so good. I don't care anything about them myself; but she's the craziest thing over them. You don't know how she does like such things. Even now she'll slip away like a girl and gather muscadines and things. When she leaves that way and I don't know where she is, I know that she's in the woods at something like that, or looking for a cow with a young calf, or at the smokehouse, or in the garden or the orchard.'

We leaned our arms against the plank fence. He said, 'I'm going to tell you something you don't know. I found her one day under a muscadine vine. She had been looking for one of her mother's cows that had a young calf. I remember it just as well. The

vine was a big one and was right at the head of Black Creek at a spring, where one prong of the creek heads. And the vine got away from the ground in several ways, and was in several trees. I'm seeing the chestnut, and pine, and black gum, and white oak it made black with muscadines now. "Oh, they're as good as you ever tasted," she said. I liked them all right then. And them was the sweetest muscadines I ever put my tongue to.

'Right then and there at that spring way off in the woods we fixed up the wedding. I'd been marking wild hogs in the woods. I was getting my start in things all I could before I ever left home for my own home. Now was n't that some way to fix up a wedding? Her mother did n't want her orphan child of Valley Creek, Rock Creek, and Black Creek to see the bad boy from the river. I was a cutter.' His eyes glittered. 'Yes, I'll tell you the truth, I did kiss her a few times as we eat muscadines. But we did n't do much of that before we married. We did n't have the chance. Young folks married in a hurry in them days when they got to hugging and kissing. God A'mighty! She was sweeter than any stalk of ribbon cane a boy ever stole; and I was raving distracted till I got her off down here at the Indian Spring to our own house and our own bed and quilts and blankets.

'Ah, hush. Let's not talk any more about them days now. They're gone and they're too good to talk about. We can think of them just before we go to sleep. If I'll ask you for the truth, will you tell me?'

'Yes, I'll try to.'

'Do you ever have a last thought right before you go to sleep when that girl's not in it?'

'No, I never do.'

'Thank you for the compliment. Thank you, sir, thank you, for telling

the truth. Thank you again, my young gobbler. Thank you for speaking that word. I'm mighty proud you're going to marry that girl. I'm not afraid of my breed with you and her together.'

We shucked corn and it rained, and I was kept busy with seeing how the great woods down the river way looked in the rain. I sat in the door, and there were cheer and meditation in that hard rain. 'I'll just be dogged,' he said. 'You're letting as old a man as I am shuck it all while you look at the water run in the sand bed and fall on the woods. Yes, of course it makes you have good thoughts. And a corn crib does, too. Ain't the woods fine? I live on high land, if you did n't but know it; but it's such a fine sloping of little hills from the mail box on the big road to the river at Raymond's that a man will let some of that slip him if he don't notice.'

'I own the greatest heaven the Indians had. All in there where you are going to take your woman for the good life is where the Indians had a mussel-eating and fishing town. I love fish as well as they did. There's something wrong with a man who lives in these woods if he's not crazy about fish from our rivers and squirrels from our woods. The Indians kept the woods cleaned out all around where I live. They did n't want the small trees and undergrowth, for they had to live on deer meat. They could shoot deer better with nothing but large trees in the way.'

'You can't see an acre of earth in all this green you see from here and at the house, and at the Old Indian Spring where my niggers live, and up at the Old School House Place, and all along this road, that I did n't use to own — lock, stock, and barrel. And it was that way on the big bluffs you go to so much, on that one where you're going to take your woman. Back then nobody else owned a foot anywhere near Glaze Creek, from the big spring where it

starts to the river. That's just a sample. You remember a lot about it, and I still own a plenty to call it the "Old Man Lat" part of the world. Yes, you know that's what it is as well as I do. But not like it used to be, not the tenth part.'

We sat and loafed at our corn shucking, and looked through the crib door, and it continued to rain.

I said, 'Yes, the answer to a thousand questions I want to know gets away from me and passes on just about as a redbird does when it darts the road ahead of my Ford. But all the answers are in my range just as the redbird is for a little while.'

'It does beat all, the way everything is. Your whole body's heart and feeling, my young gobbler. I was always like that. It's good and it's bad. I used to think so hard over the mystery of it all that I'd fall down over logs as I walked through the woods and along the rivers. I butted a big beech that way one time. And I actually like to have pondered myself to death one time on old Robin. It was one night at midnight when I crossed the river at the Double Branch Ford, and the river was full and swimming. But swimming the river was like stepping in the stable at night to my horses. They did n't mind it a bit more. I used to love to cross the river at night at any of the fords or ferries on a dozen or more of my famous saddle horses. I believe the Lord got to me that way more than any other way. I got on to the secrets of the Supreme Being at times that way, or it seemed that I did catch some of them. Well, that night I almost solved it all. But it would drop from me and leave me just as I was ready to catch it and hold it the rest of my life. I thought it might come to me and stay with me sometime at midnight out in the middle of the river on my good saddle horse. That was one reason

along with others why I'd cross the river every night about midnight going from one cropper's house to another.

'I never did tell anybody about one night at the Cook Ford there close to where you're going to live with that girl. But, for that matter, I never did breathe it to anybody else about the time at the Double Branch Ford, not even to your grannie. But you've got a little sense, and you'll understand. Well, the river was up and I was on old Prince. As I let him have his way across the river that dark night, I thought I had the answer to all things. I had a thousand thoughts and they all seemed to get together like a covey of partridges. If they'd have stayed together, I'd have had the answer to everything all these years. Everything was clear as a calf's eye. I snapped my fingers all the way across the river and held it with me. I believe that if the river had been a little wider, or if I had switched the horse and made the way longer, I could have held the great thing in my mind and fixed it there root and all for good. But the river was full and that would n't have been safe, though I've wished ever since that I had done it. I ought to have done it, the way everything was.

'It was one of these things that just happen, the way I let it get away from me. I let my horse leave the swift and swimming Little River just a little way from where it got to the Big River. Then, with a few bobs and a dart like a rooster redbird's dart, everything left me and I was just ordinary. No, I was n't ordinary, for I always did live my life in such a way that all such things was forever and eternally bobbing around me like a big bass bobbing a cork or a fly, or like a rooster redbird darting around his mate when he's tending to her. I always did believe that I could have held it if old Prince had been swimming the Big River that

night instead of the Little River. That has never quit worrying me.

'Now, son, that's some samples of how the rivers have always handled me. There's something in them that way.'

'Maybe I can,' I said, 'catch it and hold it when I live with Halma and the redbirds down there on the Big Bluff you're going to let me have when I build and take her there. That's about where it struck up with you.'

'You may do it. I always did believe it would come to some man on the Warrior River. And you're the best bet I know of or ever heard of. You've got more stuff like that that I've got than anybody else. And you'll be right there over both rivers and three river ways. You'll need to make this whole world in here yours in some strange way. It was actually mine. The way everything is now I would n't expect you to own it and run it as I did. But in some strange, mysterious way I believe you're going to do it. I'm mighty proud my girl had you. I'm so glad I don't know what to do. And I'm proud you've got that girl, for you'll need her, and I know you are. And I know she is, for she'll always need you. Her old granddaddy was one of my best friends — older than I was, you know, and as foolish about me as I was him. I got lots of land from him when I first started to rise, one of my tracts across the river that you look out over when you're on that Big Bluff at Land's End.'

We walked the watery peach-orchard path towards the house, and it had ceased raining. The late cold snap had killed the peaches, and I had heard that while I was in Texas. Under the walnut trees against the yard palings we had more talk as he looked to a chicken he had up to kill. As the chicken ate the corn, he went on.

'Ah, just hush, for horseback riding on the horses I had is too good to talk

about. When I was in my prime, if I had had to start out in some direction and in some way find heaven, and knowed I could do it, I'd have had one of my hands catch out and saddle my horse. And I'd have started out from the front gate on old Grover, old Prince, old Governor, old Bob, old King, old Russell, old Robin, old Blackbird, or old Redbird. Them was, I reckon, my best saddle horses over the forty years or more I completely run things in here.

'Then I'd just have made the horse swim or ford the Little River at every ford. My round might not have ended till I crossed the Big River at Snow's Ferry, Taylor's Ferry, Richardson's Ferry, and Franklin's Ferry. There I'd have talked with the ferrymen and have had a drink of good whiskey or brandy with them from my saddle jug. I'd have lost my mind to the good of it all and have let drop the bad of it all on my horse and at the river. Then I'd have felt like and thought for a little while that I was riding a horse in heaven and fording and ferrying its two rivers. That was always my best relief when I had trouble or got bothered. I'd just get on my horse and head for the river. Then I'd ford it somewhere.'

III

The last Sunday, and post-oak leaves were getting brown and falling, and we drove down the Big River way. It was in the afternoon and warm, and Halma wore a myrtle-colored dress. In the time of the trip we saw the Big River at a place where early in the summer we had seen it with Berta. We saw the homes of numerous woodlanders, and several old deserted home places. At practically all of these house places of the past and the present our eyes were held by myrtle bushes in full bloom. Myrtle bushes we had associated with our summer together, noticing them

often on about every trip, whether traveling a main road or a shaded forsaken road.

Once on this trip of the last Sunday we stopped at an old house place and gathered myrtle blooms sparingly. Three old myrtle bushes, two piles of chimney rocks, and an old dug well were left to tell a story of human beings who had lived on that spot. This place, I knew, had been sold to the Steel Corporation — 'to the Company,' as the natives always say. I fixed up a bunch of the pink kind for Halma, and they matched her dress at her breasts almost to exactness. I broke a few of the red kind from the broken smaller bush, and they matched her mouth splendidly. I shall never forget the way she looked with her right-sized slenderness, the lively lavender of her face, neck, and throat, her subtle hands, her dark hair, and her deep, great blue eyes — as she stood on that red chert road and held the flowers in her hands, against her dress, against the rare color of her body.

I had never broken myrtle limbs before. Somehow the human hands of the native woodlander leave these blossoms alone. It was, she said, the first bunch she had, that she remembered, held in her hands. The myrtle bloom is left to its stock much after the fashion that I let turtledoves fly away unharmed. I might, though, kill a turtledove from a gang for Halma and not mind it. In this mood I broke the small flowered limbs that day; in the same way she received them.

At this old home place one of my mother's brothers had, I knew, courted and almost married, in turn, three sisters, three of the famous beauties of the Warrior country for all time, it is said. I talked to Halma of this, and spoke of how my grandfather's famous buggy mares and saddle horses — not the old man's private saddle horse, but the best besides — had been hitched

time and again at this place. Afterwards on the main road to Hueytown we passed the present homes of these three girls, all married to native woodlanders and raising normal families. Myrtles bloomed gorgeously in the three front yards of these three women, the slender, dark-haired beauties of a period earlier than mine. When they were at Halma's stage in age my grandfather was still the actual god of a green woods world. And then, as now, a myrtle bush went with old home places.

Not many, if any, courtships have taken place in these river parts without the myrtle being in them ahead of all yard flowers, as the honeysuckle, the dogwood, and the redbud were in them ahead of other wild flowers. The myrtle blooms when all other flowers have finished. When the others play out, there is the pink or red crêpe-like glory of this bush. Almost every girl in the land, four out of five of them dark-haired, has been near a myrtle bush as she gave her heart away to a lover of the green world. One of my grandmothers links the myrtle, along with her old-fashioned lily bushes, with the walnut, and together they signify her home place. The other grandmother holds them in mind with her oaks and her famous old rose bushes, and these growths together mean her home on earth. The mother or the father, or both, of any native of these necks of the woods, these shaded, retired, seemingly deserted necks of the world, may be gone and the home place may have passed into other hands, but the myrtle will not be lacking. The old dug well and the cellar may be filled up, the old fruit trees may have died and disappeared, and even the chimney rocks may have been hauled away, but the myrtle, though perhaps a mere stub fast rooted in the earth, will not be missing. . . .

In the morning I carried Halma to

Birmingham, carried her to a college campus where hundreds of young men and women were registering. She enrolled and paid her fees, and would be a senior. I was, some said, helping start my little girl out. She spoke of how I drove to her school at Pleasant Grove for her the last day she taught, of how I was now helping her get started to be, not my school-teacher girl, but my college girl. She had been teaching, attending classes, and doing summer work much of the time since finishing high school at fifteen, — all this at the other Birmingham college, — and now she registered as my college senior.

That day I had a chance to see her among hundreds of other girls. I thought more of her than ever as compared with other girls, and placed her even higher above girls in general than I had done before. A casual glance was enough to cause me to do this. That day I noticed many blondes from the city. I could not then recall a single light-haired native girl of the Warrior country that I had seen or spoken to during the summer. Mabel, my aunt by marriage, was the only one I could place. Halma was changing colleges because this one was on the Hueytown side of the city and very near Fairfield, a suburban city contiguous to Hueytown. She would stay at home and ride to classes with another girl in the other girl's new Ford sedan. . . .

The next day, and poplar leaves were turning yellow, and I cleared the cabin of my things. I left some with Mabel, hauled the chair to my grandfather's house, and carried the other things to Hueytown. I even folded my calendar and did not leave it, for I had things marked down on it, and, too, I would use it in Texas. My sign which said 'Private' would be needed again. I went so far as to write down the number of my Ford license and the engine number, for I was distracted with pain

and scinged from what I was having to do. My father did not need the Ford, and it would be sold. I was about to leave the rivers and my grandfather, and Halma, about to leave many good things and turn my being out as to starve during the severe months ahead in a far-away, dead, flat, monotonous country — in the heart of a great city, it is true. What I was about to do was comparable somehow to stripping the two Warriors from their long warped sinks and from between their great bent whelks. And I was forcing desolation up to Halma's mouth and under her feet. The old man's words went through me one by one, and I felt them all for all they were worth.

When I reached home, Aunt Sallie, our nigger washwoman, said she would be ready to wash that girl's dresses for me next summer. She would, too, be just as good as she had been this summer about cleaning my white shirts. Under the oaks and the silver poplar she talked to Berta of her 'baby brother,' though I was the oldest child of our parents. That is what Aunt Sallie called me to Berta or Verda.

That night, as nearly every night at this period, I saw Halma. When I drove from the red oaks and the Spanish oaks, her mother's roosters, and roosters all around, were crowing as they do at midnight and after. Before I left her they had started. When I walked under the oaks and the silver poplar at home my mother's roosters, and others around, were prolonging their midnight crowing. But many nights during the summer it had been that way. . . .

The next day I was sick, sick in bed. Only my mother was at the house with me. Verda was able to start light teaching at the high school at Oak Grove, and Berta was a senior in the Hueytown High School. My brother-in-law was driving my Ford, for he was

teaching and coaching at Pleasant Hill High School. Verda was driving their new Ford coupé, and was not yet normal in strength. In a week's time they would be together, probably at Pleasant Hill; if not, at Oak Grove. Halma was attending classes, and she thought that I was at Raymond's and my grandfather's.

From the way I felt, I was afraid that a spell of sickness was upon me. I thought more intently than ever before how much loneliness it would turn from my being's range if I would only marry Halma as my grandfather had advised, and let her be a senior with me in Texas. All that day I felt her hands brushing my hair and her fingers combing it, and I did not know how I could wait until next summer to make her my wife. It would be a long time before the Christmas holidays, and a longer time still until the end of May. Along with this I saw the two Warriors and the earth near them, and felt the presence of my grandfather.

But what, I thought, if a spell of sickness has caught me? That would mean delay in starting out to make my grandfather's old realm my realm. That is what I wanted when I began as Halma's husband. And if the old man only understood my situation, and knew what was in me pawing to get out as his saddle horses used to paw at the stable doors until he had them caught out for a ride to one of his places! But the only thing to do was to write the book in exile and spring it on him. I could, when I wrote my first novel, return and feel better under native trees, in the early or the late cool of the day, everywhere in my realm and all the time, than I had felt before. . . .

I drove my brother-in-law's new Ford coupé and we drove to the Old School House Place and spent a while under the great red oak where we had paused for a long time on our first trip

late in May before my cabin was built. Then we drove the Taylor's Ferry road toward the Big River, sidling off on to the old Taylor's Ferry road which took us towards Land's End over the road substantially what it was when the whole realm was owned and run by my grandfather. We did not try to go to the Bluffs this time.

We paused for a long time, sitting in the new coupé, under some old apple trees at an old house place of my grandfather's old domain. In the distance the sunset colors along the Big River line faded into dusk, and presently late dusk took over the great wooded hills and hollows below us along the Little River. Less distinct became the river itself as it took one of its great swings at the notable bend I seemed to be riding into when driving to my cabin. We were almost directly above that bend. A covey of partridges whirled the thick dusk from below the apple trees to the Little River Bluff of Land's End. A whoo owl hollered somewhere near the top of the Big River Bluff of Land's End.

Never had we meant so much to one another before. She told me that she was realizing more and more how great it would be to be my wife when I made the whole Warrior world my world in a special way, as my grandfather had made the world about him his in his way. And she went on to say that I could, with what I had in me, make my grandfather's old realm and its environs my own with all the completeness that the Indian Chief, Tuscaloosa, the great Black Warrior, for whom the river system was named, once made it his. It would be, she said, in a way taking over my grandfather's old territory and making it mine in my peculiar and original way. 'Two very great beings have in their way run things in these parts before you. What a background! What a setting! What a place!

'When I was in English class to-day,' she went on, 'and listened to a talk on the Wordsworth country, I thought of the great history and beauty of these rivers, of your grandfather, of the Indian Chief, Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior, and, most of all, of you. I remembered all you had told me about your grandpa and his kingdom, what you had told me of how Tuscaloosa gave De Soto so much trouble and of how his feet touched the ground when he rode a horse, and of the monument to him at Tuscaloosa. But all these things are only points in my thoughts of you. While the professor was talking about Wordsworth and the country he contemplated and walked and made his own, I leaned over my notebook and wrote secret things and close things about you and the Warriors and the earth about them.'

'They have female qualities,' I said. 'A mere look at them is that helpful. I feel all this more intently than the others — that is the first difference. But you go with them. Without you there would have been no realization on my part, I'm afraid. But I don't have to be afraid now as long as we both live. It may be that it all comes from a deep well like Grandpa's or a fine spring like his Old Indian Spring that's in me, whereas with other lovers of the river it is from trickles all around and at times within. Certain it is that the rivers control and steady this, equally certain that in my case you even qualify the rivers.'

'When a man once gets them in his being he can never be satisfied if he can't go to them and have something to do with them. Doing this gives a lot of peace. It may be no more than a look; but that look, more than anything outside of the right woman, and, indeed, in with her, and much more than any wrong woman, brings consolation, brings comfort. They, I know, have

given more peace and inspiration to many white men than anything else. The Indians simply had a happy hunting and fishing ground near and on these rivers. And my ancestors and yours followed on the heels of the Indians, even closer than on their heels. As for the women in these parts, they have never had any imagery of a heaven without one or both of these rivers flowing right through it. Why, these rivers have been going with every thought of heaven and all the good thoughts of earth of thousands of woodlanders, of my people and of yours. It's necessary that they inform the one and only scene in my imagination.

'Ah, Halma, I'll quit you when the Warriors are stripped from their place and this scene is left uninformed by them. I don't think that will ever be, and I don't think I'll ever be permanently stripped from you.'

'You know what I told you at the ferry up the Little River the other day. I say again that, now that I know you and your love, I would without you be as this place had it never been glorified by the rivers. You must not expect me to equal you at being in with the rivers. No one could, much less a woman. But they suit me, and I'm glad to be mixed up in this affair with you and the rivers.'

It was night, and we took our time driving to Hueytown, for the Ford coupé was new and it would not do to drive it fast. That suited us. . . .

A day passed, and it was Saturday. In two hours I should have to leave for Bessemer and catch the train for New Orleans. Halma wore her finest black dress, and we sat on the davenport. We did not talk much that night. We were too full. She was, I saw, ready to cry at the least thing or at any moment. A few words on the summer

just over and others on the one next ahead and the Christmas interlude. She was as beautiful as a girl can be to a lover. There would be two fine home places in Hueytown for us to visit next summer. It would be good to come to see our folks and to go to see my grandparents from our cabin on the Big Bluff.

I walked to the Ford ahead of time to see that all was in order. One of the fronts was flat and I should have to go home on it that way. This was no time to change, and it was not far.

When it was just about time to go, she stood by her library table, slender and beautiful to see. She had been halfway crying before this. Now she leaned her side against the table and cried silently. She could not say a word and had not for half an hour, and I said scarcely any myself. All of the lavender in her face was wet with tears. I kissed her time and again and she did not speak. She combed my hair with her fingers and brushed it back with her hands, and she kissed my lips over and over. The katydids, I told her, would be singing again next summer — singing their song of the two Warriors, and singing it to us.

My father drove me to the station, and another chapter in my life, and Halma's, had opened. And the place of that chapter was a deep hollow full of all the attar of loneliness. There no katydids sang, no rivers flowed, and no birds tended to one another. And there was no smile like the sunup and no face like the sundown, and no touch like the redbird's song and dart made flesh. Nor was there wisdom of earth and its poetry nor the heavenly that touches earth there. There was to the letter all that my grandfather had said there would be.

(The End)

PRELUDE

I

BELOVED, let us once more praise the rain.
Let us discover some new alphabet,
For this, the often-praised; and be, ourselves,
The rain, the chickweed, and the burdock leaf,
The green-white privet flower, the spotted stone,
And all that welcomes rain; the sparrow, too, —
Who watches with a hard eye, from seclusion
Beneath the elm-tree bough, till rain is done.

II

There is an oriole who, upside down,
Hangs at his nest, and flicks an orange wing, —
Under a tree as dead and still as lead;
There is a single leaf, in all this heaven
Of leaves, which rain has loosened from its twig:
The stem breaks, and it falls, but it is caught
Upon a sister leaf, and thus she hangs;
There is an acorn cup, beside a mushroom,
Which catches three drops from the stooping cloud.

III

The timid bee goes back to hive; the fly
Under the broad leaf of the hollyhock
Perpends stupid with cold; the rain-dark snail
Surveys the wet world from a watery stone . . .
And still the syllables of water whisper:
The wheel of cloud whirs slowly: while we wait
In the dark room; and in your heart I find
One silver raindrop, — on a hawthorn leaf, —
Orion in a cobweb, and the World.

CONRAD AIKEN

A KNIFE FOR HER HUSBAND

BY ERNEST POOLE

IN the harbor of New York, on a dark still October night, a police boat down on Erie Basin, prowling silently along through the shadows close to the wharves, suddenly threw its searchlight on a black speck out on the bay, a dory moving toward the shore. The speck slipped off into the dark, but in a moment was caught again by that long glaring arm of the law. In the chase that followed, two dark little figures were seen to dive overboard; and they must have swum ashore, for when the police came up to the boat they found only an old Italian woman with a shawl around her head. On closer view, she looked not so old. A sturdy figure, neatly dressed, with a small valise at her side, all alone out on the harbor, sitting motionless in the boat, bewildered but quite unafraid, she looked up at her inquisitors with stolidly indignant eyes — obviously respectable eyes.

What under the stars was she doing out there? An alien, being smuggled ashore? She could speak no English and answered all their questions in a deep-throated Italian which they could not understand. They took her aboard and searched her bag. Only clothes — and a small gleaming knife. Then they took her to Ellis Island, and an interpreter next day found that she had no passport, no quota number, and no ticket, nor could she give the name of the boat on which she had come from Italy. In due time she was brought up before a board of inquiry.

‘Where did you come from?’

‘Italy. I am a Roman,’ she replied. ‘What did you come to America for?’

‘I have come with a knife for my husband,’ she said. Her surprised examiners looked at her with interest. Such an obviously respectable dame, she faced them with unflinching eyes; and, when asked why she wanted to knife her husband, she answered in her deep, low voice: ‘Because he promised to come home — and I have waited nineteen years for him to grow tired of New York.’

In response to further questioning, her answers at first were calmly brief. But her judges were keenly curious now, and the interpreter sympathetic, and their efforts soon brought out the story of her marriage over twenty years ago, and of the first years with her husband, up in the hills not far from Rome. They had a little vineyard there.

‘He also was a Roman,’ she said. ‘He was not quite so tall as I, but such a man as a woman can love — with black mustachios, very strong, a smile that flashed, eyes very gay. I loved him. I wished to give him sons — but only a girl *bambino* came. Still, there was plenty of time, I thought, for we had been married only two years. So we were happy, working hard from the first daylight until dark. We needed money to pay for our vineyard. For what is life worth, I ask you, if you do not own your soil? So we worked hard upon our vines, fine old ones, and we made good wine and sold

it — and in ten years more we should have been able to pay for our land.

‘But then the people in our village began talking of New York. One had gone there and come back with plenty of money. And he talked. He talked so loud that many listened. Some went with him. Others followed. They came home, they also talked; and now my husband lost his senses and thought only of New York. While we worked, while we loved, he talked of New York and he said we must go. And I grew angry with him then. Should I take my small bambino to some cold and crowded city where all winter snow and ice lay upon the dirty streets — a place I knew nothing about at all? For this should I leave the sunshine and the vineyard which I loved? No, I answered! But in spite of all my talking, all my praying, and the candles that I burned before the Blessed Mother of Christ, my husband went away without me!

“In a year I will come back,” he said, “with the money we need to pay for our land.”

‘But a year went by and he wrote to me, “Come.” He was working in a café in New York, where the life was fine and gay, he said. There people danced and drank and feasted all the nights of the year, he declared. But how can such people grow hungry for feasting, when they do nothing all day long, or do only such work as cities provide, in dark little rooms shut in from the sun? And what do such people know about wine? Have they made it? Have they pruned the vines, picked the grapes and treaded them down? I ask you, what do they know? To drink a little wine is good, but to drink it in abundance makes one good for nothing at all! And so it is with dancing, too. A man who dances every night is good for nothing else in life — like a Neapolitan!

‘We did dance when we were young, but only on festival nights, fifteen or twenty times in a year. We danced all night until the sun came, and had strength for loving still! But now alone I did not dance, and I lay alone at night, so angry that I could not sleep — angry with my husband and still more angry with New York! I took his letter to the priest and asked him to write my reply.

“No,” I said, “I will not come. For I detest all cities and I detest all snow and ice. I want our bambino to stay in the sunshine, to work in the vineyard and grow strong. Bring back your American money now, and with what you have already sent we shall be able to pay for our land. Come home and I will give you sons!”

‘He wrote again to me. He, too, was angry. He sent more money and told me to buy a ticket and come at once. For I must obey him — I was his wife. But I took his letter to the church and prayed to the Blessed Lady there: “Must a wife still obey a man who has so lost his senses that he loves such a place as New York?” And the Blessed Mother answered: “No, my daughter. Men are sometimes only children. We must manage them for the good of their souls and their bodies.”

‘So once more I went to the priest, and sent to my husband this reply: “Come home,” I said, “and we shall see. A letter is worthless. We must talk. I shall ask you many questions about this fine New York of yours and talk it over sensibly. And then who knows? Perhaps I shall come.” But he answered: “I know you. If I come home, you will not be sensible, but only try to keep me there. You will not let me sleep at night, for you will talk the whole night through. Here is more money. Come to New York. Better than ever I like it here. I have a fine job in this café.”

'He was waiting on tables — he, a Roman!

"It is no work for a man like you," I replied to him. "Two years are gone. So much of our lives and our loving is lost, and I am tired of living alone. There are lovers that come, but I send them away. Come home and I will give you sons!"

'And to show him that I was still young and such a wife as a man could love, I sent him in that letter a picture of myself and our child. But he wrote to me: "Leave those clothes behind you! People would laugh at such clothes in New York!"

'Then I became so justly angry, both with my husband and with New York, that the priest refused to write in a letter the words that poured from my lips that day, like lava from Vesuvius. So I went to the Blessed Lady and prayed. And she seemed to say to me: "Oh, what a man! Leave him alone to come to his senses — for then he will soon hunger and thirst for Italy and detest New York!"

'So I waited. Soon he wrote again, but I answered still that I would not come. Three years passed. Then came the war. But New York had so weakened the soul of this man that he, a Roman, would not fight! And when it was over, this shameless one made of it an added reason why he could not return to his wife. For he wrote to me: "Now I cannot come home, for Mussolini, that fiery one, would put me in prison as a deserter, because I did not fight in the war."

'That was more than ten years ago; but though I have written many times, all he has done is to send me money. A year would pass without any reply. In all this time I worked in our vineyard from before daylight until night. I grew older, the blood ran less warm in my veins, and now I could sleep well at night. I paid all the money we

owed for our land and added to our little house another room and a verandah, which in the spring is covered with roses. I planted, too, some olive trees and others for lemons and oranges. My little daughter worked at my side; she grew tall and beautiful and strong, and she worked well and long each day. But still it was hard without a man, and I sorrowed because I had no sons. And she went to dance on festival nights, just as I had done in my youth. And I felt how all my youth was gone.

'Last year she married a fine young man, but not even to celebrate this event would her unworthy father come home. He sent only a little money for the marriage portion of his child; and though, since she left, I have lived alone, he no longer even tries to make me come to him in New York. Shall I tell you why? Because he works now in a café managed by Neapolitans! If you would know what I mean by that, ask any Roman and see him smile! For we know those men and girls of Naples who dance and sing the whole night long — the good-for-nothing shameless ones — young wantons with their slender hips! And for them I have been robbed of my sons!

'So I wrote him once more: "I am growing old. Our daughter is gone. I need help in our vineyard." And when he did not even reply, I made up my mind to come to New York and find this sinful husband and end his utterly shameless life, unless he consented to come home! So on a train I went to Naples, and there, to a man in a little bank, I gave nearly all the money I had, for a ticket both to go and to come back, and also for my passport. But in place of providing me with these things he took me at night out to a ship and left me there in a dark little place surrounded by casks of olive oil and bags of onions — a stowaway! Me, a

respectable woman, who owned her land and had paid a large price to come as a passenger to New York! He gave money to a cook on the ship to hide me and feed me with some terrible food. And when we arrived they tried to take me ashore in the night — like a Neapolitan beggar or thief!’

She finished her little narrative with an angry gleam in her eyes. She had with her the address of her husband. This was given to a society which aids stranded travelers; but when one of its agents went to the place she found that it was a night club and he had left nearly a year before. In the next few weeks the agent patiently traced him from place to place, and found him at last in a humble but genial little Italian café down town. And though he was greatly perturbed at first by the news that his wife had arrived, after a good deal of argument he agreed to go out to Ellis Island. The agent went with him and found his wife up in the women’s detention room, standing at a barred window staring across the bay at New York. It looked very cold that afternoon, with the first gray clouds of winter sweeping over the tall buildings.

‘Your husband is here,’ the agent said.

With a quick turn of her powerful head, the woman from Italy silently listened to the account of how he had been found. Then she followed the agent to a room divided in the centre

by a heavy grating of steel, and in silence looking through she saw, in the place of her lover of long ago, a seedy, jaunty little old man, nearly bald and with few teeth left in his head — a man grown old before his time, the result of nineteen years of life in the night clubs of New York. Nervous and embarrassed before that steady motionless gaze, the little man valiantly did his best and in voluble Italian began pouring out the reasons why he had never come back home. He told of the wonders of New York. If she had only obeyed him and come, what a life they might have had! And all this time, without a word, his wife, erect and powerful, stood watching him. At last she spoke.

‘What a Roman!’ she said, in her deep low voice. Then she turned and went slowly out of the room, and to the agent later she said: ‘I do not want him any more. He is of no use to my vineyard now.’

She turned to the window and fixed a long bitter look on New York, across the cold and wintry bay. ‘It is just what I thought it was,’ she said, ‘and I am tired of waiting here.’ She glanced down at her strong brown hands. ‘I am still strong and I have a good life. I wish only to go home to the sunshine. My daughter will have a bambino soon. I shall burn many candles in the church and pray to the Blessed Lady to let the little one be a son.’

The next week she sailed for Italy.

A CURE FOR DOCTORS' BILLS

BY EVANS CLARK

I

UNCOUNTED numbers of men and women in the United States are suffering from the present chaos in medical service. And not only the layman faces difficulties and problems; physicians — all but the most successful few — suffer from the same causes. Let it be understood at the start that no complaint is here brought against medical science or those that practise medicine. The medical profession deserves a tribute of respect, not only for scientific discovery, but for its application to the relief of human misery.

It is not the science of medicine from which we suffer, but rather a seriously faulty organization of medical service. Our complaint is against the system, or the lack of it, by which we are served with medical care. The organization of medicine is as far in the rear of progress as its technique is in the van.

Let us put the case in personal terms. The story is simple and easily told; it can be repeated by the hundred in every community. No doubt, if the intimate facts about all his patients were known, every doctor would find more than one example of it in his own practice. Let us assume that a typical victim speaks his mind openly:—

'I am insured against almost every contingency of modern life except the one most likely to occur. As a matter of fact that crisis has already occurred, twice, and I am no better equipped to meet it again than I was before it first happened. I lie awake at night

pondering how to get out of the trouble I have already stumbled into, and I worry even more about the trouble that may be lurking just around the corner.

'I find peace of mind in knowing that if someone runs into my car and tears a fender off I can stand the expense. My insurance company will pay the bill. The same thing is true of fire. If my house burns down I am guaranteed the funds with which to rebuild. If I should come to die I should have the satisfaction of knowing that my life insurance policies will at least keep the family from the poorhouse.

'But if I or any member of my family should have another serious illness I doubt if I could ever be rid of the debts with which my life would be burdened. I cannot understand why society has not devised some method by which I and millions like me may be assured in advance that we can meet the costs of illness. After all, I am more likely to be sick than to suffer by fire or be robbed or lose my life. Why can I not be protected where protection is most likely to be needed?

'I should not speak with such feeling were I not faced with doctors' bills amounting to \$3000 which I must meet out of a yearly salary of \$9000, almost all of which is needed to meet the ordinary running expenses of the family. One of my children had a mastoid operation recently after a long spell of scarlet fever, and as a result of the strain my wife developed an ulcer of the stomach which required much

nursing and hospital care. Before that there had been no major illness in the family for ten years. Most of my savings had been used to pay for our house. And now, in less than a year, what little money I had accumulated is gone and I am seriously in debt.

'Where can I find financial protection against future illness? I have taken out sickness insurance for myself, but at best that only affords partial protection. Policies are not issued to children, and for women they require almost prohibitive premiums. Even the policy I now hold guarantees only one half of my salary during incapacitation.

'One thing I am sure of: This question must be answered by someone. Too many people are asking it to be denied for long. If the doctors fail to find an answer themselves, someone else — or the government — will.'

Vary the income figures anywhere between \$5000 and \$25,000, change the doctor's charges in somewhat corresponding ratio from \$500 to \$5000, and shuffle the names of the diseases or accidents from which the complainant suffers, and you have the history of thousands of families of moderate means. I know I speak for a large majority of them when I say that we should much prefer that the doctors themselves undertake the solution of the problem. We doubt our own ability to do it, and most of us share the American prejudice against state socialism in any form — including state medicine. But in spite of these reservations, we, as parties of the second part to every doctor's treatment, claim the privilege of offering our advice.

II

Some of us who have observed recent developments of organization both within and without the medical profession are impressed with the possibil-

ity of piecing together into a unified programme of medical service methods which have been used with conspicuous success in several fields of modern life. The three essentials of such a programme are (1) group practice, (2) periodic medical examinations, and (3) the insurance principle of dividing the risks into charges that are fixed and regularly paid. We suggest what might be called 'medical guilds' as a possible combination of these three in a workable whole.

'Group practice,' as it is called, has recently made impressive progress. Especially in the Middle West, groups of doctors have combined to offer more or less complete medical service, and many of these groups have achieved conspicuous success, both therapeutic and financial.

The Mayo brothers' clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, is perhaps the most widely known of these group-practice units. The two famous surgeons have brought together an association of doctors who together are capable of treating all the major types of illness, and who are provided with ample facilities. Patients at the Mayo Clinic have the services of a wide range of specialists who unite in the treatment of each individual case. Each patient is the patient of the entire clinic, although he may need the services of only two or three of its staff.

According to a recent survey of group practice by C. Rufus Rorem, there are about sixty such groups now operating in the United States, each generally composed of ten to twenty physicians. Most of them are found in states west of the Mississippi, while Minnesota and Texas are credited with more than any other states. The structure and origins of the groups differ, but usually their aim is common: a single service to the patient and a joint income to the participating physicians,

with consequent reduction in overhead costs. In a Southern city a well-known surgeon formed a group of associated doctors because he saw the advantage of utilizing specialists in his diagnosis before operating. In a Western city an obstetrician joined forces with a general practitioner, a gynecologist, and a nose and throat specialist, who together pooled their resources. A surgeon and several others were later incorporated in the group and a hospital was built. In another town of 30,000, sixteen doctors with their personal funds and some commercial borrowing put up a building with equipment costing \$200,000 and now operate as a unit.

In some cases the associated doctors employ on salary other physicians, not formally members of the group, to supplement the services offered. Income may not be divided equally among the members, but in any case the proportion is naturally determined in advance. Often a business manager is employed to supervise, under the direction of the members, purchasing, bookkeeping and billing, collections, credit investigation, and the maintenance of the physical property. Sometimes the manager is a physician, but usually a layman with outstanding business experience and executive ability.

It is not hard to see why group practice is meeting a definite demand. Thoughtful people in general as well as unlucky patients have been distressed by some of the effects of specialization. It is a too frequent experience for a man in sickness to be sent wearily from one doctor to another for various ills the treatment of which is now highly specialized. We visit the dentist to-day, we went to the nose and throat doctor yesterday, and to-morrow we go to the specialist in gastric disorders. The dentist advises X-rays which must be taken at an office down town, the throat doctor prescribed a complicated spray-

ing apparatus sold by a druggist on the East Side, and the stomach specialist will undoubtedly advise tests at a West Side hospital. In each case, our history and that of our families will be recorded in great detail by each doctor concerned, to be filed by three different systems in three different places — not to mention the records of the family physician who treats us for less specialized ills such as measles and pneumonia.

We have often yearned for the old family doctor who could do the whole job himself; but we know well that division of labor was as necessary in medicine as in the making of shoes or automobiles. We begin to see in well-rounded group-practice units, however, the possibility of a return of the old family doctor in a new and coöperative form. We should like our family doctor to be the general diagnostician and directing head of such a group. We should feel a comfortable sense of security in the knowledge that no matter what ills befell our families we could find expert care through such a multiple extension of his personality and skill, and at a minimum of effort on our part.

It is natural to suppose that the doctors who form these groups find a great advantage in the closeness of professional contacts that is brought about. Certainly consultations must be facilitated, and it must be no small advantage that the records of each case are accessible to all at the push of a button.

But on the economic side the advantages of group practice are even more obvious — for doctor and patient alike. Through the joint ownership of plant, equipment, and clerical forces, great savings are made in operating costs, which can be shared by the patients in reduced fees. Dr. Rorem's studies show that patients of doctors united in association pay less than 40 per cent of the amount they would have paid

to independent practitioners for the same services. When the group owns its X-ray and analytical laboratories, its examination and operating rooms, its hospital facilities and its record files, the expense to each doctor is greatly reduced. At the same time, the efficiency of each of these subsidiary services is increased through direct control by the doctors who use them.

III

The second item of the medical programme we are proposing is the periodic medical examination. No doctor will deny the value of a thorough physical examination at least once a year for every man and woman. Like fire, many diseases are controllable in direct ratio to the time at which they are discovered. It is astonishing that so many people neglect to give their own bodies the kind of watchful inspection to which they subject their automobiles. It is obvious that the regular physical examination would be made much easier, and the whole cause of preventive medicine advanced, if doctors were associated in groups, each equipped with its comprehensive records and plant.

The third item has more directly to do with the cost of medical service to the patient. Why the principle of insurance has not long since been generally applied to medical care is a mystery to those laymen who have stopped to consider it. The essence of insurance is coöperative protection through small regular premium payments by a group sufficiently large so that the sum total of contributions is enough to cover the future losses of any one member. Perhaps none of us will ever suffer loss by fire or run down a pedestrian, but we are willing to drop enough money into a common insurance box every year to relieve ourselves of

the necessity of meeting such a crisis with a lump-sum payment. Only in this way can we budget life — can we discount the future in terms of our present resources.

Insurance against the expenses of illness is no more difficult of application in principle than insurance against fire or burglary or flood or earthquake. Every form of insurance rests upon future expectancies reduced to a mathematical formula on the basis of past experience. Were accurate records available of the amount of medical care required per person per year by a large enough segment of human experience, it would be possible to calculate the size of the insurance pool necessary to pay for such care in the future.

A straightforward mathematical process would then reduce this amount to the dollars and cents which each individual would have to contribute each year to make up such a sum. As in the case of fire or burglary insurance, this amount would be far less than the individual would have to pay to foot the bill of a sudden illness — would be small enough, indeed, to be easily encompassed in a modest family budget.

Group practice, periodic examinations, and insurance — each is a valuable contribution to the cause of health. A whole, however, is often of greater value than the sum of all its parts. So would an institution be that fused these three elements into a complete service to the public. The medical guild which we propose would combine the efficiencies and economies gained by organizing doctors in well-staffed groups with a coöperative sharing of the costs of illness by patients and with the advantages of regular medical examinations.

Let us set down more in detail the specifications for such a guild. Its owners would be a group of doctors —

or of laymen, if the doctors do not see its possibilities. Perhaps a judicious mixture of both would produce the best results; possibly the most fruitful arrangement would be a group composed two thirds of doctors and one third of experienced business executives, with perhaps an economist or two. Or an existing institution might be converted into a guild, a medical centre or school or hospital, a pay clinic, or an already established group-practice organization.

But to be a guild the group would have to offer a representative selection of specialized professional services at fixed annual fees. Whether these services are rendered by the members or owners of the guild, or by a professional staff employed by them, is a relatively unimportant detail. Each guild would, of necessity, have two or more general diagnosticians. These doctors would form the keystone of the arch, for they would be in closest contact with the lay public, and through them cases would be referred to the specialists of the guild as their services were required. Upon the personality and professional standing of the diagnosticians would the success of the guild largely depend.

The rest of the professional staff would comprise at least one specialist in every major field of practice. In some, such as dentistry and oral surgery, the prevalence of defects would probably require two or more. The roster might include, for example, the following: four general diagnosticians, three dentists, two gynecologists, two pediatricians, two oculists, two nose and throat specialists, two psychiatrists, and one specialist each in diseases of the heart, lungs, digestive tract, bones, with possibly other fields represented.

The guild would own or rent a building to house the offices of all the pro-

fessional staff. In it would be included the necessary auxiliary equipment of X-ray and other laboratories, also a hospital with a complete equipment of operating rooms and offices for the administrative and nursing staff.

The owners of the guild would employ the non-professional force, from the administrative head to the orderlies and cleaning women. Purely business matters — the purchase of supplies, the keeping of accounts and records, the management and care of the building — would be in the hands of an administrator of wide experience. They would be conducted on principles of scientific management and modern business efficiency.

Membership in the guild would be open to the general public on condition that each member agree on behalf of himself and his family to submit to a thorough physical examination at least once in every year. The guild would guarantee to provide medical care and hospital service when necessary for its members and their families for the period covered by the dues — preferably a year. As in the case of insurance premiums, the dues would have to be paid whether services were actually rendered or not, and preferably in advance.

What the dues of such a guild would be and how they might vary is an interesting speculation. Its managers would be faced at the start with several problems. Should a rate be charged for each individual covered by the service or should there be a family rate regardless of the size of the family? Should the rate be graduated according to risks in each individual case or should a flat rate be established no matter what the age and physical condition of the member? But these are all questions of policy and not of principle. Dues would necessarily have to be set at a figure sufficient to pay the costs of

operation of the guild, including salaries, and to amortize the loans by which it was financed. And these costs in turn could only be determined by a thorough actuarial study of sickness and by the number of members which the guild could enroll.

It is obvious that a certain amount of flexibility of operation should be allowed. For example, the lay members should have a free choice of physicians. If they should want to call in some doctor outside the guild staff or go to some other hospital they should obviously be free to do so — at their own expense. Some flexibility might also be allowed to the professional staff in serving patients other than members — provided, of course, that such outside practice did not interfere with their obligations to the guild.

IV

While it is impossible to state just what the annual dues would be, it is certain that they would be very much lower than doctors' bills for any serious illness under present conditions. Four factors would operate to this end.

First, each member would, in effect, be paying his doctors' bills by the installment plan. Instead of being presented with a bill of \$1500 in one year, he would pay, let us say, \$150 a year for ten years.

Second, it would cost less for each doctor to operate as part of a medical guild than if he were practising as an individual, because of the division of the overhead. By the same token, it would cost less for the whole or any part of the guild to function than it would for all the doctors or any portion of them were they practising separately. Hence the guild could charge less for its services.

Third, the periodical medical examinations should effect a marked reduc-

tion in the amount of illness of those who would belong to the guild. It is a fair guess that the hours of medical service for guild members would be from 10 to 20 per cent less than for non-members who do not submit themselves to regular examination. In such diseases as tuberculosis and cancer, especially, the cost of cure is reduced by early discovery and treatment.

Fourth, the medical profession would be placed under new and powerful motives to keep people well. Each member of the guild would pay his dues whether in good health or bad, and the guild doctor's income would remain the same. The better the member's health, therefore, the greater the doctor's income per hour of service rendered.

It is amazing that in a profession in which the interests of the practitioner and the public seem, superficially at least, exactly opposite, so little suspicion exists that the doctor acts for his own interest rather than the patient's. Disease is the doctor's means of livelihood, yet he is always laboring to put it out of existence. This would remain true if the medical profession were organized in guilds, but the doctors would also feel new motives to encourage and practise preventive medicine, and would be in a better position to promote it.

It is to be presumed that the guild doctor, recognizing the advantage of good health among his patients, will exert himself to promote a positive health programme among them. He would naturally be more interested than the private practitioner in the correction of dangerous ways of living before they lead to actual ill health. Many preventive measures beside regular examinations would be included in the programme of a medical guild: vaccination against smallpox, immunization against diphtheria and other dis-

eases, as well as instruction about diet, exercise, ventilation, and sanitation in the home. In other words, the guild doctor would carry on a well-organized offensive against disease and ill health rather than find himself always on the defense after their attack is well under way.

It is not at all beyond reason to suppose that the annual dues of a member of a well-run medical guild would be less than 10 per cent of the cost of any major illness in the present medical chaos. Recent studies by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that families of workingmen spend on an average \$140 a year for medical care. A six months' study of 3000 families, including 17,000 individuals, showed that while 6 per cent reported no expenditure, a large share of the outlay fell on a small proportion of the families. Two thirds of the total was spent by one fifth of the families. One per cent spent \$1000 or more for the year covered.

In applying this sample of human experience to the problem of guild rates, two reservations should be noted. First, the people concerned were wage workers, not salaried and professional folk, and hence probably demanded less in the way of comfort and attention than would middle-class members of a guild. Also, they probably did not call in the doctor at all unless it was absolutely necessary.

The figure of \$140, therefore, is probably lower than the annual premium which would be required to meet the needs of the salaried and professional class.

But, even assuming that the average cost of medical care to the middle-class family is as high as \$200 a year, a guild could probably guarantee complete medical and hospital services for \$150 for each family or from \$30 to \$50 for each person.

There is every reason to believe that the general public would see the advantages of such an organization as the proposed medical guild. Who would not prefer to spend even \$150 each year rather than to be faced suddenly with a bill of \$1500 to \$3000 for a major illness in his family? Who would not prefer to be regularly examined and advised by his doctor as part of a general service for a limited annual fee rather than to be treated only when sickness occurs and at unpredictable expense?

V

As a layman, I have stressed the advantages of the medical guild to the public. But consider now the advantages to the doctors themselves.

What is their greatest source of financial anxiety? I wager that nine out of ten will say: 'Uncertainty of income.' Not to know in advance how many patients he will have next year is undoubtedly the doctor's nightmare. What is the least agreeable part of their dealings with their patients? I wager most of them will reply: 'Adjusting my fees to my guess at the size of their incomes.' Charging 'what the traffic will bear' has long since become both immoral and foolish in the world of commerce and trade, yet the practice survives in medicine to plague both doctors and patients.

Imagine a grocer who charged his wealthy customers two dollars a box for a breakfast food, gave it away to the poor, and asked anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar of his white-collar customers according to his estimate of what they might be earning at the time. The rich customer would feel imposed upon; the poor would dislike being objects of charity — especially if their receiving a free box of cereal gave the grocer a right to expose their family finances to students of

economics; and the middle class would always be in a state of dissatisfaction — either bent upon deceiving the grocer or suspecting that they were being mulcted. The fact that a more intimate and professional relationship exists between doctor and patient does not excuse the continuance of the present unethical and irritating system of fees.

The medical-guild plan offers the practical possibility of bringing the 'fixed price' principle into medicine. While some people will always have to be given medical care, as they are given food and lodging, by charity and public institutions, all but those on the poverty line could afford to pay dues to a medical guild — especially if the dues were graded in accordance with the degree of extra comforts provided to its members. The guild doctor would never have to concern himself with the income of his patients.

Nor would the guild doctor ever have to worry about the amount of his own income next year. It would be fixed and guaranteed in advance — by the dues already in the treasury. Probably the question of staff compensation could best be solved by a fixed-minimum-income plan, perhaps providing also for a division of profits should any accrue. It goes almost without saying that the cost of operation should include payment of an income that is adequate and substantially in advance of prevailing levels in private practice. The economies of operation should allow this — and still permit lower charges to the public.

Another advantage to the doctor might be noted, even though it is comparatively unimportant: more effective office administration. The doctor who practises as an individual has always the bother of running his own books, of billing and collecting, or of hiring someone to do his paper work and then keeping constant check on

the purely clerical aspect of his business. He is also bothered with case records and their proper filing. In a medical guild all these matters would be done for him, and by people probably far better qualified than he.

Finally, it becomes increasingly apparent as the months go by that the guild plan would have an advantage for the medical profession as a whole. Never has there been such acute public dissatisfaction with the organization of medical service. The high costs of medical care are not only the subject of countless articles in the public prints, but are even being discussed in the inner circles of the profession. The whole problem is under a five-year survey by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care headed by the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Wilbur, and composed of doctors, economists, and publicists.

The medical profession itself has now seen the writing on the wall. Something must be done. In Europe the drift is toward state medicine. In this country, too, there is a definite set of opinion in that direction. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association held in Detroit in June, the retiring president of the association told the house of delegates that socialization of medicine, along lines now suggested in England, was inevitable, unless the American physicians themselves established medical centres to enable the poor and the 'white-collar classes' to cope with the mounting cost of living.

'Medicine,' he said, 'is being besieged on every side by forces that are constantly growing stronger and stronger, and unless some defensive effort is made to break the siege, the profession must eventually capitulate, become socialized, and become employees of the State.'

Most American doctors look upon

any such solution with dismay. The medical journals are full of protestations against the threatened loss of the doctor's professional independence. State medicine is their special *bête noire*. Industrial medicine is another. This danger was discussed at the annual meeting of the New Jersey Medical Society, also held in June, and the assembled physicians were called upon to resist absorption by the 'industrial machine.' The *New York Medical Week*, official organ of the New York County Medical Society, echoes the same fears and pleads for 'independence.' 'The hiring of a corporation

retains his place only at the pleasure and secondarily to the financial interests of his employers.'

The final argument for the medical guild is professional independence. The medical guild avoids control of the profession by either the State or the 'industrial machine.' It makes possible a desirable reduction in the cost of medical care to the public — and under more efficient management than the State, at least, is likely to offer. And to the doctors it offers the ultimate advantage of continued control of their own destiny and the destiny of their profession.

THE CHICAGO COMPLEX

BY HERBERT D. SIMPSON

CHICAGO occupies more newspaper and magazine space to-day than any other city in the world. But unfortunately this generous publicity only reinforces the old maxim, 'Happy the people whose history is least interesting to read,' for much of the publicity about Chicago is hostile, critical, or sensational; much of it has to do with gangs, 'rackets,' and 'racketeers.' And yet, when a writer in a recent number of *Harper's* undertakes to chronicle the number and varied activities of Chicago's rackets, he omits what is probably the greatest of them all — the tax racket.

It has fallen to the writer to disclose some of the facts in regard to this racket, which, during the past year, has brought Chicago to the brink of receivership. In fact, it has required two

special sessions of the Illinois Legislature and the heroic effort of a Citizens' Committee headed by Silas Strawn, including the raising of \$74,000,000 by private subscription, to save the city from outright bankruptcy.

These untoward developments have focused an unfortunate amount of attention upon the tax system in Chicago and upon the facts disclosed with regard to its modes of operation. About the facts themselves there is no longer the shadow of a doubt. They are being presented at this moment in the Federal Court in Chicago; and altogether they present an exceedingly sombre picture of the finances and government of a great city. Those business and social leaders who attempt to dispose of them by calling them 'growing pains,' attributable to the youth and newness

of the city, to its frankness in displaying its own shortcomings, and so forth, or who attempt to offset these sinister conditions by pointing merely to the phenomenal physical growth of the city, are, like the proverbial ostrich, displaying more of their tailfeathers than their heads. Indeed, it is largely because so many of the city's business leaders have retreated to this unseemly position that the city is governed so often by its tailfeathers rather than by its head.

But it should be said, likewise, that these conditions are not entirely peculiar to Chicago. They have existed in other cities in times past; most of the ingredients of the Chicago situation exist now in greater or less degree in other cities of the United States and nurture the possibilities of developing into a similar situation at any time. To those, therefore, who still believe in the potentialities of democratic government, the situation in Chicago is not a subject merely for denunciation or cynicism, but one for serious examination.

Needless to say, no serious student of political history will anticipate that this situation can be explained by any single 'cause.' The problem cannot be dismissed with a reference to 'corrupt government,' 'ignorant voters,' or any such simple explanation. Widespread conditions such as these are generally the result of a variety of forces, and the situation in Chicago is made up of ingredients common to most municipal communities in the United States but concentrated here with unusual intensity.

I

In the first place, Chicago finds itself imbedded in a legal structure most of which, like the Ark, was constructed many years ago, for special purposes. Some of these purposes were legitimate, and some were not; but they all rode

the Ark till it stranded in the summer of 1928. Three elements of this legal heritage particularly affect the tax system.

The first is the great variety of independent and overlapping jurisdictions that have been created within Chicago and Cook County, including the city 'corporate,' the Board of Education, the County Board, the Sanitary District, and a confusing variety of park boards, 'towns,' villages, school districts, mosquito districts, and other special jurisdictions. Many of these jurisdictions have been created merely for the purpose of inflating the borrowing power or of transferring valuable patronage from the city to the governor or other jurisdiction. This governmental confusion does not directly affect the tax administration, since the unit of assessment is the county. But it has disastrous effects upon governmental expenditure; it fosters the growth of inefficient and corrupt administration; and it is a powerful influence in putting unscrupulous groups in control of the various local governments, who are thus enabled to extend their control over the assessment administration.

The second legal element is the uniformity clause of the Constitution, which, in addition to other ills this clause is heir to, has contributed directly to the existing situation by requiring the assessment and taxation of personal property upon the same basis as real property. In the case of most forms of intangible property and of many other kinds of personal property, this is utterly impossible, and no pretense is made of assessing such property with any approach to generality. Nevertheless the power to assess it is lodged with assessing officials and places in their hands almost unlimited autocratic power for the promotion of personal and political ends.

With real estate assessments down to a level of 35 per cent of actual value, the tax rates in Illinois have risen until they now range from 4 to 6 per cent. In Chicago they average closely around 5 per cent. What greater control over a competitive situation could any monopoly wish than to have the power to exempt the capital and investments of one group entirely from taxation and to impose a tax of 5 per cent on another? A 10 per cent tax wiped out the issue of bank notes by the state banks; a 5 per cent tax would probably have been sufficient; and that is about the tax rate that assessing bodies, under the present personal property tax, now have the practical option of levying or not levying upon capital stock and intangible property. The authority thus conferred increases enormously the autocratic powers possessed by assessing officials, makes the control of these offices the object of greater effort on the part of political organizations, and thereby contributes very materially to the conditions existing in Chicago.

But the legal element that has contributed most decisively to the present situation is the system of assessment administration, created by legislation of dubious parentage in 1898. Much superfluous moralizing may be avoided by recognizing that to a large extent the conditions disclosed in Chicago are only the logical result of an utterly impractical system of administration. This system embraces thirty local assessors, a Board of Assessors composed of five members, and a Board of Review composed of three members. These officials are all elective, possessed of overlapping powers, virtually independent of each other, and numerous enough to pass the blame for anything that occurs back and forth among themselves indefinitely. It is a system characterized by absence of scientific method, duplication of function, diffu-

sion of responsibility, and secrecy of operation.

We may summarize the essential legal 'ingredients' in the situation, then, by saying that Chicago finds itself at the moment enmeshed in a system of decentralized, overlapping, conflicting municipal governments, which have been set up at various times since 1837; imbedded in a constitutional mandate, enacted in 1818, when Chicago's sky line was nothing but a horizon on the prairie, which injects into the tax system all of the vicious elements associated with the present personal property tax; and subjected to an assessment administration, established in 1898, which specifically fosters inefficiency and irresponsibility.

II

This governmental structure has come down from the past; but one of the chief obstacles to its alteration and improvement lies in the political conditions that have prevailed in recent years. The level of politics and government, like other things, rises and falls over long periods of time. It would not be difficult, for example, to plot a 'curve' of our national government over the past century and a half, with its long upward swings and downward dips, and with pretty general agreement at least as to the location of its 'peaks' and 'bottoms.'

In Illinois and Chicago the curves of both state and municipal government have sunk in recent years to the lowest levels since the Civil War, if not for a longer period. The scandals connected with recent state and city administrations, the record of the Sanitary District, the buffoonery associated with the Board of Education, the indictment of judges, the conviction and penal sentence of public officials, and the whole crime wave are only the more notorious

episodes of the current status. They will not be discussed here; suffice it to say that under such conditions it would be a miracle if any system of taxation produced results greatly different from those that have been shown to exist.

No such miracle has occurred. On the contrary, we find, as we should expect, that the tax system has become the mere adjunct of whatever political organization is in power. Indeed, the most disheartening thing about it is not so much the fact itself but the frankness with which the fact is avowed by political representatives. Precinct captains and ward committeemen openly boast of their ability to 'take care' of their constituents; and in general the representatives of political organizations throughout the city appear to take it as a matter of course that a part of their regular duties consists in making the necessary adjustments in the assessment of property.

The result is that, in addition to a regularly constituted board of assessors and board of review, Chicago has an extra-constitutional, *ex officio* board of revision, consisting of the representatives of party organizations throughout the city, who are engaged every day of the year, without regard to constitutional requirements or quadrennial limitations, in the business of revising assessments to suit the exigencies of party organization. But the most sinister consequence of it all is not so much the baneful character of the political organizations in control of the government as the fact that these organizations are built to a considerable extent upon the present tax system, derive their revenues and resources therefrom, and are therefore vitally dependent upon its continuance. The reader will apprehend how much of an obstacle this represents in the way of any proposed change in the present system of assessment and taxation.

III

One would suppose, in view of what the city has suffered financially and otherwise from its present tax system, that the business and financial interests and property owners as a whole would be overwhelmingly in favor of substantial changes in the system. But as a matter of fact there are large economic interests that are tied up in one way or another to the present régime — interests which may be said to hold equities of various types in the present tax system.

In the first place, there are the 'vested rights' of members of the Board of Review, Board of Assessors, the thirty local township assessors, and other officials connected with the tax system, in the various offices to which they have succeeded in the regular processes of party organization. This vested interest has been advanced by some of the highest officials in the state as a serious consideration against any legislation that would deprive tax officials of the offices they now hold. The Speaker of the Assembly himself has asserted that it would be utterly unreasonable to ask a Republican legislature to abolish Republican boards and offices, the implication being that it would be unreasonable to ask the present Republican administration to act contrary to its partisan interest, however desirable or necessary it might be from the standpoint of the public.

But more ominous than the frank partisanship implied is the perfectly sincere and spontaneous assumption that a certain element of vested right inheres in these official positions. The explanation is not far to seek and, indeed, has been avowed with almost equal frankness. These offices have been conferred in the regular process of party organization, in return for services the incumbents will thereby be in

position to render to the political organization. This involves on the part of the candidate the expenditure of large sums in connection with nominations and elections; and, more than this, it involves the assumption of a great variety of obligations, personal and otherwise. To deprive an incumbent of office before he has had opportunity to liquidate these obligations (some of which are continuing obligations) is worse than merely violating political understandings; it is like deliberately forcing an associate into bankruptcy. This is the nature of the vested interest which tax officials hold in the present system of assessment.

In any appraisal of the pecuniary value of this vested interest, the reader will understand that the salaries associated with the various offices are a negligible item. It is the indirect emoluments that figure, and they must amount to millions of dollars.

Outside of this close circle of vested interest, there are two wider circles of closely allied interests. The first is the zone of political 'tax-fixing,' delicately referred to in the present trial of a member of the Board of Assessors in the Federal Court, when the prosecuting attorney announced to the court that one of the defendant's sources of income would be shown to be 'what is commonly known in Chicago as *fixing taxes*.' This zone embraces precinct captains, ward committeemen, and a whole hierarchy of party representatives. Prior to the recent reassessment ordered by the State Tax Commission, one could sit in the offices of the Board of Review and the Board of Assessors and see these men come in with their pockets bulging with the crumpled tax bills of constituents to be 'fixed.'

Immediately outside of this circle is the still wider circle of allied interests made up of private and professional 'tax-fixers,' whose methods and activi-

ties are too varied to be discussed in the space of this article and probably too well known to require discussion.

Outside of these three circles of rather special interests is the great circle of property interests that benefit from the present system. This includes, in the first place, entire districts which have been favored with low rates of assessment. In this circle will be found the whole of Calumet, industrial districts in the southern and southwestern sections of the city, and many of the 'country' towns in Cook County outside of Chicago, including a number of the wealthier suburban districts along the North Shore.

This circle would include, in the second place, certain classes of property that have enjoyed low assessments. It included vacant land, particularly subdivision property, until 1926, when criticism was directed against this practice. It has apparently included certain groups of hotel and theatre properties. But the class of property most conspicuously included in this zone of interest is made up of manufacturing and industrial property.

It is difficult to secure exact data here; but all the information available appears to indicate that the manufacturing industries, particularly the larger companies, have been more successful than most groups in keeping their assessments and taxes down. This has apparently been the case to a greater extent throughout the rest of the state even than in Chicago. It has been due, in part, to the difficulties inherent in the assessment of industrial property, particularly by local assessors entirely untrained for this difficult field of appraisal; in part to the fact that industrial assets consist largely of personal property of one form or another; in part to the presence of an aggressive organization equipped to look after the interests of its members; and finally, in

large measure, to the competition of cities and communities for the location of new industrial plants. Even in the case of established plants, the constant threat to move is one of the most effective means for tempering assessments. It is difficult to learn of actual removals that have been made specifically on account of taxes, and probably such cases are rare; but the threat is none the less effective.

The consequence is that manufacturing industries are apparently escaping with a minimum share of property taxes. It is this situation that unfortunately identifies the interests of the manufacturers' associations with those of the present official and political groups and other allied groups who are profiting by present methods of assessment and will lose some of this advantage under any change in the system.

In addition to districts and classes of property benefiting under the present system is the wide list of individual beneficiaries scattered among all sections and all classes of property — the most numerous list of all.

What the aggregate financial interest represented by these various groups of beneficiaries might amount to, it would be impossible to compute. But the total of taxes remitted to favored groups has been shown to amount to some \$30,000,000 annually. This would represent property with a full value of approximately \$1,500,000,000. And this represents only real estate taxes on forms of property that could be caught in the process of real estate transfers. It does not include taxes evaded or reduced on large industrial and other types of property not objects of real estate transfer, taxes on personal property, or any of the indirect emoluments and advantages associated in one way and another with the whole system.

In addition to the ties of positive interest among the groups that have been enumerated, there is a very different but very influential economic element. This is the fear of retaliation at the hands of assessing officials. There are millions of dollars' worth of property and thousands of property holders, particularly among the larger property holders, held in a constant state of apprehension as to what is going to happen to their assessments from year to year. In the case of large office buildings and some other properties with heavy fixed overhead and a narrow margin of profit, a material difference in assessment may mean the difference between an operating profit and a loss.

In sharp contrast with the narrow margins upon which many properties must operate is the wide range of possible assessment available to assessing officials. The combination of the two things, narrow margins of profit and wide range of assessment, provides assessing officials with as arbitrary power over the property and fortunes of wealthy citizens as any Central American dictator could desire; and one who has not been in contact with the situation cannot realize what this fear of retaliation means in Chicago. It explains many things in the attitude and conduct of business leaders which outside observers are at a loss to understand. It secures political contributions, compels silence, and deters business men from serving on committees, participating in activities, or being in any way identified with movements directed against the present system.

Fortunately there are a few oases of business interest that would benefit through more or less substantial changes in the tax system. One of these is inhabited, in the main, by the owners of large properties in the Loop and downtown district, whose proper-

ties have been heavily assessed under the present régime.

Another such oasis is peopled by certain real estate groups that have been driven in from the desert by the hard times there prevailing. The deflation of the real estate market has broadened the perspective of Chicago real estate groups; and, partly in consequence of intelligent and progressive leadership in the Chicago Board, these groups are now among the most vigorous advocates of constructive tax legislation.

A third group represents largely the owners of the newer hotels and apartment buildings on the North Side, whose properties have suffered severely from the overbuilding and excessive vacancy of the past two years. Almost any assessment on the basis of property values would have been a heavy burden upon their properties in terms of income. They have been antagonistic to the reassessment, but have, logically enough, been driven to the position of advocating an income tax.

A fourth element is represented by the banking groups, whose interests have been jeopardized by the threatened collapse of the city's credit.

But the interest of these various groups in improving the tax system has for the most part been special and temporary. The downtown building owners have been gratified with the results of the reassessment in lessening the discrimination against them — and most of them have been satisfied with this. Individual representatives of this group have been among the most conspicuous leaders in the movement for constructive reform. But as a whole the downtown property owners are more than satisfied with what has been accomplished for their own properties, and many are inclined to feel that anything more would be 'going too far.' The banking groups have raised mil-

lions of dollars and have worked with remarkable public spirit to preserve the solvency of the city's credit, supporting particularly the emergency relief legislation enacted by the recent special session of the Legislature — but are apparently satisfied with this. The real estate groups are sharply divided, and are only partially following the broader leadership now represented by the Chicago Board. And so it goes.

IV

In addition to legal, political, and economic factors, there are certain social and psychological elements that go to make up the Chicago situation. These are much less tangible and obvious, and less generally admitted, but certainly not less important than the factors already enumerated.

The first has to do with the general level of political intelligence prevailing in Chicago. Much has been said and written about Chicago's foreign population, unfamiliar with the language and ideas of America, and about its large Negro element on the South Side and in other sections of the city. The latter race particularly has been made to carry the onus of many local conditions — declining real estate values and others. Yet, so far as can be ascertained, there is nothing to indicate that these groups are, on the whole, less intelligent or capable than the general population of the country elsewhere. In business competition, in the acquisition of property, and in getting on in general, they have shown surprising capacity. Likewise, it would be ridiculous to assert that the people of Chicago are on the whole any less intelligent than the people of other American cities. Certainly their own achievements, and their own opinions, are to the contrary. And if there is any basis for the prevalent belief that

the best brains have for years been drifting from the country and smaller towns to the larger cities, Chicago must have been greatly enriched by its growth of the past two decades. But while the attainments of the past decades are in every way a tribute to the brains and energy of the city, there is much to indicate that in one field, that of political intelligence, the people of Chicago are below the level of other communities.

We are speaking here not of political capacity, if that capacity were afforded adequate opportunity for development, but of political intelligence, in the sense of cognizance of political situations, relationships, and their more obvious implications. There are highly developed nuclei of group consciousness and group activities in Chicago, not merely in the form of the overrated 'gangs,' but of trade, business, professional, and neighborhood groupings; and wherever politics can be reduced to a common denominator with any of these groupings it encounters a ready comprehension. The success of the present type of political leadership in the city is based largely upon the art of reducing political issues to the small denominations of these various groups. This is a Latin-American type of political consciousness, rather than Anglo-Saxon or European.

Anyone who will take the pains, systematically and conscientiously, to converse on political subjects with a hundred Chicago people, distributed throughout territorial, social, and occupational groupings, cannot fail to be convinced of the truthfulness of the characterization above. The writer is prepared to conduct observation tours through the smaller cities and towns of Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and elsewhere, where it can be demonstrated that the average inhabitant knows surprisingly more about political situa-

tions, bearings, and relationships in the respective states and communities than does the average person in Chicago.

The existence of such contrasts will probably be conceded by students of political science generally, and certain obvious explanations will readily suggest themselves. The most obvious is the influence of the size of the city itself. A community of three and a quarter millions is not a 'community' at all. It is neither a *polis*, in the original sense of the Greek word, nor an *urbs* in the Latin sense. Chicago is a honeycomb of many cities, with many races, languages, topographies, and backgrounds. We call it a metropolis; a better word would be *polypolis*, a city of many cities; and a *polypole* cannot possibly familiarize himself with the personalities, affiliations, and relationships involved in the politics of his city, or the implications and bearings of movements, issues, and measures.

Furthermore, urban life means specialization, — occupational, social, and otherwise, — which necessarily narrows the range both of one's interests and of one's intelligence. And, finally, urban life surrounds its victims with a 'non-conducting' stratum of distractions, diversions, interruptions, and appeals to one's attention, which provide effective insulation against vital contact with many of the significant things of life. In the midst of these, it requires a mental effort to manifest an intelligent interest in or familiarity with anything other than the superficial and sensational aspects of politics; whereas in smaller communities in many sections of the United States, strange as it may seem, politics is still an absorbing topic of neighborhood talk.

But these environmental handicaps do not explain all of the differences in political interest and intelligence. Long-established political systems and 'régimes,' traditional political standards,

accustomed types of political leadership, systems of education, character of the press, and the customary attitude of influential individuals and groups in the community — all either stimulate or retard the development of political intelligence; and in many of these respects the antecedents of the present generation of Chicago citizens have not been fortunate.

Whatever the number and influence of the contributing causes, the result has been the establishment of a low level of political intelligence. Plato said man is a 'political animal'; the average Chicago man is not. And the Chicago woman is apparently less so. Women's clubs and organizations have displayed a great deal of activity in civic matters, and along some lines have accomplished extremely valuable results. Politically their effect has apparently been *nil* — or worse. For they seem to have succumbed to picturesque, sensational, and misleading political devices even more readily than men; and where they have not succumbed to the devices of practical politics, they have imitated rather than sought to improve them.

Political organizations in Chicago have exploited the specialized psychology of appeal to women voters with admirable dexterity, in the organization of political campaigns, in utilizing the prestige of social leaders, and in the 'line' of eloquence handed out by campaign speakers. When Mayor Thompson, for example, in speaking before a rather select North Side women's audience in his campaign for reelection in 1927, addressed them as dear 'fellow hoodlums,' the picturesque bravado of his salutation completely won his audience.

So far as Chicago is concerned, it may be doubted whether woman suffrage has thus far contributed any improvement to its politics. And, without

intending any discourtesy to the rest of the country, the area of doubt may well be extended. This is not a reflection upon the principle of woman suffrage, in which the writer has firmly believed since the days of Frances Willard; and women will eventually contribute a distinctive and helpful influence in politics. But it has been the history of the past that every newly enfranchised class has lent itself to conspicuous types of political exploitation, and such has apparently been the history of woman suffrage thus far.

V

Upon this low level of political intelligence is set up a deflated scale of values attached to qualities of political integrity and honesty. Indeed, such qualities are not thought of as prerequisites for public office; and it may be doubted whether they would longer be reckoned among political assets at all. Public officials are convicted of graft, corruption, and outright crime; and it is accepted with a cynical smile or a gesture of indifference. So much so that after the experiences of recent years it is difficult to conceive of any form of political malfeasance that could shock the sensibilities of Chicago people. Tacitus observed nearly two thousand years ago that in Rome, contrary to the usual laws of supply and demand, 'virtue is least valued in periods when it is most rare.' His observation would be true of Chicago.

And, strangely enough, one factor that has impaired the quality of citizenship in recent years is nothing other than the high level of political welfare that has been attained by the people of the United States, and particularly by the dwellers in our large cities. The quality of citizenship has always reached its highest levels in periods of storm and stress, when there were crit-

ical issues at stake or large objectives to be won. When civil and religious liberty, the right of suffrage, representation, national independence, freedom from oppressive restrictions, or fundamental constitutional rights were the things to be attained through political agencies, the political sphere was overwhelmingly important and political interest was intense.

Now, with the people of the United States in full possession of civil liberties and political rights, with a highly developed scale of social legislation, with universal public-school education and with various forms of higher and technical education made available to practically everyone at government expense, with universal postal service, rural free delivery, and air mail, with concrete highways stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific that everyone may travel freely except for the cost of gasoline, with modern systems of sanitation and protection of health, with parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches, and what not, one might almost inquire what more there is for the citizen to ask through the agency of government. It is true he has the right to demand more honesty, economy, and efficiency in the performance of these services; but after all, these are rather abstract ideals in comparison with the concrete and pressing things he has needed for hundreds of years and is now getting. In terms of political economy, the very abundance with which our political wants have been satisfied through the progress of the past century has greatly reduced the 'marginal utility' of further action through political agencies.

Now this situation, abstract and theoretical as it may seem, has contributed enormously toward perpetuating conditions existing in Chicago in this way. Many a business man and representative of large property interests

has been shown the injustice of assessments, including his own, and has expressed sincere and vociferous resentment. That is as far as his protest goes. He cannot take the time to attend conferences, serve on committees, or participate in any organized movement to improve conditions. And, unhappily, the truth is that in most cases it probably would not pay him to do so. He might save thereby a few thousand dollars a year in taxes or in the process of having his taxes taken care of; but in the position he occupies and the general scale of living he has reached, the same amount of time devoted to business, recreation, or almost anything else would yield more than an equivalent return. 'It is n't worth the trouble,' is the way it is generally put, and probably nine times out of ten it is perfectly true — from the standpoint of the individual.

The writer has conferred from time to time with a considerable number of men of means, who have sat in their offices and talked — in some cases as long as two hours at a time — about the evils of the tax system; but who do not take occasion to do anything about it because it simply is n't worth the trouble. He has talked with a large number of small property owners and home owners, many of whom are in the habit of making cynical observations about the graft and corruption of the tax system. In a surprising number of cases, they do not know what their homes are assessed for. The taxes generally run around \$300, \$450, or \$500, as the case may be. When assured that their particular properties are clearly over-assessed (if that is the case), and that they ought to look into the assessment — 'Oh, well, it is n't worth the trouble.'

And so in practically all walks of life our political amenities are so great, compared with anything the world has

known before, that additional effort in this field will no longer bring as large returns to the individual as the same amount of effort directed toward business and professional pursuits, or toward automobiles, radios, sports, and vacations, where our shortages are more acute. The result is a mass of indifference that is the more dangerous because it is a fairly enlightened indifference. But it has probably contributed more than any other single influence toward bringing about the tax conditions now existing in Chicago; and at the present time it is the one greatest obstacle to their removal. If diminished prosperity would change this attitude, as it has already brought the real estate and other groups to the 'mourner's bench,' there is probably no city in the United States to which a period of 'hard times' would come as a greater blessing than to Chicago.

Finally, organization, standardization, and 'patternization' have probably been carried as far in Chicago as anywhere in the United States. Everybody is 'organized' in one way or another, and one is fortunate if he has not been organized in half a dozen different ways by as many different organizations and organizers. Everyone's conduct is standardized or in process of being standardized by some code of business or professional 'ethics' or some committee on standardization. The gangs and rackets are only pathological variants of what is in Chicago the 'normal type.'

The consequence is that one rarely travels outside the intellectual orbit of his own organization or affiliations, whatever these may be. He moves when the caravan moves and would be unaffectedly surprised at anyone who expected him to move differently. 'Footprints on the sands of time' do not interest him. The typical Chicagoan prefers to stay on the concrete

and follow the traffic. The real estate man must wait to see what his 'Board' is going to do about it. The building owner thinks he is meeting the issue squarely when he tells you 'they' have a committee on the subject, 'they' being either the Chicago Building Managers Association or the National Association of Building Owners and Managers. The banker is waiting till the State Bankers Association meets at Rockford or elsewhere. The manufacturer tells you with naïve finality that that issue was settled by the report of the Illinois Manufacturers Association last year. Individual independence is not so much condemned as simply unknown.

On purely business and technical matters, or matters of direct pecuniary interest to their members, these organizations of course function with a high degree of efficiency. But on broader questions of public interest they tend to a large extent to displace individual conviction and action and to substitute nothing in its place. The result is organized inertia.

Now, when we have a citizenship which, however spectacular its achievements otherwise may be, is nevertheless characterized by a low level of political intelligence, a citizenship which habitually places a low valuation upon political honesty and integrity, a citizenship steeped in the chronic indifference that comes with prosperity and a high level of general well-being, and a citizenship which habitually evades intellectual conviction and independence of action by the easy alibi of a committee or an organization, we have the soil from which no other political growth could be expected than the present government and governmental conditions in Chicago. And it is unlikely that these conditions will be greatly or permanently changed until the soil from which they grow is changed.

ZIONISM IN PALESTINE

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

PALESTINE has a special pigeonhole in the memories of the great majority of us; all of us know something — some more, some less — of one or other phase of its history. The Canaanites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, the Philistines, the Children of Israel, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Phoenicians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Crusaders, the Turks, the French, and lastly the Allies in the Great War — all have passed their Palestinian way, a kaleidoscope of actions and reactions, which were not merely local, through over three thousand years of well-edited history.

It is a country which repays study and which reveals itself according to the effort made to appreciate it and its problems; and at no time was effort more necessary than to-day. Events have succeeded events with such rapidity, in an atmosphere so fogged with clouds of *ex parte* propaganda, that it needs far more than a superficial inquiry to reduce the present situation to a proper perspective.

Historically, the study of Palestine to-day is not unduly difficult. The war gave to both Arab and Jew fresh titles and fresh claims. In 1915, the Arabs obtained Allied recognition of the independence of all Arab Provinces within the then Ottoman Empire. Again, after the final overthrow of the Turks in 1918, the Allied victory was proclaimed not as a conquest, but as

the liberation of peoples which would be free to choose for themselves the form of government which they desired. Jewish titles and claims are based on the Balfour Declaration and its confirmation in the terms of the Mandate: 'The Allies viewed with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.' The tragedy of Palestine is that up to the present all attempts to blend these various promises into a Palestinian policy, acceptable to Arab and Jew alike, have failed. It would have been marvelous had they succeeded. For the war, in fact, made Palestine bi-national, in the sense that two National Homes were set up in one house. Both tenants had what they considered and claimed to be impeccable title to possession; and for the past twelve years they have lived together in a house of discord, each going his own way regardless of the feelings of the other. Incompatibility of temper has been proved, but the situation cannot be eased by divorce.

Last New Year's Eve, I met a very old French priest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. 'I am neither pro-Arab nor pro-Jew,' he said sadly; 'I worship here. This is my shrine in this tormented land of three faiths. But this much I know. No house that is divided against itself will ever be a home for anyone.'

Historical events created the present *impasse*; but the clashing psychology of the two parties has been the fuel for the political fire. The Arab and Jew are both Semites, but Christianity and

Islam were born in the days of Jewish decadence and dispersal; and to the pre-war Arabs, whether Christian or Moslem, the Jew was an inferior person belonging to a servile and non-cohesive race, who was only tolerated in their midst either because he was studiously inoffensive or because he was useful as an agent of commerce among the lower strata of society. Up to 1917, the idea would never have entered the head of any Arab that he had anything to fear from the Jew. After the war, however, Palestine was suddenly swamped by a new type of Jew who proceeded to establish himself, not on sufferance, but by right. He was backed by enormous funds; he was a political rather than a religious Jew; he was openly disdainful of the Orientalism of his new Arab neighbors; and he observed standards of living so unfamiliar to the East that they appeared almost immoral. The Balfour Declaration had stirred the Arab to faint apprehension which had quickened into fear when it was confirmed in the Mandate; but when he saw Zionist penetration biting ever deeper into the country, a deep and at times a violent hostility arose against this newcomer who was forever talking in Hebrew of a Jewish State in Palestine, and whose so-called civilization — whatever its merits might be in Eastern Europe — was utterly antipathetic in Palestine.

The pre-war Jew in Palestine was a deeply religious man, living with, but not among, his Arab neighbors, and making both ends meet through the practice of petty trade and through the generosity of charity. He eschewed politics; he never dreamed of days when 'not only for his own benefit, but for that of civilization and the world at large, his people would one day re-occupy Palestine as their State' (the *Jewish World*, March 6, 1930); and despite his social and civic subordina-

tion, he was happy in the knowledge that he was living in the land of his forefathers and that he could worship at the cradle of Judaism. He still lives in Palestine and may even have become a Zionist after the model of the old Psalmist: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.' But he is quite as much out of his element as is the Arab with the Jewish immigrants who have arrived since the war. They differ from him as sharply as do the villa owners of the Champs Élysées from the inhabitants of an Eastern Ghetto.

These newcomers, on their arrival, — mainly from Russia, Poland, and Galicia, — reacted immediately to an unwonted atmosphere of freedom. They had the exuberance of pioneers of a successful political movement; and not only had they all the thrust of pioneers, but they were mainly educated far beyond Oriental standards. Life in their Eastern European homes may have been precarious and squalid, but it was modern as compared with their new Palestinian surroundings, which struck them as being either barbaric or disgusting. There could be no halfway house between their ideal of a Jewish Palestine and the Arab standards which they found. So they proceeded to establish themselves according to their Eastern European lights and made no secret of their superiority complex vis-à-vis the ignorance and the primitiveness of local Arab life.

II

Palestine to-day may be more civilized and efficient, but it is far from happy in its changed appearance. According to the terms of the Mandate, which were announced in 1920 and promulgated in 1922, a Jewish agency was to be formed to 'take steps in consultation with his Britannic Maj-

esty's Government to advise and co-operate with the administration of Palestine in such economic, social, and other matters as might affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine, and, subject always to the control of the administration, to take part in the development of the country.' The Mandate further recognized the Zionist organization as being a body appropriate to fulfill the functions of this Jewish agency. These two clauses are the Mandate for the Zionist leaders for the cultural, agricultural, commercial, and educational penetration of Palestine, and they have prosecuted their plans with extraordinary if at times incautious energy.

The Balfour Declaration was a first-class asset for world-wide propaganda in Jewry. It was the 'bond'; and all Jewry was told that if this 'bond' was to produce its fullest results, Zionism, to which had been entrusted the regeneration of Jewry in Palestine, must be supported to the last shekel. But the same incaution which inspired the Zionists' programme of development marked their programme of propaganda. There are admittedly anomalies in the mandatory policy for Palestine, but its terms nowhere convey the promise of a Jewish State. Nevertheless, throughout the propaganda which the Zionists have organized during the last twelve years for the collection of funds in Jewry, not only has there always been an undercurrent hinting that Zionism would, if supported, ultimately achieve the creation of a Jewish State, but the more enthusiastic of the Zionist publicists have consistently and openly complained that the conduct of the Mandatory was illegally thwarting the rights of the Jews in Palestine to establish themselves as an independent Jewish State.

The earliest response of Jewry to Zionist appeals for financial support was nobly enthusiastic. Millions flowed into the Zionist coffers, and a programme 'to take part in the development of the country' was drawn up on the most ambitious lines. Immigration, controlled not by the Mandatory but by the Zionist Executive itself, started on a huge scale, and the Zionists negotiated the purchase of vast tracts of land in the country. They bought partly from Arabs, in whom it is a national failing never to be able to resist the sight of money (and the Zionists offered extremely generous prices), partly from Christian Syrians, who in the past had been exile landlords much after the analogy of the British aristocracy in Ireland, and partly from local money lenders, who were easily induced by Jewish money to foreclose on mortgages from Arabs who were always in a chronic state of indebtedness. On these newly purchased tracts were settled groups of immigrants with the full support of Zionist finance behind them. In many cases the land on which they were settled was unhealthy and unfriendly; few of the settlers had agricultural instincts, and manual labor was to most of them foreign. But they were — and all honor to them — persevering and courageous, and since the Armistice over a hundred colonies have been created.

These colonies were of two types — Kevuzah and Moshav settlements. The former are group systems on communal principles of common service for a common good and an impartial distribution of the hardships of pioneer life among all without discrimination. These principles involved the breaking-down of the ordinarily accepted standards of family life. A Kevuzah colony may contain twenty to twenty-five families to whom belong, in a general

ownership, the whole assets of the settlement. Any member of the community may be detailed to any work regardless of personal inclination or capacity or private considerations. Married couples have their own quarters, and the unmarried sleep in dormitories by sexes. Children do not live with their parents, but are looked after on communal lines in separate nurseries and educated on the mass-production system in schools of various grades. The newly born child remains only six weeks with its mother, who then returns to her communal duties, and although the parents have daily access to their children, the problem of the nursing and the upbringing of youth is a communal and not a family charge. The theory of this system is that by eliminating the strain of family responsibility the parents develop as better servants of the community, while the education of the children from infancy along organized standards is claimed to foster a higher state of general efficiency. But a still more unnatural feature of many of these Kevuzah colonies is the fact that, though they are nationally Jewish, they are, from the religious standpoint, free-thinking in practice. They present the anomaly in Judaism of Jewish agnosticism financed by Zionist funds.

The other type of colony, the Moshav, preserves the family unit and is, to all intents and purposes, a small-holder community. Each family has its own stake and its own prospect of gain, but all are bound together by a system of coöperation which embraces the sharing of agricultural machinery and collaboration in the marketing of produce. The Moshav colonies stand for a social state which is normal and attractive, and, into the bargain, the preservation of the family unit has preserved a religious atmosphere which is Jewish.

The rôle of the Zionist Executive toward all these post-war colonies is that of a fairy godmother, the Headquarters in Jerusalem supervising education, engineering, agriculture, sanitation, and public health, and providing finance to sustain development and to maintain public services. As was inevitable, the zealous but at the same time amateur efforts of these new colonists lacked economic efficiency; furthermore, many colonies were established in places so unsuitable as to invite economic disaster. The colonists themselves were responsible neither for their amateurishness nor for the selection of unsuitable sites for colonizing experiments, and had perfect justification to claim that their economic failure was their misfortune and somebody else's fault. Few of the new settlements even now pay their way; none will ever repay the capital spent on their establishment; and the majority are still drawing from the much-tried Zionist treasury.

These rural and purely agricultural colonies absorbed only a small minority of the immigrants. The majority drifted into the larger towns and suburban settlements, which was, after all, natural, as 90 per cent of the newcomers had been bred and trained to town life. To cope with this urban influx, the Zionist Executive, which had organized immigration on this scale, made great efforts on the one hand to absorb the newcomers into the normal trades, — building, motor engineering, haberdashery, butchery, and the like, — and on the other to create new industries where they could find a living — paper, cement, and match factories; musical instrument, false teeth, button, and artificial silk factories.

But there was an artificiality in the movement which had its inevitable consequences. The purchasing capacity of Palestine, even in the normal trades,

is limited; and although the general raising of standards of living in Palestine since the war has influenced the Arab population toward a scale of purchasing undreamed of in pre-war days, the supply, especially in the more eccentric luxury trades, greatly exceeded the demand. In a year or two an ever-increasing proportion of the new tradesmen were making urgent calls on further Zionist support. Stagnation lapsed into inanition and then bankruptcy; rents of shops built by the Zionists themselves fell into arrears; and there arose a state of penury, unemployment, and discontent among the failures, who comprised not only those who had been entirely financed by Zionist charity, but also many who had brought and lost their life's savings in Palestine under Zionist ægis. I have a poignant memory of a scene I witnessed near Jaffa at the time of the height of this crisis. Girl typists, milliners, and dressmakers from Cracow and Lemberg were breaking stones, in cotton dresses, by the roadside.

The Zionist leaders who had inspired this overdevelopment of immigration, and its inevitable consequences among both the rural and the suburban and urban Jewish communities, have been deeply concerned to extricate themselves from a double dilemma. They had to face criticism and reproach, not only from the immigrants themselves, but from Jewry at large, whose charity had been largely influenced by the extravagance of the earliest Zionist propaganda. It was not long before news of the unsatisfactory results of the Zionist programme 'to take part in the development of the country' became public property throughout the world, and subscriptions to Zionist funds began to show signs of dwindling. The Zionist organization in Palestine had constituted itself to all intents and purposes as a state organization; but

with one notable difference: it derived its income, not from normal taxation, but from charity. Charity-fed organizations have — justly and unjustly — a general reputation for amateur extravagance; and Jews throughout the world, both Zionists and non-Zionists, — and it must not be forgotten that Zionism embraces only a small minority among the Jews of the world, — began to question both the efficiency and the policy of the movement which they were so lavishly financing.

III

The work of Jewish consolidation in Palestine depends on three factors: the attitude of the Mandatory, the strong world-wide financial support of Jewry, and the economic success of the new Jewish colonization. It was some three years ago that Jewry first became uneasy about Zionist control. There were criticisms of extravagance and inefficiency; it was said that solid ordered development was being subordinated to the prospects of shadowy political advantages; there must be a severe stocktaking before further funds both to continue development and to extricate the movement from its present dilemmas would be forthcoming. It was a move toward the reorganization of Zionism as a practical and more economically sound proposition.

The control of the movement was at the outset in purely Zionist hands, though it drew its support largely from non-Zionist Jewry, especially in America. The pioneers of the movement, quickly and correctly reading the signs of the times, invited non-Zionist Jewry to take a share of active control. Non-Zionist Jewry responded — but on terms; and the Jewish agency was reformed on the basis of equality of representation of Zionist and non-Zionist interests alike. It was a wise

and statesmanlike move; its results were encouraging; and subscriptions to the Zionist funds were well on the road to recovery, when the events of last year took place which, in their sequel, have prejudiced the whole future of Zionism as it was conceived after the Balfour Declaration.

The grievances of the Arabs are concerned directly and indirectly with the overdevelopment of the Zionist immigration and colonization policy. From the standpoint of population, the absorption capacity of Palestine is low; a saturation point is quickly reached; and persistence in the influx of immigration and in the necessary land purchases for immigrant settlement will squeeze out the Arabs, thousands of whom are already landless and destitute as a result either of their own foolish sales to the Zionists or of callous eviction by money lenders. For a long time the Arabs had drifted helplessly in the face of Zionist penetration, reacting spasmodically, now by exaggerated protests, now by violent physical reprisals. But eventually such negative tactics made way for wiser councils and a constructive policy; and out of this evolution there emerged a phenomenon hitherto undreamed of in Arab Palestine — a vaguely united body of Arab opinion concentrating on a common object, the assertion of their majority rights as against the claims of the Zionist minority. Their newspapers developed, and are now almost as light-heartedly venomous as are those of the Zionists, and a propaganda organization abroad was tardily organized; but the most remarkable success of these counter-activities was in the sphere of commerce.

The Jewish traders, great and small, were not by any means uniformly successful; but, backed by Zionist finance, they had, one way or another, concentrated in their hands the bulk of the

wholesale and retail trade of the country. After the tragic events of the summer of 1929, the Arabs suddenly realized the extent of this Jewish stranglehold on their national and even domestic life. They organized a boycott of Jewish shops, and proceeded themselves to establish an Arab commercial organization in the country which would supply their normal needs without the assistance of the Jews. They worked thoroughly and systematically and to good purpose; Arabs suddenly began to buy only from Arabs; and the Jewish trading community was reduced to rely only on the custom of coreligionists. Jewish commercial interests have been hard hit. The episode was the first indication which the Arabs in Palestine had given of an ability for purposeful and constructive organization.

IV

In any attempt to describe the local state of Palestine to-day, it would be most ungenerous to fail to emphasize that Jewish penetration, while it has far from realized the earliest Zionist hopes, has in many senses benefited the Arab inhabitants of the country. Pre-war Arab standards of life in Palestine were extremely low, even for the East. Arab ideas of agriculture were primeval; education was practically non-existent; the sciences were neglected, and trade was conducted on parochial and primitive lines. Zionism has undoubtedly changed the exterior of Arab life. It gave the Arabs new and more hygienic conceptions of well-being and comfort in their daily existence; it introduced competition which induced a more modern outlook both in agriculture and in politics; and it moved them to bestir themselves educationally and commercially.

The agricultural colonist, whatever his outlook or his mode of living in

Palestine, was only a minor provocative factor in Arab circles. He lived his exclusive village life within limited rural spheres. It has been first and foremost the Arab reaction toward the social standards set up by the suburban and urban Jewish colonists which has provoked the psychological tension of the present time. The new Jewish townsman — naturally, perhaps — advertised Zionism in every possible way. His lingua franca was the revived but foreign Hebrew language, which was exclusively and copiously used for all Jewish advertisements, shop signs, and notices. Incidentally, though this has nothing to do with Zionism, it was adopted with Arabic and English as a language of state, and appeared not only on the official papers but on the stamps and coinage.

Again, there was an exotic super-modernity in all new Zionist enterprise which, though in many ways commendable, could not appeal to the Arab. The rules of life in the new settlements were highly advanced and conspicuously foreign to Palestinian tradition. New styles of dress were introduced, particularly among the women, who, to demonstrate their equality with men, often wore trousers. The architecture of the new Zionist buildings and colonies did not tone in with the Palestine landscape; and the arts were highly and at times aggressively cultivated on Eastern European lines. This modernity of outlook found its supreme expression in the creation of Tel-Aviv, the suburb of Jaffa and the great Zionist centre of the country, which settled down to a life of its own according to social standards the like of which had never been seen before in Palestine. In exterior, the town is vulgarly Levantine after the commonplace fashion of Beirut and Alexandria; in comportment, the place might be a seaside resort on the Black Sea.

In an attempt to illustrate its incongruity from a Palestinian standpoint, I may be permitted to quote from my diary of last winter. I had assisted at a performance by a Tel-Aviv workingmen's theatrical troupe of a Biblical play called *Jacob*.

The actors were all grotesque, — symbolic, maybe, but grotesque and looking more like idols than men, — their skin painted brilliant terra cotta, their faces raddled with black, their dress scanty, garish, and *farouche*. Instead of wigs they wore *papier-mâché* shapes looking like architects' models of cubist buildings, and their individual movements were stiff, angular, and exaggerated, working like machinery toward some dramatic grouping to emphasize some dramatic context of the book. It was a spoken ballet, — the long springs of the hunter, the overemphasized processional stride, the plastic portrayal of emotion by conventional gesture, — and all to the accompaniment of oddly pitched melodramatic declamation. The lighting was now fierce, now dim.

It was a mediæval mystery play produced by a Reinhardt. Of course it was in Hebrew. But the plot I knew, and anyhow the actors told it superbly — so superbly, indeed, that I was frightened. Frightened of what? That I was in Palestine and that this was in Palestine. The story was common to Jew and Arab alike; but the production was primitive Slavonic, and in Palestine so exotic as to be terrifying — something ominous, something defiant, a challenge. I was afraid as one is when one sees a black thundercloud rushing across a summer sky. And the audience! Not only as unoriental, but as unwestern as you could imagine. Two thousand Slavs reveling almost hysterically in this demonstration of independence of thought.

I had written my diary when my impressions were still vivid and, perhaps, highly colored. But they were genuine, and in retrospection appear to be in fair perspective. What I had seen in that theatre was only unnatural in Palestine; otherwise it was natural as

the urgent self-expression of the real feelings of these new Zionist immigrants. There is tragedy in the bare statement of these facts. Zionist immigration is out to establish itself in Palestine on lines of its own choosing. On the other hand, those lines are foreign, unintelligible, and antipathetic to the mentalities of the Arab communities that represent the large majority in the country. If no bridge is built, how can these two existing, and mutually repellent, social states grow side by side without endless friction?

And between Jew and Arab stands the Mandatory Power, heavily committed to both parties and hitherto unable to liquidate its liabilities — the future prejudiced by those variously interpreted British statements of policy, the present tensely embarrassed by racial, if not religious, animosities. The word 'Palestine' is hardly ever heard in Jewish and Arab circles. To the Arab, Palestine is, for purposes of propaganda, 'Suria el Genubia' (Southern Syria); to the Jew, also for purposes of propaganda, it is 'Eretz Israel' (the Land of Israel). For each the word 'Palestine' has an unwelcome circumscribing sense, damping the ambitions. The Arab promotes Southern Syria as one of the Federated States of Arabdom, and the Jew casts his eye across the Jordan toward the Land of Gilead. Nevertheless, the Mandatory, as trustee of Palestine, can only regard its inhabitants, whether they be Arabs or Jews, as Palestinians; and equally the British High Commissioner must, as the Mandatory executor, think and act to the best of his ability 'Palestinianly' (if the coining of such a word is permitted). His task is no enviable one. Not only is he called upon to implement as a policy a legacy of apparently irreconcilable promises, capable of an indefinite variety of *ex parte* interpretations; but the last thing that both

Arab and Jew wish the British High Commissioner to do is to think 'Palestinianly.' He must be either pro-Arab or pro-Jew. The result is that whatever he does is certain to call down upon his head a load of invective from either Arab or Jew as being anti- one or the other.

V

The tragic events of 1929, and the report which has just been issued by the Commission of Inquiry which sat in Jerusalem last fall, have undoubtedly moved British public opinion and the British Government deeply. And in one direction particularly. Palestine has drifted into such a state of nervous tension that, in all but name, it is under martial law. Until that tension relaxes, the British troops must remain. These are unpleasant but true reflections, and as unpalatable to the British taste as to that of those Jews whose traditional idealism is above politics, and whose conception of 'the Return' can hardly be in agreement with 'a Return' sheltered and maintained by sole virtue of British military power.

The British Government has already initiated a course of action designed to ease matters. A commission has been formed to inquire into the respective rights of Jew and Arab alike at the Wailing Wall, and to draw up regulations which will establish for all time what can and what cannot be done on this site, the counter-claims to which lit the conflagration of August 1929. Again they have just dispatched to Palestine a further commission to explore the whole question of Zionist immigration and colonization, and to suggest a form of official control which will reassure Arab opinion. These decisions are, however, doubtless only preliminaries to some more general declaration on the part of the British Government as to the Mandatory pol-

icy for Palestine. A highly representative Arab delegation is at present in London and discussing the Arab case with the competent British authorities. These authorities are also in touch with Zionist leading opinion throughout the world. What the result of their deliberations will be is still unknown. But it is an open secret that all parties are investigating the possibilities of 'the development of self-governing institutions' in Palestine, which, according to the terms of the Mandate, the British Government is bound to foster. All would welcome an agreement which would put an end to the storm and stress which has persisted over the last twelve years; but understanding will be difficult to achieve. For both Arabs and Jews in their present frame of mind are definitely intransigent and reluctant to commit themselves to any form of collaboration which may substitute a coldly Palestinian for an Arab or Jewish outlook.

If an agreement is to be reached, it is devoutly to be hoped that the new policy will be framed in unequivocal terms which are not unduly susceptible to rival interpretations. It is high time that the much-harried administration of Palestine should be given a policy which it can understand and imple-

ment quickly, without being forever subjected to charges of bias one way or another. When I was in Beirut, I met a Frenchman who had just completed a tour of Palestine. 'It is possible,' he said, 'that one day I might, who knows, become a French official in Syria; but God forbid that I should ever be a British official in Palestine under the present Mandate.'

He knew many but by no means all the difficulties of officialdom in Palestine. My host on my last evening in the country was a leading Zionist who told me proudly, and not at all confidentially, of the thoroughness of the Zionist organization, which, he boasted, extended even within the government. 'You mean,' I asked, 'that Zionist officials in the public services are your agents of information?' 'Of course,' he said. 'They have equal duties toward the movement. When the inquiry was opened into the Haifa riots of last September, Zionist telephone operators in the Post Office reported to us conversations between Arabs and government officials which gave us valuable evidence for use before the Commission of Inquiry.'

Comment is superfluous. Zionism has lost the idealism which attended the birth of the movement.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FIRST AID TO THE ILLITERATE

It was once remarked of Lord Northcliffe's inauguration of the tabloid press that, whereas he had formerly published newspapers for those who could not think, he had now begun to publish them for those who could not read. Attention deserves to be called to a similar service now being performed in our own land. This amounts to nothing less than making the art of correspondence possible for those who cannot write.

I refer, of course, to the institution known as the greeting card. Its development is rapidly reaching the point where one no longer need take pen in hand, whether the message to be sent be one of congratulation, condolence, gratitude, or what not. Almost every conceivable contingency is covered by the appropriate card. Have you been on a week-end visit, and do you desire to express the pleasure that you feel sure your visit was intended to give you? Nothing easier. No need of head-scratching and searching for something fresh among the well-worn bread-and-butter formulæ. Just ask your stationer. He will furnish you with something like this:—

To my Kind Hostess

Wherever I may chance to roam,
There's *one* place where I feel at home.
That is n't hard to guess; now, is it?
— My thanks for a most lovely visit.

Now all that remains is (1) to have a public stenographer typewrite your signature, or (2) to make your mark in the presence of two witnesses — and the thing is done.

The occasion just alluded to is, of course, comparatively simple and uncomplicated. The ingenuity of the greeting-card manufacturers actually extends far beyond this. A not very diligent search will reveal such niceties as these: 'To my Daughter-in-Law on her Twenty-Seventh Birthday,' or 'To my Neighbor, with Congratulations on the Successful Removal of his Tonsils — With (or Without) Ether,' or 'To my Great-Niece on her Graduation from Finishing School with Honors (or, if you prefer, — as you probably will, — Honours) in French and Dietetics.' However, much as has been accomplished already, something still remains to be done before the greeting card shall have completely superseded the handwritten or typewritten letter.

Why, for example, should it not be used in the business as well as the social world? Might not a clerk, instead of essaying the difficult task orally, send the following to his employer?

To my Honored Employer

I wonder if it really pays
To work so long without a raise,
While you make money like a mint.
— Will you not take this gentle hint?

And would it not rejoice the heart of the employer to turn to his greeting-card file and dispatch this reply?

To a Former Employee

To do this makes us very sad,
But times are hard, and business bad.
Your services we'll really miss —
Two weeks' wages go with this.

Another suggestion, for business use, is that of a series of cards for collecting bad debts. After the bill has remained

unpaid for some little time, the series might begin thus:—

To a Valued Customer

Although we hate to bother you,
May we suggest this bill is due?
It has been due, in fact, since May.
We shall be grateful if you'll pay.

The rest of the series may be left to the imagination. Dr. Johnson once remarked of bill collectors, 'They grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations.' The greeting card is admirably adapted to keep pace with these nuances of tone.

A brave start, by the way, has been made in the use of greeting cards for still another purpose — a message such as many people feel impelled to send to public personages. Thus, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh recently received thousands of copies of one and the same greeting card, thoughtfully prepared in advance, to congratulate them on the birth of their son. We Americans, it has been noted, are more and more giving up any foolish notion of allowing a public person to have any private life. Apart from this, there are endless possibilities of addressing conspicuous figures in our national life in terms of congratulation or otherwise, without the bother of actually composing those terms. For instance: 'To President Hoover, on Signing the Tariff Bill.' (An excellent illustration for this, incidentally, would be the President, as visualized in the *Times* editorial, signing the bill with one hand while holding his nose with the other.) Or there is this suggestion: 'To Mr. Grundy, on his Retirement from the Senate.' Finally, from an enthusiastic minority looking forward to an event that now seems impossibly distant: 'To Amos 'n' Andy, on their Last Appearance on the Air.'

ON NOT CALLING A SPADE A SPADE

IF it is one's fate to die in America one may hope to enjoy the privilege of being buried by a mortician. Not for nothing will one's mortal coils have been shuffled off; death will have brought its own consolations. For however unnoticed one was in life, however ill attended, one may feel sure at least of being ushered to oblivion with fine words. And fine words of a satisfyingly up-to-date appearance: not the musty suggestiveness of an antique terminology, but the brisk and efficient language of the specialist — not *pompes funèbres*, but, as I have said, the mortician. I confess that, not being philologically squeamish, I rather like this modernity of expression. It reminds me of Jean Cocteau's version of the Orpheus legend, in which the Angel of Death comes to Eurydice in the guise of a hospital nurse, capped, aproned, and rubber-gloved.

And one will certainly be lowered into American soil, not in a vulgar coffin, but in a casket. This adaptation of the word is no doubt an improvement on the part of some progressive and ingratiating mortician. He may even have referred to my own particular dictionary, which says of the word 'casket': 'small box, often of costly make, for valuables.'

What is the cause of this liking that we all have for euphemism? Must we dismiss it as mere word-snobbishness? Must we accuse the poor undertaker — or rather, the rich undertaker — of choosing another name because he, too, wants his share of nominal importance? Must we confess that we do not care to call a spade a spade because something else sounds grander? Or is this tendency to call things by fine names no more than a symbol of man's willingness not only to be reconciled to his fate but to make a virtue of neces-

sity? Or, again, is it something in even the most matter-of-fact and unsuperstitious of us that would have us be on the safe side of things, that would have us, whenever possible, placate the hostile powers?

Perhaps it is all three. None of us is so strong and so wise but he harbors in him a patch of soil fertile for the sprouts of foolishness. Ever since the Black Sea was called Euxine, or 'kind to the stranger,' on account of its extreme inhospitality, ever since the Cape of Good Hope was so named, apparently because there was so little hope of rounding it, ever since Good Friday was called Good Friday, because it commemorates the worst of Fridays — ever since *homo sapiens* has existed and called himself sapient, he has fortified himself with the Dutch courage of palliative expressions, approached danger and unpleasantness with a diplomatic language, and sought to flatter that heartless Moloch who waits impatiently but knows that at last he will swallow up each of us.

It is common in Egypt for wise men to enchant cobras by uttering the melodious names of Allah; but it is still commoner for hard-headed men of the West to bemuse themselves and each other with verbal incantations. Politicians and publicists, to cast their spells, continue to rely on the force of vacuous words; and the day is not long past, in Europe at least, when doctors were witch doctors who baffled and amazed their innocent patients with great words ill digested from the Greek. Indeed, if doctors no longer practise this facile art of verbosity, at least the maker of patent foods and medicines has clung to his ancient tradition, for he well knows that almost anything can be sold for almost any purpose as long as he affirms that it is hygienic, prophylactic, antiseptic, vitaminous, or rich in hormones.

Why, then, say that things are what they are? Why call them by their least complicated names? Why not acknowledge the infinite riches of language and its power to make life more acceptable? In this vale of tears we all have need of charms, mysteries, symbols, poetry. Let us therefore continue to tickle Destiny and ourselves with all the sweetness of speech.

HOME IS BEST

FOR months I had planned my trip. In fancy I had many times traversed the romantic European lands so long and so happily dreamed of. On the Italian shore I meant to begin my pilgrimage, through Germany I was to continue it, and in France I thought to bring it to a climax of delight. And then illness brought my high hopes down. Instead of rushing through active days in ancient cities, I must compose myself to long rest in the summer woods of home. This seemed at first a sad exchange indeed, but my mourning has been turned to great relief, for in a startling way the truth about Europe has been revealed to me. Out of my abandoned steamer luggage I extracted, as melancholy solace for my empty days, a little *Book of Travel Talk*. In four languages it is, — in English, in French, in German, and in Italian, — and it leaves few emergencies unattended to.

Life, I find, is stern in Europe. Unrest, suspicion, and strife seem to be everywhere. Disillusion sets in on the very first page of 'Short Phrases in Common Use.' In four tongues I learn at once to say, 'Don't be impertinent!' (This admonition is never necessary in the Adirondacks.) Things get rapidly worse, 'He is following me at a distance!' being instantly succeeded by 'Coward!' and 'Do not push me!' True, an apology is forthcoming, — 'I

did not do it on purpose,' — but the roughness was evidently there, and fear is not allayed, for next we read, 'Where is the British Consulate?' After this, 'What are you staring at?' seems merely silly.

Affairs are no better in the hotel. 'This room is stuffy.' 'These sheets have certainly been used already.' 'Shut the window tight before you light the candle, for fear of the mosquitoes.' 'The mice kept me awake all night. Please set a trap in my room.' 'The fire will not burn.' 'The chimney smokes, the wood is quite damp.' 'The chimney is on fire!' The proper retort to this comes at once: 'I am going out.' How wise! It is only a slight comfort to find next, 'Give the lady a little wine.'

Consider, too, the discomfort of the holiday. 'I like plenty of fresh air, but I can't and I won't sit in a draft.' (In German!) 'I positively have no room to eat. Why do you crush people in this way?' (In hysteric Italian!) 'Have you no better ink? This is too thick (thin), full of dust, and covered with mould.' And the actual perils of the way: 'One of the wheels is off!' 'The coachman has been thrown down!' 'Run for a surgeon!' And again the voice of wisdom: 'Stop a moment; I want to get out.' 'I shall demand reparation from the Company.'

Even the hazards of walking seem

unduly great. 'Has anyone been up the mountain this year already?' 'All traces of the path have disappeared.' 'Tell me the honest truth, have you ever been this way before?' 'How deep is the abyss?' And (fearing the worst?): 'Where does the curé live?' It is not in agitation such as this that one takes a stroll where I live.

But worst of all is the prevailing spirit of querulousness that seems to characterize life in four languages. 'Please don't talk. Don't stand behind my chair.' 'I don't think it is fair for that gentleman to sit here with a lighted cigar in his hand; it is just the same as smoking.' 'At what hour shall I find the least number of people here? I hate a crowd.'

And who shall describe the horrors of a toothache in French? Or the exhaustion attendant upon hiring a grand piano for a month in Italian? Not even a study of the proper form in which to write to the Pope in German can restore serenity to a mind disordered by so great a strain.

My camp is not ancient, and there are no cathedrals in the neighborhood. But no one is impertinent to me there except the chipmunks, I am rarely jostled by a deer, and I can sit in all the drafts that please me.

Another summer perhaps, when I am much, much stronger, I may decide to travel in Spain.

ODE TO COMMEMORATE THE INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH

THE man who first sped thought along a wire
Knew all, or nothing, ever, of desire.
If nothing, only he could ever see
Unmixed advantage in quick certainty;
If all, of only his omniscient scorn
Could dash and dot and dot and dash be born;
And surely only such a nonpareil
Could paste on yellow paper heaven — or hell.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Robert Barrett and Mrs. Barrett were traveling in the Argentine when they first encountered Chace, 'on a spur-crest, his black neckerchief and gray pony's mane and tail blown forward. There was no mistaking the hat or the saddle.' **Alice Beal Parsons** is the author of a recent novel, *John Merrill's Pleasant Life*. **Anice Berhune** has all the consciousness of one just returned from Europe. **Ellery Sedgwick**, editor of the *Atlantic*, recently observed Japan at close quarters. Δ If the concluding pages of **John Campbell's** account put a strain on the credulity of some readers, we would remind them that the tale comes from no wild romantic, but from the economic and financial adviser to the Colonial Office, formerly a District Magistrate in the India of which he writes. **Julian S. Huxley**, brother of Aldous Huxley the novelist, is a professor in King's College, London. **R. S.** conceals a genuine poetic reputation behind these initials. **James Truslow Adams** is now living in London. **Robert Dean Frisbie** has again set sail and in a year or so will turn up on his South Sea atoll. **E. Bax** describes an unforgettable day in the American Embassy from first-hand knowledge.

Those who have found in **Howell Vines** an author of original and refreshing talents will be glad to know that *A River Goes with Heaven*, of which the *Atlantic* has printed only an abridged version, will be published complete in book form this month by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Conrad Aiken**, novelist and poet, is the author of some fifteen volumes of poetry and prose. **Ernest Poole's** insight into simple but profound character makes his story memorable. **Evans Clark** is Director of the Twentieth Century Fund, founded by E. A. Milne of Boston. **Herbert D. Simpson** has explored the Chicago tax situation from top to bottom, and has served in every capacity from committee member to court witness in the effort to meet a crisis of concern to all American cities. **Owen Tweedy**, an indefatigable traveler and experienced observer, left London in August for his maiden visit to Russia.

We apologize for an error which, like the Purloined Letter, was too obvious to notice. The Reverend Dr. Orchard is the pastor of an important Nonconformist congregation in London.

'Palestine — An Impasse?' by Professor Hocking, in the July *Atlantic*, has attracted broad interest and led to sharp debate. We are obliged to limit the discussion, but are glad to give space to this documented commentary from Professor Frankfurter.

In his discussion of Arab-Jewish relations in Palestine, Professor Hocking deems it important to speculate about the meaning of a letter written to me by Prince Feisal. The letter in question was part of an exchange between Prince Feisal and myself.

DÉLÉGATION HEDJAZIENNE
PARIS, March 3, 1919

DEAR MR. FRANKFURTER, —

I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr. Weizmann in Arabia and Europe.

We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, having suffered similar oppressions at the hands of powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first step towards the attainment of their national ideals together.

We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with the deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best, in so far as we are concerned, to help them through: we will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.

With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had, and continue to have, the closest relations. He has been a great helper of our cause, and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working together for a reformed and revived NEAR EAST, and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialist. Our movement is national and not imperialist, and there is room in Syria for us both. Indeed, I think that neither can be a real success without the other.

People less informed and less responsible than our leaders and yours, ignoring the need for coöperation of the Arabs and Zionists, have been trying to exploit the local difficulties that must necessarily arise in Palestine in the early stages of our movements. Some of them have, I am afraid, misrepresented your aims to the Arab peasantry, and our aims to the Jewish peasantry, with the result that interested parties have been able to make capital out of what they call our differences.

I wish to give you my firm conviction that these differences are not on questions of principle, but on matters of detail such as must inevitably occur in every contact of neighboring peoples, and as are easily adjusted by mutual goodwill. Indeed, nearly all of them will disappear with fuller knowledge.

I look forward, and my people with me look forward, to a future in which we will help you and you will help us, so that the countries in which we are mutually interested may once again take their places in the community of civilized people of the world.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) FEISAL

March 3, 1919

ROYAL HIGHNESS: —

Allow me, on behalf of the Zionist Organization, to acknowledge your recent letter with deep appreciation.

Those of us who come from the United States have already been gratified by the friendly relations and the active coöperation maintained between you and the Zionist leaders, particularly Dr. Weizmann. We knew it could not be otherwise; we knew that the aspirations of the Arab and the Jewish peoples were parallel, that each aspired to reëstablish its nationality in its own homeland, each making its own distinctive contribution to civilization, each seeking its own peaceful mode of life.

The Zionist leaders and the Jewish people for whom they speak have watched with satisfaction the spiritual vigor of the Arab movement. Themselves seeking justice, they are anxious that the just national aims of the Arab people be confirmed and safeguarded by the Peace Conference.

We knew from your acts and your past utterances that the Zionist movement — in other words the rational aims of the Jewish people — had your support and the support of the Arab people for whom you speak. These aims are now before the Peace Conference as definite proposals by the Zionist Organization. We are happy indeed that you consider these proposals 'moderate and proper,' and that we have in you a staunch supporter for their realization. For both the Arab and the Jewish peoples there are difficulties ahead — difficulties that challenge the united statesmanship of Arab and Jewish leaders. For it is no easy task to rebuild two great civilizations that have been suffering oppression and misrule for centuries. We each have our difficulties we shall work out as friends, friends who are ani-

mated by similar purposes, seeking a free and full development for the two neighboring peoples. The Arabs and Jews are neighbors in territory; we cannot but live side by side as friends.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) FELIX FRANKFURTER

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FEISAL

It is important to recite the setting and circumstances of this correspondence.

In February 1919, I resigned from my position with our Government and left for Paris to join those who were attending the Peace Conference on behalf of the Zionist cause. This work was not of a professional character; I went to Paris solely because of my devotion to Zionism.

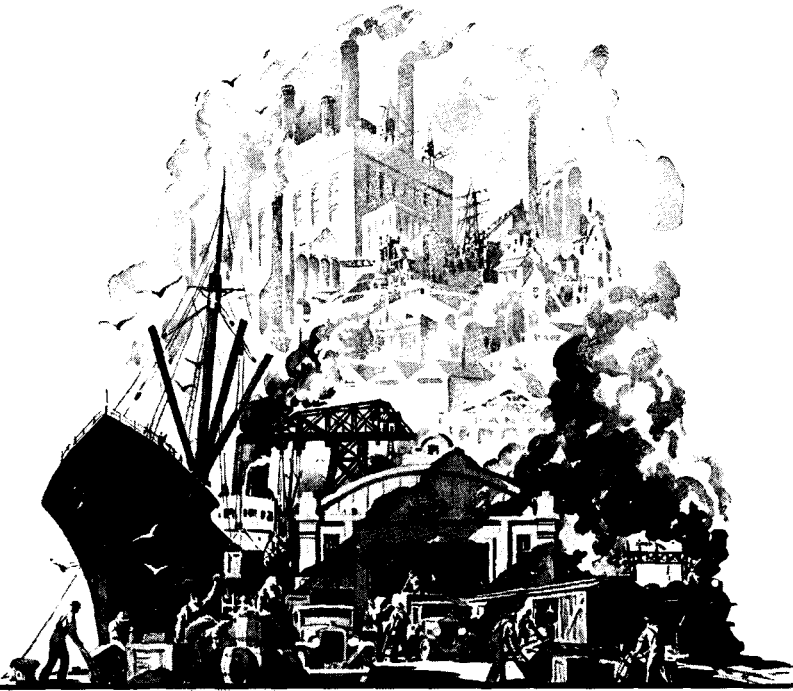
I arrived in Paris on Friday, February 28, 1919. The American Zionists were anxious for direct contact with the responsible voice of Arab interests at the Peace Conference. As is well known, this was Prince Feisal. An interview with Prince Feisal was promptly arranged, and it fell to me to represent the Americans. The meeting was held at Prince Feisal's then residence, situated in the Bois. There were present Prince Feisal, members of his staff whose names I did not know, and Colonel Lawrence, who acted as interpreter between the Prince and myself.

At this interview I set forth the attitude of the Zionists, particularly of the American Zionists, towards the relations between Arabs and Jews in Palestine. The Prince in his reply expressed accord with these views, voiced his support of the Zionist programme as it had been submitted to the Council of Ten very recently, and spoke in appreciation of the point of view which I had laid before him in regard to Arab-Jewish coöperation.

It was deemed desirable to give written expression to our respective views. It was therefore agreed that Colonel Lawrence was to frame, in English, the substance of the position which the Prince had conveyed to me, and that I was to repeat in substance the views which I had expressed. These two letters were to serve as a formal exchange of Arab-Jewish views for public announcement. Colonel Lawrence was to take the letter to the Prince, who, after it was read to him in translation, was to sign it and send it to me. At the same time I was to send him my reply.

This procedure was followed. Promptly after the interview at the Prince's house, we adjourned to the Hotel Meurice, where Colonel Lawrence drafted the letter setting forth the Prince's views and I drafted my proposed reply. The same day I received from the Hedjaz Delegation the letter bearing Prince Feisal's signature, and in turn sent my reply addressed directly to the Prince. The Prince's letter was published, through the medium of the *New York Times*, on March 5, 1919.

Prince Feisal's letter was a document prepared under the most responsible conditions. It received important publicity at the time. It has ever since been treated as one of the basic documents affecting Palestinian affairs and Arab-Jewish relations.



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Inasmuch as Professor Hocking was not in possession of these facts when he wrote his *Atlantic* article, his speculations led him into a number of erroneous assumptions in regard to the Feisal letter which I am sure he would be the first one to desire to correct in the minds of *Atlantic* readers.

Professor Hocking wrote, 'Feisal was not a member of the official Arab delegation to the Peace Conference.' Of the Arab delegation at the Peace Conference, Feisal was not only a member but its head. Therefore his voice at that moment was not, as Professor Hocking surmises, 'the voice of the British Government,' but the responsible voice of Arab statesmanship.

To say, as does Professor Hocking, that when Prince Feisal expressed the views set forth in his letter 'he had every expectation of ruling in Damascus with Palestine as a part of the Syrian state' is to indulge in a wholly baseless speculation ten years after the event. About one thing there was no doubt in anybody's mind, least of all in the mind of Prince Feisal — namely, that the territory known as Palestine was to be mandated to Great Britain in order to secure the establishment of the Jewish national home as set forth in the Balfour Declaration. This Declaration was issued by Great Britain after full agreement thereon not only by the Allied Powers, but more especially after personal approval by President Wilson on behalf of the United States. Unlike other arrangements that came out of the war, that Declaration was publicly made, was known of all the world, and with the acquiescence and approval of Prince Feisal was finally written into the public law of the world.

I have confined myself to one specific item in Professor Hocking's article, but by so doing I do not mean to imply agreement with his views and speculations on other phases of the problem dealt with by him. On the whole issue I venture to suggest that the views expressed by Prince Feisal in 1919 in regard to the Zionist programme and its benefits to Arab interests are more reliable than the speculations, however disinterested, of one very new to the meaning and complexities of New Eastern problems.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

To which Professor Hocking — who, as the author, deserves the last word — replies.

Professor Frankfurter's important account of the origin of Feisal's letter on Zionism takes issue with my statement on two material points.

First, was this letter, as Mr. Frankfurter holds, the voice of Arab statesmanship, or was it, as I believe, a personal expression of Prince Feisal, guided by British policy and valid for few beside himself in the intelligent Arab world?

Mr. Frankfurter refers to Feisal's official status in Paris at the time of this letter (March 1919) and corrects my statement by pointing out quite rightly that the Prince was accepted as the natural spokesman of the Hedjaz Delegation. He was acting as plenipotentiary for his father, Sherif Hussein of

Mecca. What his technical relation to the Delegation may have been is a matter of dispute, as the proceedings of the recent Commission of Inquiry Palestine will testify. But clearly the Sherifian movement represented by the Hedjaz Delegation, though a lively part of the Arab world, fell far short of being the whole of it. In particular, as Captain William Yale of the King-Crane Commission has said, 'Feisal had no authority to bargain away the rights of the Palestinian and Syrian Arabs. Feisal was compelled to make the concessions he did because he was completely in the hands of the British. The people of Palestine and Syria overwhelmingly voted against the Balfour Declaration during the determination proceedings carried out by the King-Crane Commission.' Unfortunately for the substance of Mr. Frankfurter's view, it is a matter of history that in this letter Feisal spoke neither for Hussein nor for the Hedjaz Delegation, but acted wholly outside his instructions. I may quote Mr. Ameen Rihani on this point: —

'Hussein was the only one authorized to say the final word about anything that related to Arab policy. And his final word about a Jewish Nation Home was always the same — "No." Conclusive proof of this is his refusal to sign the treaty with the British Government in 1925, one of the causes for his downfall. Hussein never forgave his son Feisal for sending that letter to Mr. Frankfurter.'

These facts, together with subsequent expression of other Arab leaders, dispose of the view that this letter was in any sense the voice of Arab statesmanship beyond Feisal's own person.

This touches the second issue — namely, whether Feisal's attitude in this letter, which had already been outlined in a meeting with Mr. Weizmann on July 8, 1928, was governed in any respect by his political interests. Mr. Frankfurter seeks to dismiss as a 'wholly baseless speculation ten years after the event' my judgment that Feisal at that time was hoping to 'rule in Damascus with Palestine as a part of his domain.' I submit the facts of record. Feisal was already ruling in Damascus; he was concerned for his security there; he was depending on British support, and therefore accepting British advice and hoping that Great Britain would receive the (as yet unassigned) mandate not only for Palestine but for Syria also. Within the year following this letter, he accepted at the hands of a congress of Syrian notables the 'crown of Syria and Palestine,' an ill-fated step which nevertheless revealed his mind. It was obvious that he could qualify as ruler of Palestine only if he could display some hospitality of mind toward the Zionist ideal to which his allies were committed. Only a vigorous will to disbelieve can question that Feisal's courteous and humane letter had in view a Jewish colony within an Arab state, which in his view must be worlds apart from an Arab colony within a Jewish state.

The Zionism which he accepted, within these conditions, was as yet an ideal. Under Arab rule, the experiment might have been led into safer channels. The development of our present political Zionism



Lament of a DISILLUSIONED ALCHEMIST

EVERY soap manufacturer, we suppose, is at heart an alchemist. He never quite loses hope that some day, somehow, he will invent a "magic" soap which will do the washing without any human assistance whatever.

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he could not have foreseen. How little he intended to sanction any such development may be inferred from an exchange of telegrams which took place during the sessions of the Commission of Inquiry above referred to, in December 1929:—

To His Majesty the King of Iraq, Baghdad

It has been said before the Inquiry Commission that in your letter to Mr. Frankfurter you consented to the Zionist policy. Please cable me to correct this report.

(Signed) AUNI ABDUL HADI

Advocate Auni Abdul Hadi, Jerusalem

His Majesty does not remember having written anything of that kind with his knowledge.

(Signed) HAIDER (Secretary to Feisal)

Note that this message of Feisal's is not, as in its English dress it at first seems to be, a disavowal of the letter. It is a disavowal of an interpretation of the letter. It states that Feisal did not understand his letter to convey a general consent to 'the Zionist policy'; he meant by it no subscription to what later Zionism has built upon Colonel Lawrence's words.

After all, the Zionism of 1930 is not the Zionism of 1919. For our own judgment, what Feisal thinks to-day is more significant than what he thought before the movement was launched. Does not the vision of all initiators and pioneers need constant revision in view of the actual working? I owe to Mr. Frankfurter much of my conception of the meaning of Zionism, much of my early enthusiasm for its ideal, and much of the opportunity of seeing it in action. It is not the least of my regrets that the impact of new experience on long-rooted interests has compelled me to diverge from him in judging the movement as it now exists.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

The Tourist who in Spite of Himself quoted cockney comes in for this rejoinder.

LONDON, ENGLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I am moved to write to you again on the subject of cockney speech as reproduced by American writers. I was almost reduced to tears when I found Mr. A. Edward Newton, who knows England and English books so well, to be one of the worst sinners in this respect. May I point out again that, while cockneys leave out every *h*, they *never* put one in, except on the very rare occasions when they wish to be specially polite, or when they are using sarcasm in a quarrel. Cockney is a lazy form of speech, and to aspirate an *h* is an effort.

Please refer to Mr. Newton's otherwise delightful article in the February *Atlantic* and try to read aloud the speech of the London policeman in Jerusalem. You will find it almost impossible; to a lazy speaker it would be quite impossible.

Beg Mr. Newton, and any other American writers on England upon whom you have influence, to read

William De Morgan's books, *Joseph Vance*, and so forth, or Bernard Shaw's plays that have cockney characters, such as *Pygmalion*, *Major Barbara*, *M. and Superman*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* and so forth. And ask him to listen to Mabel Colstanduros on the wireless when he is in England. She speaks it perfectly. Hif hever 'e helects 'e henter Hengland hagain, hand Hi 'ope 'e will hofter hask 'im to listen to 'er. Just try to read the sentence quickly!

Yours faithfully,

H. C. TAIT

As may be imagined, Mr. Russell's acrobatic discussion of Chance, in the August *Atlantic* has received much attention from our readers. Mr. Westman, of the Ontario Research Foundation, puts his criticism into this essay.

TAILS OR HEADS

If we are to consider that probability, like certainty, is not definable, then conclusions stated probabilities cannot be derived rigorously from premises which do not contain a probability, unless probability is introduced into the argument in a assumption.

The difficulties which Mr. Bertrand Russell encounters in his entertaining but, I fear, misleading exposition of the doctrine of chance are due largely to his attempts to reason from certainties to probabilities, neglecting the probability assumption which must necessarily be introduced.

The probability that a man is called William Williams cannot be calculated from the certainties that he lives in the British Isles and that a certain proportion of Britishers are called William Williams. We must introduce a probability assumption, such as that of random selection—namely, that every Britisher had the same probability of selection. For the case where the man lives in Wales, random sampling from Wales must be assumed. That the probabilities for the two cases should be different is not surprising, since one is based on random sampling from the British Isles and the other on random sampling from Wales.

Similarly, the certainty that the sun will either rise or not rise to-morrow tells us nothing about the probability of its rising. In order to reach the astonishing conclusion that it is as likely to rise as not, we have to introduce the equally astonishing probability assumption that two mutually exclusive events about which we know nothing are equally probable.

Arguing from certainties to probabilities by this simple process of unwittingly introducing probability assumptions is apt to give the impression that there is always an answer to any question beginning 'What is the probability that — ?'

Nobody would attempt to calculate the area of a rectangle from a knowledge of its width, but how many would try to answer the question, 'What is the probability that the area of a rectangle two inches

OR PERFECT LANDINGS . . .

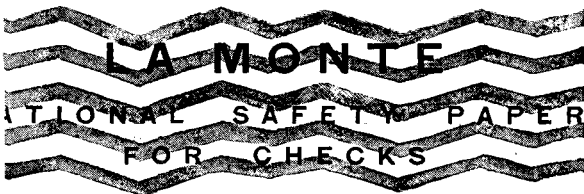
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wide is greater than twenty square inches?' Their conclusions, of course, would only reflect the nature of the probability assumptions regarding length which they introduced.

When a conjurer produces a wriggly, black-and-white rabbit from an apparently innocent hat, one cannot blame the audience for being astonished, but why should the conjurer be surprised?

A. E. R. WESTMAN

A reference to life insurance companies growing rich because people die less frequently than they used to brings this comment from high places.

I am very sorry to see the interesting article by Mr. Bertrand Russell on 'Heads or Tails' marred by an unnecessary paragraph relating to life insurance. Having studied the doctrine of probabilities in my youth, and knowing the high intellectual attainments of Mr. Russell, I should have said that the probability of his making an error in a single paragraph would be expressed by a fraction approximating zero, but he has achieved nearly the impossible for him by making four statements, none of which is correct.

His first statement is, 'Life insurance companies have generally argued that people will die at the same rate in the future as in the past.' Nothing could be further from the truth. The actuaries of the companies keep yearly and even monthly records of the mortality of their companies, while the American and Canadian companies in coöperation have produced mortality tables periodically in recent years. No actuary or responsible life insurance official has argued, publicly or privately, that the death rate is stationary. Mr. Russell may have in mind the fact that the premium rates of a number of companies are not based on modern tables. That is of little consequence, as in mutual companies the difference between the rate of mortality experienced and that assumed in the calculation of premiums is returned annually in dividends in reduction of premiums. Mr. Russell is probably not aware that, principally owing to the improvement in mortality, the dividends in mutual companies have increased substantially in recent years. In fact, they have been larger than at any time in the last generation. The companies issuing non-participating policies have decreased their premiums from time to time so that the cost to the policyholder is lower than it has ever been.

Mr. Russell's second statement is that as the result of the diminishing death rate 'the insurance companies have grown rich.' If he means that their assets have become enormous, he is correct; but their liabilities have also increased proportionately. If he refers to their surplus, it is restricted by law, and if it has increased greatly, then it benefits the policyholders in the mutual companies, who are solely entitled to the profits.

Mr. Russell's third misstatement is that 'the in-

tellectual fallacy at the basis of their calculations has not worried them' — that is, the officers of the life insurance companies. There is no such fallacy. Even a tyro in actuarial matters knows that the mortality has been decreasing, and has decreased much more at the younger than at the older ages.

His fourth statement, with regard to annuities, is also incorrect. Does he know that there is a different mortality experienced among annuitants than among persons who hold life insurance policies? Annuities are purchased by elderly persons who expect to live a long time. Life insurance is generally taken in youth or in middle life to protect dependents against the early death of the breadwinner. As the motive is different, there is a selection against the company which results in a lower mortality under annuities than under life insurance policies. The companies would not have been 'led to bankruptcy,' as stated by Mr. Russell, 'if the purchase of annuities had been commoner than life insurance,' because the actuaries have based their premiums for annuities on special annuity tables, several of which have been prepared in recent years. The companies must guard against a lower mortality than assumed in the calculation of the price for annuities, while a decrease in the mortality in mutual companies can be adjusted by larger annual dividends to the policyholders.

ARTHUR HUNTER, *Chief Actuary*
New York Life Insurance Company

Dictionary makers please note.

RICHFIELD, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'Keeping Touch with Speech,' by Frank B. Vizetelly, in the August number, it is said that the English pronounce 'hostile' *hostyle*. Two weeks ago a native Minnesotan used the word 'hostyle.' I have heard it applied to a 'man's woman,' and to a bull. In both instances 'hostyle' conveys the strongest warning.

My favorite acquisition is 'gaunt.' A light breakfast at five and pitching hay or bundles till noon renders one 'mighty gaunt' or 'gaunted,' without also being 'old John Lancaster.'

Yay-ah of course is *yea*. The last two days the black mare has been running, snorting, and calling 'Nyay-ah,' seeking the companionship of a four-footed gigolo.

In calling cows I was astonished to have one lift her head and answer in a perfect imitation of a snub boy's 'Na-a-a-ah.' Then she calmly continued to graze, and no calling could budge her or any of the rest. Evidently she spoke for all, and I had to heed them in. This expression of negation was used four times that summer by this cow, and once by another. Several years later another cow said 'nay.'

This raises the question whether a study of horses and cows' brains would not disclose speech centres disused for lack of speech organs, thereby showing a case of devolution.

ROBERT D. KELLOGG